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Shakspeare

THE

PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

WITH THE

CORRECTIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

VARIOUS COMMENTATORS:

COMPREHENDING

A Life of the Poet,

AND

AN ENLARGED HISTORY OF THE STAGE,

BY

THE LATE EDMOND MALONE.

WITH A NEW GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

ΤΗΣ ΦΥΣΕΩΣ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΕΥΣ ΗΝ, ΤΟΝ ΚΑΛΑΜΟΝ
ΑΠΟΒΡΕΧΩΝ ΕΙΣ ΝΟΥΝ. *Vet. Auct. apud Suidam.*

VOL. VIII.

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MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

D L.

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PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

A FEW of the incidents in this comedy might have been taken from an old translation of Il Pecorone, by Giovanni Florentino. I have lately met with the same story in a very contemptible performance, intitled, The Fortunate, The Deceived, and The Unfortunate Lovers. Of this book, as I am told, there are several impressions; but that in which I read it was published in 1632, quarto. A somewhat similar story occurs in Piacevoli Notti di Straparola, Nott. 4ª. Fav. 4ª.

This comedy was first entered at Stationers' Hall, Jan. 18, 1601, by John Busby. STEEVENS.

This play should be read between King Henry IV. and King Henry V. JOHNSON.

A passage in the first sketch of The Merry Wives of Windsor shews, I think, that it ought rather to be read between The First and The Second Part of King Henry IV. in the latter of which young Henry becomes king. In the last act, Falstaff says:

" Herne the hunter, quoth you? am I a ghost?
" 'Sblood, the fairies hath made a ghost of me.
" What, hunting at this time of night!
" I'le lay my life the mad *prince of Wales*
" Is stealing his father's deare."

And in this play, as it now appears, Mr. Page discountenances the addresses of Fenton to his daughter, because " he keeps company with the wild *prince*, and with Poins."

The Fishwife's Tale of Brainford in Westward for Smelts, a book which Shakspeare appears to have read, (having borrowed from it a part of the fable of Cymbeline,) probably led him to lay the scene of Falstaff's love adventures at Windsor. It begins thus: " In Windsor not long agoe dwelt a sumpterman, who had to wife a very faire but wanton creature, over whom, not without cause, he was something *jealous*; yet had he never any proof of her inconstancy."

The reader who is curious in such matters may find the story of The Lovers of Pisa, mentioned by Dr. Farmer in the following note, at the end of this play. MALONE.

The adventures of Falstaff in this play seem to have been taken from the story of The Lovers of Pisa, in an old piece, called Tarleton's Newes out of Purgatorie. Mr. Capell pretended to

much knowledge of this sort; and I am sorry that it proved to be only pretension.

Mr. Warton observes, in a note to the last Oxford edition, that the play was probably not written, as we now have it, before 1607, at the earliest. I agree with my very ingenious friend in this supposition, but yet the argument here produced for it may not be conclusive. Slender observes to master Page, that his *greyhound was out-run on Cotsale* [Cotswold-Hills in Gloucestershire]; and Mr. Warton thinks, that the *games*, established there by Captain Dover in the beginning of King James's reign, are alluded to. But, perhaps, though the Captain be celebrated in the Annalia Dubrensia as the *founder* of them, he might be the *reviver* only, or some way contribute to make them more famous; for in The Second Part of Henry IV. 1600, Justice Shallow reckons among the *Swinge-bucklers*, "*Will Squeele*, a *Cotsole man*."

In the first edition of the imperfect play, Sir Hugh Evans is called on the title page, the Welch Knight; and yet there are some persons who still affect to believe, that all our author's plays were originally published by *himself*. FARMER.

Dr. Farmer's opinion is well supported by "An Eclogue on the noble Assemblies *revived* on Cotswold Hills, by Mr. Robert Dover." See Randolph's Poems, printed at Oxford, 4to. 1638, p. 114. The hills of Cotswold, in Gloucestershire, are mentioned in King Richard II. Act II. Sc. III. and by Drayton, in his Polyolbion, song 14. STEEVENS.

Queen Elizabeth was so well pleased with the admirable character of Falstaff in The Two Parts of Henry IV. that, as Mr. Rowe informs us, she commanded Shakspeare to continue it for one play more, and to shew him in love. To this command we owe The Merry Wives of Windsor; which, Mr. Gildon says, [Remarks on Shakspeare's Plays, 8vo. 1710,] he was very well assured our author finished in a fortnight. But this must be meant only of the first imperfect sketch of this comedy. An old quarto edition which I have seen, printed in 1602, says, in the title-page,—"As it hath been divers times acted before her majesty, and elsewhere." This, which we have here, was altered and improved by the author almost in every speech. POPE. THEOBALD.

Mr. Gildon has likewise told us, "that our author's house at Stratford bordered on the Church-yard, and that he wrote the scene of the Ghost in Hamlet there." But neither for this, or the assertion that the play before us was written in a fortnight, does he quote any authority. The latter circumstance was first mentioned by Mr. Dennis. "This comedy," says he, in his Epistle Dedicatory to The Comical Gallant, (an alteration of the present play,) 1702, "was written at her [Queen Elizabeth's]

command, and by her direction, and she was so eager to see it acted, that she commanded it to be finished in *fourteen days;* and was afterwards, as tradition tells us, very well pleased at the representation." The information, it is probable, came originally from Dryden, who from his intimacy with Sir William Davenant had an opportunity of learning many particulars concerning our author.

At what period Shakspeare new-modelled The Merry Wives of Windsor is unknown. I believe it was enlarged in 1603. See some conjectures on the subject in the Attempt to Ascertain the Order of his Plays, vol. ii. MALONE.

It is not generally known, that the first edition of The Merry Wives of Windsor, in its present state, is in the valuable folio, printed 1623, from whence the quarto of the same play, dated 1630, was evidently copied. The two earlier quartos, 1602 and 1619, only exhibit this comedy as it was originally written, and are so far curious, as they contain Shakspeare's first conceptions in forming a drama, which is the most complete specimen of his comick powers. T. WARTON.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
FENTON.
SHALLOW, a Country Justice.
SLENDER, Cousin to Shallow.
MR. FORD, } Two Gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.
MR. PAGE, }
WILLIAM PAGE, a Boy, Son to Mr. Page.
SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welsh Parson.
DR. CAIUS, a French Physician.
Host of the Garter Inn.
BARDOLPH, } Followers of Falstaff.
PISTOL, }
NYM, }
ROBIN, Page to Falstaff.
SIMPLE, Servant to Slender.
RUGBY, Servant to Dr. Caius.

MRS. FORD.
MRS. PAGE.
MRS. ANNE PAGE, her Daughter, in love with Fenton.
MRS. QUICKLY, Servant to Dr. Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE, Windsor; and the Parts adjacent.

Bayerische Staatsbibliothek München

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Windsor. Before PAGE's House.

Enter Justice SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

SHAL. Sir Hugh [1], persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it [2]: if he were twenty

[1] Sir Hugh,] This is the first, of sundry instances in our poet, where a *parson* is called *Sir*. Upon which it may be observed, that anciently it was the common designation both of one in holy orders and a knight. Fuller, somewhere in his Church History, says, that anciently there were in England more *sirs* than *knights*; and so lately as temp. W. & Mar. in a deposition in the Exchequer in a case of tythes, the witness speaking of the curate, whom he remembered, styles him, *Sir* Giles. Vide Gibson's View of the State of the Churches of Door, Home-Lacy, &c. p. 36. SIR J. HAWKINS.

Sir is the designation of a Bachelor of Arts in the Universities of Cambridge and Dublin; but is there always annexed to the surname;—*Sir* Evans, &c. In consequence, however, of this, all the inferior Clergy in England were distinguished by this title affixed to their christian names for many centuries. Hence our author's *Sir* Hugh in the present play, *Sir* Topas in Twelfth Night, *Sir* Oliver in As You Like It, &c. In the register at Cheltenham there is the following entry: "1574, August 31, *Sir* John Evans, Curate of Cheltenham, buried." MALONE.

Sir seems to have been a title formerly appropriated to such of the inferior clergy as were only *Readers* of the service, and not admitted to be preachers, and therefore were held in the lowest estimation; as appears from a remarkable passage in Machell's MS. Collections for the History of Westmoreland and Cumberland, in six volumes, folio, preserved in the Dean and Chapter's library at Carlisle. The reverend Thomas Machell, author of the Col-

sir John Falstaff's, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram*.

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *Cust-alorum*[3].

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lections, lived temp. Car. II. Speaking of the little chapel of Martindale in the mountains of Westmoreland and Cumberland, the writer says, "There is little remarkable in or about it, but a neat chapel-yard, which by the peculiar care of the old Reader, *Sir* Richard *, is kept clean, and as neat as a bowling-green."

"Within the limits of myne own memory all *Readers* in chapels were called *Sirs* †, and of old have been writ so; whence, I suppose, such of the laity as received the noble order of knighthood being called *Sirs* too, for distinction sake had *Knight* writ after them; which had been superfluous, if the title *Sir* had been peculiar to them. But now this *Sir* Richard is the only Knight Templar (if I may so call him) that retains the old style, which in other places is much laid aside, and grown out of use." Percy.

* Richard Berket, Reader, Æt. 74. MS. note.

See Mr. Douce's observations on the title "Sir," (as given to Ecclesiasticks,) at the end of Act V. The length of this curious memoir obliges me to disjoin it from the page to which it naturally belongs. Steevens.

[2] —a Star-chamber matter of it:] Ben Jonson intimates, that the *Star-chamber* had a right to take cognizance of such matters. See the Magnetic Lady, Act III. Sc. IV.:

"There is a court above, of the *Star-chamber*,
"To punish *routs* and *riots*." Steevens.

[3] —*Cust-alorum*.] This is, I suppose, intended for a corruption of *Custos Rotulorum*. The mistake was hardly designed by the author, who, though he gives Shallow folly enough, makes him rather pedantic than illiterate. If we read:

"*Shal.* Ay, cousin Slender, and *Custos Rotulorum*.

It follows naturally:

"*Slen.* Ay, and *Ratolorum* too." Johnson.

I think, with Dr. Johnson, that this blunder could scarcely be intended. Shallow, we know, had been bred to the law at Clement's Inn. But I would rather read *custos* only; then

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† In the margin is a MS. note seemingly in the hand-writing of Bp. Nicholson, who gave these volumes to the library.

"Since I can remember there was not a *reader* in any chapel but was called *Sir*."

Slen. Ay, and *ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero*[4]; in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero*.

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done[5] any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, hath don't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well[6]; it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love[7].

Slender adds naturally, "Ay, and *rotulorum* too." He had heard the words *custos rotulorum*, and supposes them to mean different offices. Farmer.

Perhaps Shakspeare might have intended to ridicule the abbreviations sometimes used in writs and other legal instruments, with which his Justice might have been acquainted. In the old copy the word is printed *Cust-alorum*, as it is now exhibited in the text. If, however, this was intended, it should be *Cust-ulorum*; and, it must be owned, abbreviation by cutting off the beginning of a word is not authorized by any precedent, except what we may suppose to have existed in Shallow's imagination. Malone.

4 —who writes himself ARMIGERO:] Slender had seen the Justice's attestations, signed "—jurat' coram me, Roberto Shallow, *Armigero;*" and therefore takes the ablative for the nominative case of *Armiger*. Steevens.

5 Ay, that I do; and HAVE DONE —] i. e. all the Shallows *have done*. Shakspeare has many expressions equally licentious. Malone.

"Ay, that *we* do;" The old copy reads—"that *I* do." This emendation was suggested to me by Dr. Farmer. Steevens.

6 The dozen white LOUSES do become an OLD COAT well; &c.] So, in The Penniless Parliament of thread-bare Poets, 1608: "But amongst all other decrees and statutes by us here set downe, wee ordaine and commaund, that three thinges (if they be not parted) ever to continue in perpetuall amitie, that is, a *Louse in an olde doublet*, a painted cloth in a painter's shop, and a foole and his bable." Steevens.

7 It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.] This little

Shal. **The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat**[8].

animal, which Sir Hugh speaks of so kindly, is thus complimented, I suppose, for its fidelity to man; as it does not desert him in distress, but rather sticks more close to him in his adversity. In a Latin tragedy on the subject of Nero by Dr. Matthew Gwinne, 1639, the tyrant exclaims, when deserted by his courtiers:

O aulicorum perfidum ingratum genus
Nec ut pediculus in crucem domino comes. BOSWELL.

[8] The luce is the FRESH FISH; the SALT FISH is an old coat.] That is, the *fresh fish* is the coat of an ancient family, and the *salt fish* is the coat of a merchant grown rich by trading over the sea. JOHNSON.

I am not satisfied with any thing that has been offered on this difficult passage. All that Mr. Smith told us was a mere *gratis dictum*. [His note, being worthless, is here omitted.] I cannot find that *salt fish* were ever really borne in heraldry. I fancy the latter part of the speech should be given to Sir Hugh, who is at cross purposes with the Justice. Shallow had said just before, the coat is an old one; and now, that it is the luce, the fresh fish. No, replies the parson, it cannot be *old* and fresh too—"the *salt fish* is an *old coat*." I give this with rather the more confidence, as a similar mistake has happened a little lower in the scene,—"*Slice*, I say!" cries out Corporal Nym, "*Pauca, pauca: Slice!* that's my humour." There can be no doubt, but *pauca, pauca*, should be spoken by Evans.

Again, a little before this, the copies give us:

"*Slender.* You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

"*Shallow.* That he will not—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:—'tis a good dog."

Surely it should be thus:

"*Shallow.* You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

"*Slender.* That he will not.

"*Shallow.* 'Tis your fault, 'tis your fault," &c. FARMER.

This fugitive scrap of Latin, *pauca*, &c. is used in several old pieces, by characters who have no more of literature about them than Nym. So, Skinke, in Look About You, 1600:

"But *pauca verba*, Skinke."

Again, in Every Man in his Humour, where it is called the *bencher's phrase*. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare seems to frolick here in his heraldry, with a design not to be easily understood. In Leland's Collectanea, vol. i. part ii. p. 615, the arms of Geffrey de Lucy are "de goules *poudre* a croisil dor a treis luz dor." Can the poet mean to quibble upon the word *poudré*, that is, *powdred*, which signi-

SLEN. I may quarter, coz?
SHAL. You may, by marrying.

fies *salted;* or strewed and sprinkled with any thing? In Measure for Measure, Lucio says—"Ever your fresh whore and your *powder'd* bawd." TOLLET.

The *luce* is a *pike* or *jack*. So, in Chaucer's Prol. of the Cant. Tales, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. pp. 351, 352:

"Full many a fair partrich hadde he in mewe,
"And many a breme, and many a *luce* in stewe."

In Ferne's Blazon of Gentry, 1586, quarto, the arms of the Lucy family are represented as an instance, that "signs of the coat should something agree with the name. It is the coat of Geffray Lord Lucy. He did bear gules, three *lucies* hariant, argent."

Mr. William Oldys, (Norroy King at Arms, and well known from the share he had in compiling the Biographia Britannica, among the collections which he left for a Life of Shakspeare,) observes that—"there was a very aged gentleman living in the neighbourhood of Stratford, (where he died fifty years since,) who had not only heard, from several old people in that town, of Shakspeare's transgression, but could remember the first stanza of the bitter ballad, which, repeating to one of his acquaintance, he preserved it in writing; and here it is, neither better nor worse, but faithfully transcribed from the copy which his relation very courteously communicated to me.

"A parliement member, a justice of peace,
"At home a poor scare-crowe, at London an asse,
"If lowsie is Lucy, as some volke miscalle it,
"Then Lucy is lowsie whatever befall it:
"He thinks himself greate,
"Yet an asse in his state,
"We allow by his ears but with asses to mate.
"If Lucy is lowsie, as some volke miscalle it,
"Sing lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it.

"Contemptible as this performance must now appear, at the time when it was written it might have had sufficient power to irritate a vain, weak, and vindictive magistrate; especially as it was affixed to several of his park-gates, and consequently published among his neighbours. It may be remarked likewise, that the jingle on which it turns, occurs in the first scene of The Merry Wives of Windsor."

I may add, that the veracity of the late Mr. Oldys has never yet been impeached; and it is not very probable that a ballad should be forged, from which an undiscovered wag could derive no triumph over antiquarian credulity. STEEVENS.

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, per-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one: If sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compremises between you.

Shal. The Council shall hear it; it is a riot [9].

"The luce is the *fresh fish;* the *salt fish* is an old coat." Our author here alludes to the arms of Sir Thomas Lucy, who is said to have prosecuted him in the younger part of his life for a misdemeanor, and who is supposed to be pointed at under the character of Justice Shallow. The text, however, by some carelessness of the printer or transcriber, has been so corrupted, that the passage, as it stands at present, seems inexplicable. Dr. Farmer's regulation appears to me highly probable; and in further support of it, it may be observed, that some other speeches, beside those he has mentioned, are misplaced in a subsequent part of this scene, as exhibited in the first folio. Malone.

Perhaps we have not yet conceived the humour of Master Shallow. Slender has observed, that the family might give a dozen *white* Luces in their coat; to which the Justice adds, "It is an *old one*." This produces the Parson's blunder, and Shallow's correction. "The *Luce* is not the *Louse* but the *Pike*, the *fresh fish* of that name. Indeed our *Coat* is *old*, as I said, and the fish cannot be *fresh;* and therefore we bear the *white*, i. e. the *pickled* or *salt fish*."

In the Northumberland Household Book, we meet with "nine barrels of *white* herringe for a hole yere, 4. 10. 0:" and Mr. Pennant in the additions to his London says, "By the very high price of the *Pike*, it is probable that this fish had not yet been introduced into our ponds, but was imported as a luxury, *pickled*."

It will be still clearer if we read—"*though* salt fish *in* an old coat." Farmer.

[9] The Council shall hear it; it is a riot.] By *the Council* is only meant the court of Star-chamber, composed chiefly of the king's council sitting *in Camerâ stellatâ*, which took cognizance of atrocious riots. In the old quarto, "the council shall know it," follows immediately after "I'll make a Star-chamber matter of it." Blackstone.

Eva. It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that [1].

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it: There is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George Page [2], which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman [3].

So, in Sir John Harrington's Epigrams, 1618:

"No marvel, men of such a sumptuous dyet
"Were brought into the *Star-chamber* for a *ryot*."

MALONE.

See Stat. 13 Henry IV. c. 7. GREY.

[1] — your VIZAMENTS in that.] *Advisement* is now an obsolete word. I meet with it in the Ancient Morality of Every Man:

"That I may amend me with good *advysement*."

Again:

"I shall smite without any *advysement*."

Again:

"To do with good *advysement* and delyberacyon."

It is often used by Spenser in his Faery Queen. So, b. ii. c. 9:

"Perhaps my succour and *advizement* meete." STEEVENS.

[2] — which is daughter to master GEORGE Page.] The old copy reads—*Thomas* Page. STEEVENS.

The whole set of editions have negligently blundered one after another in Page's Christian name in this place; though Mrs. Page calls him *George* afterwards in at least six several passages. THEOBALD.

[3] — speaks SMALL like a woman.] This is from the folio of 1623, and is the true reading. He admires her for the sweetness of her voice. But the expression is highly humorous, as making her speaking *small* like a woman one of her marks of distinction; and the ambiguity of *small*, which signifies *little* as well as *low*, makes the expression still more pleasant. WARBURTON.

Thus, Lear, speaking of Cordelia:

"—— Her voice was ever soft,
"*Gentle* and *low*;—an excellent thing in woman."

STEEVENS.

Eva. It is that fery person for all the orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's-bed, (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master Abraham, and mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound [4]?

Dr. Warburton has found more pleasantry here than I believe was intended. *Small* was, I think, not used, as he supposes, in an ambiguous sense, for "*little*, as well as *low*," but simply for *weak*, *slender*, *feminine;* and the only pleasantry of the passage seems to be, that poor Slender should characterise his mistress by a general quality belonging to her whole sex. In A Midsummer Night's Dream, Quince tells Flute, who objects to playing a woman's part, "You shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as *small* as you will." Malone.

A *small* voice is a *soft* and *melodious* voice. Chaucer uses the word in that sense, in The Flower and the Leaf, Speght's edit. p. 611:

"The company answered all,
"With voicè sweet entuned, and so *small*,
"That me thought it the sweetest melody."

Again, in Fairfax's Godfrey of Bulloigne, l. 15, st. 62:

"She warbled forth a treble *small*,
"And with sweet lookes, her sweet songs enterlaced."

When female characters were filled by boys, to "speak *small* like a woman" must have been a valuable qualification. So, in Marston's What You Will: "I was solicited to graunt him leave to play the lady in comedies presented by children; but I knew his voice was too *small*, and his stature too low. Sing a treble, Holofernes;—a very *small* sweet voice I'le assure you."

Holt White.

[4] *Shal.* Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?—I know the young gentlewoman; &c.] These two speeches are by mistake given to Slender in the first folio, the only authentick copy of this play. From the foregoing words it appears that Shallow is the person here addressed; and on a marriage being proposed for his kinsman, he very naturally enquires concerning the lady's fortune. Slender should seem not to know what they are talking about; (except that he just hears the name of Anne Page, and breaks out into a foolish eulogium on her;) for afterwards

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest master Page: Is Falstaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or, as I despise one that is not true. The knight, sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door [*knocks*] for master Page. What, hoa! Got pless your house here!

Enter Page.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and justice Shallow, and here young master Slender; that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well: I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you; Much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison

Shallow says to him,—"Coz, there is, as it were, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here; do you understand me?" to which Slender replies—"*if* it be so," &c. The tender, therefore, we see, had been made to Shallow, and not to Slender, the former of which names should be prefixed to the two speeches before us.

In this play, as exhibited in the first folio, many of the speeches are given to characters to whom they do not belong. Printers, to save trouble, keep the names of the speakers in each scene ready composed, and are very liable to mistakes, when two names begin (as in the present instance) with the same letter, and are nearly of the same length.—The present regulation was suggested by Mr. Capell. Malone.

better; it was ill kill'd:—How doth good mistress Page?—and I thank you [5] always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was out-run on Cotsall [6].

[5] — I LOVE you —] Thus the 4to. 1619. The folio—"I *thank* you —." Dr. Farmer prefers the first of these readings, which I have therefore placed in the text. STEEVENS.

[6] How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was out-run on COTSALL.] He means *Cotswold*, in *Gloucestershire*. In the beginning of the reign of James the First, by permission of the king, one Dover, a public-spirited attorney of Barton on the Heath, in Warwickshire, instituted on the hills of *Cotswold* an annual celebration of games, consisting of rural sports and exercises. These he constantly conducted in person, well mounted, and accoutred in a suit of his majesty's old clothes; and they were frequented above forty years by the nobility and gentry for sixty miles round, till the grand rebellion abolished every liberal establishment. I have seen a very scarce book, entitled, "Annalia Dubrensia. Upon the yearly celebration of Mr. Robert Dover's Olympick games upon Cotswold hills," &c. London, 1636, 4to. There are recommendatory verses prefixed, written by Drayton, Jonson, Randolph, and many others, the most eminent wits of the times. The games, as appears from a curious frontispiece, were, chiefly, wrestling, leaping, pitching the bar, handling the pike, dancing of women, various kinds of hunting, and particularly coursing the hare with greyhounds. Hence also we see the meaning of another passage, where Falstaff, or Shallow, calls a stout fellow a *Cotswold-man*. But, from what is here said, an inference of another kind may be drawn, respecting the age of the play. A meager and imperfect sketch of this comedy was printed in 1602. Afterwards Shakspeare new-wrote it entirely. This allusion therefore to the *Cotswold* games, not founded till the reign of James the First, ascertains a period of time beyond which our author must have made the additions to his original rough draft, or, in other words, composed the present comedy. James the First came to the crown in the year 1603. And we will suppose that two or three more years at least must have passed before these games

Page. It could not be judg'd, sir.

Slen. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not;—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault[8]:—'Tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; Can there be more said? he is good, and fair. Is sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confess'd, it is not redress'd; is not that so, master Page? He hath wrong'd me; indeed, he hath;—at a word, he hath;—believe me;—Robert Shallow, Esquire, saith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes sir John.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Fal. Now, master Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king?

could have been effectually established. I would therefore, at the earliest, date this play about the year 1607. T. Warton.

The Annalia Dubrensia consists *entirely* of recommendatory verses. Douce.

The Cotswold hills in Gloucestershire are a large tract of downs, famous for their fine turf, and therefore excellent for coursing. I believe there is no village of that name. Blackstone.

[8] —'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:] Of these words, which are addressed to Page, the sense is not very clear. Perhaps Shallow means to say, that it is a known failing of Page's not to confess that his dog has been out-run. Or, the meaning may be, 'tis your *misfortune* that he was out-run on Cotswold; he is, however, a good dog. So perhaps the word is used afterwards by Ford, speaking of his jealousy:

"'Tis my *fault*, master Page; I suffer for it." Malone.

Perhaps Shallow addresses these words to Slender, and means to tell *him*, "it was *his* fault to undervalue a dog whose inferiority in the chase was not ascertained." Steevens

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge [9].

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it straight;—I have done all this:—That is now answer'd.

Shal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if it were known in counsel [1]: you'll be laugh'd at.

9 — and broke open my lodge.] This probably alludes to some real incident, at the time well known. Johnson.

So probably Falstaff's answer. Farmer.

1 'Twere better for you, if it were known in counsel:] The old copies read—'Twere better for you, if 'twere known in *council*. Perhaps it is an abrupt speech, and must be read thus:—'Twere better for you—if 'twere known in council, you'll be laughed at. '*Twere better for you*, is, I believe, a menace. Johnson.

Some of the modern editors arbitrarily read—if 'twere *not* known in council:—but I believe Falstaff quibbles between *council* and *counsel*. The latter signifies *secrecy*. So, in Hamlet:

"The players cannot keep *counsel*, they'll tell all."

Falstaff's meaning seems to be—'twere better for you if it were known only in *secrecy*, i. e. among your friends. A more publick complaint would subject you to ridicule.

Thus, in Chaucer's Prologue to the Squires Tale, v. 10,305, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit.:

"But wete ye what? *in conseil* be it seyde,
"Me reweth sore I am unto hire teyde."

Again, in the ancient MS. Romance of the Sowdon of Babyloyne, p. 39:

"And saide, sir, for alle loves
"Lete me thy prisoneres seen,
"I wole thee gife both goolde and gloves,
"And *counsail* shall it been."

Again, in Gammer Gurton's Needle, last edit. p. 29:

"But first for you *in council*, I have a word or twaine."

Steevens.

Mr. Ritson supposes the present reading to be just, and quite in Falstaff's insolent sneering manner. "It would be much better, indeed, to have it known in the council, where you would only be laughed at." Reed.

The spelling of the old quarto, (*counsel*,) as well as the general purport of the passage, fully confirms Mr. Steevens's interpreta-

Eva. *Pauca verba*, sir John, good worts.

Fal. Good worts! good cabbage [2].—Slender, I broke your head; What matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-catching rascals [3], Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket [4].

tion.—" *Shal.* Well, the *Council* shall know it. *Fal.* 'Twere better for you 'twere known in *counsell.* You'll be laugh't at."

In an office-book of Sir Heneage Thomas, Treasurer of the Chambers to Queen Elizabeth, (a MS. in the British Museum,) I observe that whenever the Privy *Council* is mentioned, the word is always spelt *Counsel;* so that the equivoque was less strained then than it appears now.

" Mum is *Counsell*, viz. *silence*," is among Howel's Proverbial Sentences. See his Dict. folio, 1660. Malone.

[2] Good worts! good cabbage.] *Worts* was the ancient name of all the cabbage kind. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Valentinian:

" Planting of *worts* and onions, any thing."

Again, in Tho. Lupton's Seventh Booke of Notable Thinges, 4to. bl. l. " —— then anoint the burned place therwith, and lay a *woort* leafe upon it," &c. Steevens.

[3] — coney-catching rascals,] A *coney-catcher* was, in the time of Elizabeth, a common name for a cheat or sharper. Green, one of the first among us who made a trade of writing pamphlets, published A Detection of the Frauds and Tricks of Coney-catchers and Couzeners. Johnson.

So, in Decker's Satiromastix:

" Thou shalt not *coney-catch* me for five pounds." Steevens.

[4] They carried me, &c.] These words, which are necessary to introduce what Falstaff says afterwards, [" Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?"] I have restored from the early quarto. Of this circumstance, as the play is exhibited in the folio, Sir John could have no knowledge. Malone.

We might suppose that Falstaff was already acquainted with this robbery, and had received his share of it, as in the case of the handle of mistress Bridget's fan, Act II. Sc. II. His question, therefore, may be said to arise at once from conscious guilt and pretended ignorance. I have, however, adopted Mr. Malone's restoration. Steevens.

Bard. You Banbury cheese[5]!
Slen. Ay, it is no matter.
Pist. How now, Mephostophilus[6]?
Slen. Ay, it is no matter.
Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca*[7]; slice! that's my humour[8].

5 You Banbury cheese!] This is said in allusion to the thin carcase of Slender. The same thought occurs in Jack Drum's Entertainment, 1601: "Put off your cloathes, and you are like a *Banbury* cheese,—nothing but paring." So Heywood, in his collection of epigrams:

"I never saw *Banbury cheese thick enough*,
"But I have oft seen Essex cheese quick enough."

Steevens.

6 How now, Mephostophilus?] This is the name of a spirit or familiar, in the old story book of Sir John Faustus, or John Faust: to whom our author afterwards alludes, Act II. Sc. II. That it was a cant phrase of abuse, appears from the old comedy cited above, called A Pleasant Comedy of the Gentle Craft, Signat. H 3. "Away you Islington whitepot; hence you hopper-arse, you barley-pudding full of maggots, you broiled carbonado: avaunt, avaunt, *Mephostophilus*." In the same vein, Bardolph here also calls Slender, "You *Banbury* cheese." T. Warton.

Pistol means to calls Slender a very ugly fellow. So, in Nosce te, (Humours) by Richard Turner, 1607:

"O face, no face hath our Theophilus,
"But the right forme of *Mephostophilus*.
"I know 'twould serve, and yet I am no wizard,
"To play the Devil i'the vault without a vizard."

Again, in The Muses Looking Glass, 1638: "We want not you to play *Mephostophilus*. A pretty natural vizard!"

Steevens.

7 Slice, I say! PAUCA, PAUCA;] Dr. Farmer (see a former note, p. 10, n. 8,) would transfer the Latin words to Evans. But the old copy, I think, is right, Pistol, in King Henry V. uses the same language:

"——I will hold the *quondam* Quickly
"For the only she; and *pauca*, there's enough."

In the same scene Nym twice uses the word *solus*. Malone.

8 ——that's my humour.] So, in an ancient MS. play, entitled The Second Maiden's Tragedy:

"——I love not to disquiet ghosts, sir,
"Of any people living; *that's my humour*, sir."

See a following note, Act II. Sc. I. Steevens.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace: I pray you. Now let us understand: There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand: that is—master Page, *fidelicet*, master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'orke upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol,—

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this [9], *He hears with ear?* Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,) of seven groats in mill-sixpences [1], and two Edward shovel-boards [2], that cost me two shil-

9 —what phrase is this, &c.] Sir Hugh is justified in his censure of this passage by Peacham, who in his Garden of Eloquence, 1577, places this very mode of expression under the article *Pleonasmus*. HENDERSON.

1 —mill-SIXPENCES,] It appears from a passage in Sir William Davenant's Newes from Plimouth, that these *mill-sixpences* were used by way of counters to cast up money:

"——A few *mill'd sixpences*, with which
"My purser casts accompt." STEEVENS.

2 — Edward SHOVEL-BOARDS,] One of these pieces of metal is mentioned in Middleton's comedy of The Roaring Girl, 1611:

"—— away slid I my man, like a *shovel-board shilling*," &c.
STEEVENS.

"Edward shovel-boards," were the broad shillings of Edward VI. —Taylor, the water-poet, in his Trauel of Twelve-pence, makes him complain:

"—— the unthrift every day
"With my face downwards do at *shoave-board* play;

ling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John and master mine,
I combat challenge of this latten bilbo [3]:

"That had I had a beard, you may suppose,
"They had worne it off, as they have done my nose."

And in a note he tells us: "Edw. shillings for the most part are used at *shoave-board*." Farmer.

In the Second Part of King Henry IV. Falstaff says, "Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a *shove-groat shilling*." This confirms Farmer's opinion, that pieces of coin were used for that purpose.
M. Mason.

The following extract, for the notice of which I am indebted to Dr. Farmer, will ascertain the species of coin mentioned in the text. "I must here take notice before I entirely quit the subject of these last-mentioned shillings, that I have also seen some other pieces of good silver, greatly resembling the same, and of the same date, 1547, that have been so much thicker as to weigh about *half an ounce*, together with some others that have weighed an ounce." *Folkes's Table of English Silver Coins*, p. 32. The former of these were probably what cost Master Slender two shillings and two pence a-piece. Reed.

It appears, that the game of *shovel-board* was played with the shillings of Edward VI. in Shadwell's time; for in his Miser, Act III. Sc. I. Cheatly says, "She persuaded him to play with hazard at backgammon, and he has already lost his *Edward shillings* that he kept for *shovel-board*, and was pulling out broad pieces (that have not seen the sun these many years) when I came away."

In Shadwell's Lancashire Witches, vol. iii. p. 232, the game is called *shuffle-board*. It is still played; and I lately heard a man ask another to go into an alehouse in the Broad Sanctuary, Westminster, to play at it. Douce.

That Slender means the broad *shilling* of one of our kings, appears from comparing these words with the corresponding passage in the old quarto: "Ay by this handkerchief did he;—two faire shovel-board *shillings*, besides seven groats in mill-sixpences."

How twenty-*eight* pence could be lost in mill-*sixpences*, Slender, however, has not explained to us. Malone.

[3] I combat challenge of this LATTEN bilbo:] Pistol, seeing Slender such a slim, puny wight, would intimate, that he is as

Word of denial in thy labras here [4];
Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest.

Slen. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be avised, sir, and pass good humours: I

thin as a plate of that compound metal, which is called *latten*: and which was, as we are told, the old *orichalc*. THEOBALD.

Latten is a mixed metal, made of copper and calamine. MALONE.

The sarcasm intended is, that Slender had neither courage nor strength, as a latten sword has neither edge nor substance. HEATH.

Latten may signify no more than *as thin as a lath*. The word in some counties is still pronounced as if there was no *h* in it: and Ray, in his Dictionary of North Country Words, affirms it to be spelt *lat* in the North of England.

Falstaff threatens, in another play, to drive prince Henry out of his kingdom with *a dagger of lath*. A *latten bilboe* means therefore, I believe, no more than *a blade as thin as a lath—a vice's dagger*.

Theobald, however, is right in his assertion that *latten* was a metal. So Turbervile, in his book of Falconry, 1575: "—— you must set her a *latten* bason, or a vessel of stone or earth." Again, in Old Fortunatus, 1600: "Whether it were lead or *latten* that hasp'd down those winking casements, I know not." Again, in the old metrical Romance of Syr Bevis of Hampton, bl. l. no date:

"Windowes of *latin* were set with glasse."

Latten is still a common word for *tin* in the North. STEEVENS.

I believe Theobald has given the true sense of *latten*, though he is wrong in supposing, that the allusion is to Slender's *thinness*. It is rather to his *softness* or *weakness*. TYRWHITT.

[4] Word of denial in THY labras HERE;] I suppose it should rather be read:

"Word of denial in *my* labras *hear*;"

That is, *hear* the word of denial in my *lips*. *Thou ly'st*. JOHNSON.

We often talk of giving the lie in a man's *teeth*, or in his *throat*. Pistol chooses to throw the word of denial in the *lips* of his adversary, and is supposed to point to them as he speaks. STEEVENS.

There are few words in the old copies more frequently misprinted than the word *hear*. "*Thy* labras," however, is certainly right, as appears from the old quarto: "I do retort the lie even in *thy* gorge, thy gorge, thy gorge." MALONE.

will say, *marry trap*[5], with you, if you run the nuthook's humour[6] on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John[7]?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap[8], sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions pass'd the careires[9].

[5] — *marry trap,*] When a man was caught in his own stratagem, I suppose the exclamation of insult was—*marry, trap!* JOHNSON.

[6] — NUTHOOK's humour —] *Nuthook* is the reading of the folio. The quarto reads, *base* humour.

If you run the nuthook's humour on me, is, in plain English, *if you say I am a thief.* Enough is said on the subject of *hooking moveables out at windows,* in a note on King Henry IV. STEEVENS.

[7] — Scarlet and John?] The names of two of Robin Hood's companions; but the humour consists in the allusion to Bardolph's *red face;* concerning which, see The Second Part of Henry IV. WARBURTON.

[8] And being FAP,] I know not the exact meaning of this cant word, neither have I met with it in any of our old dramatic pieces, which have often proved the best comments on Shakspeare's vulgarisms.

Dr. Farmer, indeed, observes, that *to fib* is to *beat;* so that *being fap* may mean *being beaten;* and *cashiered, turned out of company.* STEEVENS

The word *fap* is probably made from *vappa,* a drunken fellow, or a good-for-nothing fellow, whose virtues are all exhaled. Slender, in his answer, seems to understand that Bardolph had made use of a Latin word: "Ay, you spake in Latin then too;" as Pistol had just before. S. W.

It is not probable that any cant term is from the Latin; nor that the word in question was so derived, because Slender mistook it for Latin. The mistake, indeed, is an argument to the con-

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Mistress Anne Page with Wine; Mistress Ford and Mistress Page following.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit Anne Page.*

trary, as it shows his ignorance in that language. *Fap*, however, certainly means *drunk*, as appears from the glossaries. Douce.

9 Pass'd the careires.] I believe this strange word is nothing but the French *cariere;* and the expression means, that *the common bounds of good behaviour are overpassed.* Johnson.

To pass the cariere was a military phrase, or rather perhaps a term of the *manege.* I find it in one of Sir John Smythe's Discourses, 1589, where, speaking of horses wounded, he says—"they, after the first shrink at the entering of the bullet, doo *pass the carriere*, as though they had verie little hurt." Again, in Harrington's translation of Ariosto, b. xxxviii. stanza 35:

"To stop, to start, to *pass carier*, to bound." Steevens.

Bardolph means to say, "and so in the *end* he reel'd about with a circuitous motion, like a horse, *passing a carier.*" To *pass a carier* was a technical term. So, in Nashe's Have with You to Saffron Walden, &c. 1596: "—— her hottest fury may be resembled to the *passing* of a brave *cariere* by a Pegasus."

We find the term again used in King Henry V. in the same manner as in the passage before us: "The king is a good king, but—he *passes* some humours and *cariers.*" Malone.

We are told that this is a technical term in the *manege;* but no explanation is given. It was the same as *running a career*, or galloping a horse violently backwards and forwards, stopping him suddenly at the end of the *career;* "which *career* the more seldom it be used and with the lesse fury, the better mouth shall your horse have," says Master Blundeville in his Arte of Riding, b. l. 4to, where there is a whole chapter on the subject, as well as in "The Art of Riding," translated by Thomas Bedingfield from the Italian of Claudio Corte, 1584, 4to. Douce.

Slen. O heaven! this is mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, mistress Ford?

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress.

[*Kissing her.*

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome:—— Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[*Exeunt all but Shal., Slender, and Evans.*

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of Songs and Sonnets here [1]:—

Enter Simple.

How now, Simple! Where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not *The Book of Riddles* [2] about you, have you?

Sim. Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it

[1] — my book of Songs and Sonnets here:] It cannot be supposed that poor Slender was himself a poet. He probably means the Poems of Lord Surrey and others, which were very popular in the age of Queen Elizabeth. They were printed in 1567, with this title: "*Songes and Sonnettes*, written by the Right Honourable Lord Henry Howard, late Earle of Surrey, and others."

Slender laments that he has not this fashionable book about him, supposing it might have assisted him in paying his addresses to Anne Page. Malone.

Under the title mentioned by Slender, Churchyard very evidently points out this book in an enumeration of his own pieces, prefixed to a collection of verse and prose, called Churchyard's Challenge, 4to. 1593: "—— and many things in the *booke of songes and sonets* printed then, were of my making," By *then* he means "in Queene Maries raigne;" for Surrey was first published in 1557. Steevens.

[2] — *The Book of Riddles* —] This appears to have been a popular book, and is enumerated with others in The English Courtier, and Country Gentleman, bl. l. 4to. 1586, Sign. H 4. See quotation in note to Much Ado About Nothing, Act II. Sc. I. Reed.

to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas [3]?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, this, coz: There is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by sir Hugh here;—Do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Eva. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her, upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is

[3] — upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight AFORE Michaelmas?] Sure, Simple's a little out in his reckoning. Allhallowmas is almost five weeks *after* Michaelmas. But may it not be urged, it is designed Simple should appear thus ignorant, to keep up the character? I think not. The simplest creatures (nay, even naturals,) generally are very precise in the knowledge of festivals, and marking how the seasons run: and therefore I have ventured to suspect our poet wrote *Martlemas*, as the vulgar call it: which is near a fortnight after All-Saints day, i. e. eleven days, both inclusive. THEOBALD.

This correction, thus seriously and wisely enforced, is received by Sir Thomas Hanmer; but probably Shakspeare intended to blunder. JOHNSON.

parcel of the mouth [4];—Therefore precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir, I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must: Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do, is to pleasure you, coz: Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt [5]: but if you say, *marry her*,

[4] — the lips is PARCEL of the MOUTH;] Thus the old copies. The modern editors read—" parcel of the *mind*."

To be *parcel* of any thing, is an expression that often occurs in the old plays.

So, in Decker's Satiromastix:

" And make damnation *parcel* of your oath."

Again, in Tamburlaine, 1590:

" To make it *parcel* of my empery."

This passage, however, might have been designed as a ridicule on another, in John Lyly's Midas, 1592:

" *Pet.* What lips hath she?

" *Li.* Tush! *Lips are no part of the head*, only made for *a double-leaf door for the mouth*." STEEVENS.

The word *parcel*, in this place, seems to be used in the same sense, as it was both formerly and at present in conveyances. " Part, *parcel*, or member of any estate," are formal words still to be found in various deeds. REED.

[5] — I hope, upon familiarity will grow more CONTEMPT:] The old copy reads—*content*. STEEVENS.

I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a fery discretion answer; save, the faul' is in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely;—his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la.

Re-enter Anne Page.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress Anne:—Would I were young, for your sake, mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace. [*Exeunt Shallow and Sir H. Evans.*

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth: Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow[6]: [*Exit Simple.*] A justice

Certainly, the editors in their sagacity have murdered a jest here. It is designed, no doubt, that Slender should say *decrease*, instead of *increase;* and *dissolved* and *dissolutely*, instead of *resolved* and *resolutely:* but to make him say, on the present occasion, that upon familiarity will grow more *content*, instead of *contempt*, is disarming the sentiment of all its *salt* and humour, and disappointing the audience of a reasonable cause for laughter.

Theobald.

Theobald's conjecture may be supported by the same intentional blunder in Love's Labour's Lost:

"Sir, the *contempts* thereof are as touching me."

Steevens.

[6] *Anne.* The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen.—Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow:] This passage shews that it was formerly the

of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man:—I keep but three men and a boy yet [7], till my mother be dead: But what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

ANNE. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit, till you come.

SLEN. I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

ANNE. I pray you, sir, walk in.

SLEN. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence [8], (three veneys

custom in England, as it is now in France, for persons to be attended at dinner by their own servants, wherever they dined.
M. MASON.

[7] —I keep but three men and a boy yet,] As great a fool as the poet has made Slender, it appears, by his boasting of his wealth, his breeding and his courage, that he knew how to win a woman. This is a fine instance of Shakspeare's knowledge of nature. WARBURTON.

[8] —a MASTER OF FENCE,] *Master of defence*, on this occasion, does not simply mean a professor of the art of fencing, but a person who had taken his *master's degree* in it. I learn from one of the Sloanian MSS. (now in the British Museum, No. 2530, xxvi. D.) which seems to be the fragment of a register formerly belonging to some of our schools where the "Noble Science of Defence," was taught from the year 1568 to 1583, that in this art there were three degrees, viz. a *Master's*, a Provost's, and a Scholar's. For each of these a prize was played, as exercises are kept in universities for similar purposes. The weapons they used were the axe, the pike, rapier and target, rapier and cloke, two swords, the two-hand sword, the bastard sword, the dagger and staff, the sword and buckler, the rapier and dagger, &c. The places where they exercised were commonly theatres, halls, or other enclosures sufficient to contain a number of spectators: as Ely-Place in Holborn, the Bell Savage on Ludgate-Hill, the Curtain in Hollywell, the Gray Friars within Newgate, Hampton Court, the Bull in Bishopsgate-Street, the Clink, Duke's Place, Salisbury-Court, Bridewell, the Artillery Garden, &c. &c. &c. Among those who distinguished themselves in this science, I find Tarlton the Comedian, who "was allowed a master" the 23d of October, 1587 [I sup-

for a dish of stewed prunes [9];) and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think, there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England:—You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now [1]: I

pose, either as grand compounder, or by mandamus], he being "ordinary grome of her majesties chamber," and Robert Greene, who "plaide his maister's prize at Leadenhall with three weapons," &c. The book from which these extracts are made, is a singular curiosity, as it contains the oaths, customs, regulations, prizes, summonses, &c. of this once fashionable society. K. Henry VIII. K. Edward VI. Philip and Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, were frequent spectators of their skill and activity.

STEEVENS.

9 —three VENEYS for a dish, &c.] i. e. three *venues*, French. Three different set-to's, *bouts*, (or *hits*, as Mr. Malone, perhaps more properly explains the word,) a technical term. So, in our author's Love's Labour's Lost: "A quick *venew* of wit." Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Philaster:—"thou wouldst be loth to play half a dozen *venies* at Wasters with a good fellow for a broken head." Again, in The Two Maids of More-clacke, 1609: "This was a pass, 'twas fencer's play, and for the after *veny*, let me use my skill." So, in The Famous History, &c. of Capt. Tho. Stukely, 1605: "——for forfeits and *venneys* given upon a wager at the ninth button of your doublet."

Again, in the MSS. mentioned in the preceding note, "And at any prize whether it be maister's prize, &c. whosoever doth play agaynste the prizer, and doth strike his blowe and close with all, so that the prizer cannot strike his blowe after agayne, shall wynne no game for any *veneye* so given, althoughe it shold breake the prizer's head." STEEVENS.

Slender means to say, that the wager for which he played was a dish of stew'd prunes, which was to be paid by him who received three *hits*. See Bullokar's English Expositor, 8vo. 1616: "*Venie*. A *touch* in the body at playing with weapons." See also Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: *Tocco*. A *touch* or feeling. Also a *venie* at fence; a *hit*." MALONE.

1 That's meat and drink to me now:] Decker has this prover-

have seen Sackerson [2] loose, twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd [3]:—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pye [4], you shall not choose, sir: come, come.

bial phrase in his Satiromastix: "Yes faith, 'tis *meat and drink to me.*" WHALLEY.

So, in Wily Beguiled: "Lord, 'twould be as good as *meat and drinke to me* to see how the foole would woe you." MALONE.

Touchstone, in As You Like It, uses the same phrase: "It is *meat and drink to me* to see a clown." BOSWELL.

[2] —Sackerson —] *Seckarson* is likewise the name of a bear in the old comedy of Sir Giles Goosecap. STEEVENS.

Sackerson, or *Sacarson*, was the name of a bear that was exhibited in our author's time at Paris-Garden in Southwark. See an old collection of Epigrams [by Sir John Davies] printed at Middlebourg (without date, but in or before 1598):

"Publius, a student of the common law,
"To *Paris-garden* doth himself withdraw;—
"Leaving old Ployden, Dyer, and Broke, alone,
"To see old Harry Hunkes and *Sacarson*."

Sacarson probably had his name from his keeper. So, in the Puritan, a comedy, 1607: "How many dogs do you think I had upon me? Almost as many as George Stone, the *bear;* three at once." MALONE.

[3] —that IT PASS'D:] *It pass'd*, or *this passes*, was a way of speaking customary heretofore, to signify the *excess*, or *extraordinary degree* of any thing. The sentence completed would be, *This passes all expression*, or perhaps, *This passes all things*. We still use *passing well*, *passing strange*. WARBURTON.

So, in The Maid of the Mill by Fletcher and Rowley:

"Come, follow me, you country lasses,
"And you shall see such sport *as passes*." BOSWELL.

[4] By cock and pye,] This was a very popular adjuration, and occurs in many of our old dramatic pieces. See note on Act V. Sc. I. King Henry IV. P. II. STEEVENS.

1799.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.
Page. Come on, sir.
Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.
Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.
Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la: I will not do you that wrong.
Anne. I pray you, sir.
Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly, than troublesome: you do yourself wrong, indeed, la. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house, which is the way: and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry[5], his washer, and his wringer.
Simp. Well, sir.
Eva. Nay, it is petter yet:——give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance[6] with mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to mistress Anne Page: I pray you, be gone; I will

[5] —or his LAUNDRY,] Sir Hugh means to say his *launder*. Thus, in Sidney's Arcadia, b. i. p. 44, edit. 1633: "——not only will make him an Amazon, but a *launder*, a spinner," &c. STEEVENS.

[6] —that ALTOGETHER's acquaintance —] The old copy reads—*altogethers* acquaintance; but should not this be "that *altogether's* acquaintance," i. e. that *is altogether* acquainted? The English, I apprehend, would still be bad enough for Evans. TYRWHITT.

I have availed myself of this judicious remark. STEEVENS.

make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF, *Host*, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, *and* ROBIN.

FAL. Mine host of the Garter,—

HOST. What says my bully-rook[7]? Speak scholarly, and wisely.

FAL. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

HOST. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

FAL. I sit at ten pounds a week.

HOST. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar[8], and Pheezar[9]. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well[1], bully Hector?

7 —my BULLY-ROOK?] The spelling of this word is corrupted, and thereby its primitive meaning is lost. The old plays have generally *bully-rook*, which is right; and so it is exhibited by the folio edition of this comedy, as well as the 4to. 1619. The latter part of this compound title is taken from the *rooks* at the game of chess. STEEVENS.

Bully-rook seems to have been the reading of some editions: in others it is bully-*rock*. Mr. Steevens's explanation of it, as alluding to chess-men, is right. But Shakspeare might possibly have given it bully-*rock*, as *rock* is the true name of these men, which is softened or corrupted into *rook*. There is seemingly more humour in bully-*rock*. WHALLEY.

8 —Keisar,] The preface to Stowe's Chronicle observes, that the Germans use the K for C, pronouncing *Keysar*, for *Cæsar*, their general word for an emperor. TOLLET.

9 —and PHEEZAR.] *Pheezar* was a made word from *pheeze*. "I'll *pheeze* you," says Sly to the Hostess, in The Taming of the Shrew. MALONE.

1 —said I well,] The learned editor of the Canterbury

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow: Let me see thee froth, and lime [2]: I am at a word; follow. [*Exit Host.*

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapster is a good trade: An old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered servingman, a fresh tapster [3]: Go, adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired; I will thrive. [*Exit Bard.*

Pist. O base Gongarian wight [4]! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Tales of Chaucer, in 5 vols. 8vo. 1775, observes, that this phrase is given to the *host* in the Pardonere's Prologue:

"*Said I not wel?* I cannot speke in terme:" v. 12,246.

and adds, "it may be sufficient with the other circumstances of general resemblance, to make us believe that Shakspeare, when he drew that character, had not forgotten his Chaucer." The same gentleman has since informed me, that the passage is not found in any of the ancient printed editions, but only in the MSS. Steevens.

I imagine this phrase must have reached our author in some other way; for I suspect he did not devote much time to the perusal of old MSS. Malone.

[2] — Let me see thee FROTH, and LIME:] Thus the quarto; the folio reads—"and *live*." This passage had passed through all the editions without suspicion of being corrupted; but the reading of the old quartos of 1602 and 1619, "Let me see thee froth and lime," I take to be the true one. The Host calls for an immediate specimen of Bardolph's abilities as a tapster; and *frothing* beer and *liming* sack were tricks practised in the time of Shakspeare. The first was done by putting soap into the bottom of the tankard when they drew the beer; the other, by mixing *lime* with the sack (i. e. sherry) to make it sparkle in the glass. *Froth* and *live* is sense, but a little forced; and to make it so we must suppose the Host could guess by his dexterity in frothing a pot to make it appear fuller than it was, how he would afterwards succeed in the world. Falstaff himself complains of *limed* sack. Steevens.

[3] — a withered servingman, a fresh tapster:] This is not improbably a parody on the old proverb—"A broken apothecary, a new doctor." See Ray's Proverbs, 3d edit. p. 2. Steevens.

[4] O base GONGARIAN wight! &c.] This is a parody on a line taken from one of the old bombast plays, beginning,

"O base *Gongarian*, wilt thou the distaff wield?"

Nym. He was gotten in drink: Is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroick, and there's the humour of it [5].

Fal. I am glad, I am so acquit of this tinder-box; his thefts were too open: his filching was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is, to steal at a minute's rest [6].

I had marked the passage down, but forgot to note the play. The folio reads—*Hungarian.*

Hungarian is likewise a cant term. So, in The Merry Devil of Edmonton, 1608, the merry Host says, "I have knights and colonels in my house, and must tend the *Hungarians*."

Again:

"Come ye *Hungarian* pilchers."

Again, in Westward Hoe, 1607:

"Play, you louzy *Hungarians*."

Again, in News from Hell, brought by the Devil's Carrier, by Thomas Decker, 1606: "— the leane-jaw'd *Hungarian* would not lay out a penny pot of sack for himself." Steevens.

Hungarian signified a *hungry, starved fellow.* So, in Hall's Satire, b. iv. sat. 2:

"So sharp and *meagre* that who should them see
"Would sweare they lately came from *Hungary*."

Malone.

The *Hungarians*, when infidels, over-ran Germany and France, and would have invaded England, if they could have come to it. See Stowe, in the year 930, and Holinshed's Invasions of Ireland, p. 56. Hence their name might become a proverb of baseness. Stowe's Chronicle, in the year 1492, and Leland's Collectanea, vol. i. p. 610, spell it *Hongarian* (which might be misprinted *Gongarian;*) and this is right according to their own etymology. *Hongyars*, i. e. domus suæ strenui defensores. Tollet.

The word is *Gongarian* in the first edition, and should be continued, the better to fix the allusion. Farmer.

[5] — humour of it.] This speech is partly taken from the corrected copy, and partly from the slight sketch in 1602. I mention it, that those who do not find it in either of the common old editions, may not suspect it to be spurious. Steevens.

The folio contains the first clause of the sentence; the quarto, the second. Boswell.

[6] — at a MINUTE's rest.] Our author probably wrote:

"— at a *minim's* rest." Langton.

This conjecture seems confirmed by a passage in Romeo and

Pist. Convey, the wise it call[7]: Steal! foh; a fico for the phrase[8]!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must coney-catch; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food[9].

Juliet: "— rests his *minim*," &c. It may, however, mean, that, like a skilful harquebuzier, he takes a good aim, though he has rested his piece for a minute only.

So, in Daniel's Civil Wars, &c. b. vi.:

"To *set up's rest* to venture now for all." Steevens.

A *minim* was anciently, as the term imports, the shortest note in musick. Its measure was afterwards, as it is now, as long as while two may be moderately counted. In Romeo and Juliet, Act II. Sc. IV. Mercutio says of Tibalt, that in fighting he "rests his *minim*, one, two, and the third in your bosom." A minute contains sixty seconds, and is a long time for an action supposed to be instantaneous. Nym means to say, that the perfection of stealing is to do it in the shortest time possible. Sir J. Hawkins,

"'Tis true (says Nym) Bardolph did not keep time; did not steal at the critical and exact season, when he would probably be least observed. The true method is, to steal just at the instant when watchfulness is off its guard, and *reposes but for a moment*."

The reading proposed by Mr. Langton certainly corresponds more exactly with the preceding speech; but Shakspeare scarcely ever pursues his metaphors far. Malone.

7 Convey, the wise it call:] So, in the old morality of Hycke Scorner, bl. l. no date:

"Syr, the horesons could not *convaye* clene;
"For an they could have carried by craft as I can," &c.
Steevens.

8 — a fico for the phrase!] i. e. a *fig* for it. Pistol uses the same phraseology in King Henry V.:

"Die and be damn'd; and *fico* for thy friendship."
Steevens.

So, in The Widow by Fletcher, Jonson, and Middleton:

"Oh! and my *fig* cheese!
"The *fig* of everlasting obloquy
"Go with him, if he have eat it."

See Mr. Douce's observations on Shakspeare for a full explanation and history of this phrase. Boswell.

9 Young ravens must have food.] An adage. See Ray's Proverbs. Steevens.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol; Indeed I am in the waist two yards about: but I am now about no waste[1]; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves[2], she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is, *I am sir John Falstaff's.*

Pist. He hath studied her well, and translated her well[3]; out of honesty into English.

[1] — about no WASTE;] I find the same play on words in Heywood's Epigrams, 1562:

"Where am I least, husband? quoth he, in the *waist;*
"Which cometh of this, thou art vengeance strait lac'd.
"Where am I biggest, wife? in the *waste*, quoth she,
"For all is *waste* in you, as far as I see."

And again, in The Wedding, a comedy, by Shirley, 1629:

"He's a great man indeed;
"Something given to the *wast*, for he lives within *no reasonable compass.*" STEEVENS.

[2] — she CARVES,] It should be remembered, that anciently the young of both sexes were instructed in *carving*, as a necessary accomplishment. In 1508, Wynkyn de Worde published "A Boke of *Kerving*." So, in Love's Labour's Lost, Biron says of Boyet, the French courtier: "— He can *carve* too, and lisp." STEEVENS.

It seems to have been considered as a mark of kindness when a lady carved to a gentleman. So, in Vittoria Corombona: "Your husband is wondrous discontented.—*Vit.* I did nothing to displease him; *I carved to him* at supper time." BOSWELL.

[3] — studied her WELL, and TRANSLATED her WELL;] Thus the first quarto. The folio 1623 reads—"studied her *will*, and transtated her *will*." Mr. Malone observes, that there is a similar corruption in the folio copy of King Lear. In the quarto 1608, signat. B, we find—"since what I *well* intend;" instead of which the folio exhibits—"since what I *will* intend," &c.

Translation is not used in its common acceptation, but means to *explain*, as one language is explained by another. So, in Hamlet:

Nym. The anchor is deep[4]: Will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; she hath legions of angels[5].

Pist. As many devils entertain[6]; and, *To her, boy*, say I.

" —— these profound heaves
" You must *translate;* 'tis fit we understand them."

Again, in Troilus and Cressida:

" Did in great Ilion thus *translate* him to me." Steevens.

[4] The anchor is deep:] I see not what relation the *anchor* has to *translation*. Perhaps we may read—the *author* is deep; or perhaps the line is out of its place, and should be inserted lower, after Falstaff has said:

" Sail like my pinnace to those golden shores."

It may be observed, that in the hands of that time *anchor* and *author* could hardly be distinguished. Johnson.

" The anchor is deep," may mean—*his hopes are well founded*. So, in The Knight of the Burning Pestle, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" —— Now my latest *hope*,
" Forsake me not, but fling thy *anchor* out,
" And let it hold!"

Again, as Mr. M. Mason observes, in Fletcher's Woman-Hater:

" Farewell, my hopes; my *anchor* now is broken."

In the year 1558 a ballad, intitled " Hold the *ancer* fast," is entered on the books of the Stationers' Company. Steevens.

Dr. Johnson very acutely proposes " the *author* is deep." He reads with the first copy, " he hath studied her *well*."—And from this equivocal word, Nym catches the idea of *deepness*. But it is almost impossible to ascertain the diction of this whimsical character: and I meet with a phrase in Fenner's Comptor's Commonwealth, 1617, which may perhaps support the old reading: " Master Decker's Bellman of London, hath set forth the vices of the time so lively, that it is impossible the *anchor* of any other man's braine could sound the sea of a more deepe and dreadful mischeefe." Farmer.

Nym, I believe, only means to say, the scheme for debauching Ford's wife is deep;—well laid. Malone.

[5] — she hath legions of angels.] Thus the old quarto. The folio reads—" *he* hath a *legend* of angels." Steevens.

[6] As many devils entertain;] i. e. do you retain in your *service* as many devils as she has angels. So, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona:

" Sweet lady, *entertain* him for your *servant*."

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious eyliads [7]: sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly [8].

Pist. Then did the sun on dung-hill shine [9].

Nym. I thank thee for that humour [1].

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention [2], that the appetite of her

This is the reading of the folio. Malone.

The old quarto reads:

"As many devils *attend her!*" &c. Steevens.

7 — eyliads:] This word is differently spelt in all the copies. It occurs again, in King Lear, Act IV. Sc. V.:

"She gave strange *œiliads*, and most speaking looks,
"To noble Edmund."

I suppose we should write *oëillades*, French. Steevens.

8 — sometimes THE BEAM OF HER VIEW GILDED my foot, sometimes my portly belly.] So, in our author's 20th Sonnet:

"*An eye* more bright than their's, less false in rolling,
"*Gilding* the object whereupon it gazeth." Malone.

9 Then did the sun on dung-hill shine.] So, in Lyly's Euphues, 1581:

"The sun shineth upon the dunghill." Holt White.

1 — that HUMOUR.] What distinguishes the language of Nym from that of the other attendants on Falstaff, is the constant repetition of this phrase. In the time of Shakspeare such an affectation seems to have been sufficient to mark a character. In Sir Giles Goosecap, a play of which I have no earlier edition than that of 1606, the same peculiarity is mentioned in the hero of the piece: "— his only reason for every thing is, that *we are all mortal;* then hath he another pretty phrase too, and that is, he will *tickle the vanity* of every thing." Steevens.

2 — intention,] i. e. eagerness of desire. So, in Chapman's translation of Homer's Address to the Sun:

"——— Even to horror bright,
"A blaze burns from his golden burgonet;
"Which to behold, exceeds the sharpest set
"Of any eye's *intention*." Steevens.

So, in Cupid's Whirligig, 1607: "With a greedy eye feeds on my exteriors." Henderson.

eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty[3]. I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me[4]: they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the humour-letter; I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, sirrah, [*to Rob.*] bear you these letters tightly[5];

[3] — she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty.] If the tradition be true (as I doubt not but it is) of this play being wrote at Queen Elizabeth's command, this passage, perhaps, may furnish a probable conjecture that it could not appear till after the year 1598. The mention of Guiana, then so lately discovered to the English, was a very happy compliment to Sir Walter Raleigh, who did not begin his expedition for South America till 1595, and returned from it in 1596, with an advantageous account of the great wealth of Guiana. Such an address of the poet was likely, I imagine, to have a proper impression on the people, when the intelligence of such a golden country was fresh in their minds, and gave them expectations of immense gain. Theobald.

[4] I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me;] The same joke is intended here, as in The Second Part of Henry the Fourth, Act II.:

"— I will bar no honest man my house, nor no *cheater*."—By which is meant *Escheatour*, an officer in the Exchequer, in no good repute with the common people. Warburton.

[5] — bear you these letters tightly;] i. e. cleverly, adroitly. So, in Antony and Cleopatra, Antony, putting on his armour, says:

"My queen's a squire
"More *tight* at this, than thou." Malone.

No phrase is so common in the eastern counties of this kingdom, and particularly in Suffolk, as *good tightly*, for *briskly and effectually*. Henley.

It is used in this sense in Don Sebastian, by Dryden, Act II. Sc. II: "— *tightly*, I say, go *tightly* to your business." Reed.

Sail like my pinnace[6] to these golden shores.—
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hail-stones, go;
Trudge, plod, away, o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour of this age[7],
French thrift, you rogues: myself, and skirted page.
[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF *and* ROBIN.

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts[8]! for gourd, and fullam holds,
And high and low beguile the rich and poor[9]:

[6] — my PINNACE —] A pinnace seems anciently to have signified a small vessel, or sloop, attending on a larger. So, in Rowley's When You See Me You Know Me, 1613:

" —— was lately sent
" With threescore sail of ships and *pinnaces*."

Again, in Muleasses the Turk, 1610:

" Our life is but a sailing to our death
" Through the world's ocean: it makes no matter then,
" Whether we put into the world's vast sea
" Shipp'd in a *pinnace*, or an argosy."

At present it signifies only a man of war's boat.

A passage similar to this of Shakspeare occurs in The Humourous Lieutenant, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" —— this small *pinnace*
" *Shall sail for gold*." STEEVENS.

A *pinnace* is a small vessel with a square stern, having sails and oars, and carrying three masts; chiefly used (says Rolt, in his Dictionary of Commerce,) as a *scout* for intelligence, and for landing of men. MALONE.

[7] — the HUMOUR of THIS age,] Thus the 4to. 1619: The folio reads—the *honor* of *the* age. STEEVENS.

[8] Let vultures GRIPE thy guts!] This hemistich is a burlesque on a passage in Tamburlaine, or The Scythian Shepherd, of which play a more particular account is given in one of the notes to Henry IV. Part II. Act II. Sc. IV. STEEVENS.

I suppose the following is the passage intended to be ridiculed:

" —— and now doth ghastly death
" With greedy talents [talons] *gripe* my bleeding heart,
" And like a harper [harpy] tyers on my life."

Again, ibid.:

" *Griping* our *bowels* with retorted thoughts." MALONE.

[9] — for GOURD, and FULLAM holds,
And HIGH and LOW beguile the rich and poor;] *Fullam* is a cant term for false dice, *high* and *low*. Torriano, in his Italian Dictionary, interprets *Pise* by *false dice, high and low men, high*

Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head [1], which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star!

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will discuss the humour of this love to Page [2].

fullams and low fullams. Jonson, in his Every Man out of his Humour, quibbles upon this cant term: "Who, he serve? He keeps *high men and low men*, he has a fair living at *Fullam*."—As for *gourd*, or rather *gord*, it was another instrument of gaming, as appears from Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady: "— And thy dry bones can reach at nothing now, but *gords* or nine-pins."
WARBURTON.

In the London Prodigal I find the following enumeration of false dice: "I bequeath two bale of false dice, videlicit, *high men* and *low men*, *fulloms*, stop cater-traies, and other bones of function."

Green, in his Art of Juggling, &c. 1612, says: "what should I say more of false dice, of *fulloms*, *high* men, *lowe* men, *gourds*, and brizled dice, graviers, demies, and contraries?"

Again, in The Bellman of London, by Decker, 5th edit. 1640: among the false dice are enumerated, "a bale of *fullams*."—"A bale of *gordes*, with as many *high-men* as *low-men* for passage." STEEVENS.

Gourds were probably dice in which a secret cavity had been made; *fullams*, those which had been loaded with a small bit of lead. *High men* and *low men*, which were likewise cant terms, explain themselves. *High* numbers on the dice, at hazard, are from five to twelve, inclusive; *low*, from aces to four. MALONE.

High and low men were false dice, which, being chiefly made at Fulham, were thence called "high and low Fulhams." The high Fulhams were the numbers, 4, 5, and 6. See the manner in which these dice were made, in The Complete Gamester, p. 12, edit. 1676, 12mo. DOUCE.

[1] —in my head,] These words, which are omitted in the folio, were recovered by Mr. Pope from the early quarto.
MALONE.

[2] I will discuss the humour of this love to PAGE.] The folio reads: "—— to *Ford*:" but the very reverse of this happens. See Act II. where Nym makes the discovery to *Page*, and not to *Ford*, as here promised; and Pistol, on the other hand, to *Ford*,

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold,
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page [3] to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness [4], for the revolt of mien [5] is dangerous: that is my true humour.

and not to *Page*. Shakspeare is frequently guilty of these little forgetfulnesses. STEEVENS.

The folio reads—to *Ford;* and in the next line—and I to *Page*, &c. But the reverse of this (as Mr. Steevens has observed) happens in Act II. where Nym makes the discovery to *Page*, and Pistol to *Ford*. I have therefore corrected the text from the old quarto, where Nym declares he will make the discovery to *Page;* and Pistol says, "And I to *Ford* will likewise tell—." MALONE.

[3] I will INCENSE Page, &c.] To *incense* in Shakspeare's age, meant to *instigate*. See Minsheu's Dictionary in voc. MALONE.

So, in K. Henry VIII.:

"——— I have
"*Incens'd* the lords of the council, that he is
"A most arch heretic —."

In both passages, to *incense* has the same meaning as to *instigate*. STEEVENS.

[4] — YELLOWNESS,] *Yellowness* is *jealousy*. JOHNSON.

So, in Law Tricks, &c. 1608:

"If you have me you must not put on *yellows*."

Again, in The Arraignment of Paris, 1584:

"—— Flora well, perdie,
"Did paint her *yellow* for her *jealousy*." STEEVENS.

[5] —the revolt of MIEN —] "The revolt of mine" is the old reading. *Revolt of mien*, is *change of countenance*, one of the effects he has just been ascribing to jealousy." STEEVENS.

This Mr. Steevens truly observes to be the old reading, and it is authority enough for "the revolt of mien" in modern orthography. "Know you that fellow that walketh there?—says Eliot, 1593—he is an alchymist by his *mine*, and hath multiplied all to moonshine." FARMER.

Nym means, I think, to say, *that* kind of *change in the complexion*, which is caused by jealousy, *renders the person possessed by such a passion dangerous;* consequently Ford will be likely to revenge himself on Falstaff, and I shall be gratified. I believe our author wrote—*that* revolt, &c. though I have not disturbed the text—y^e^ and y^t^ in the MSS. of his time were easily confounded. MALONE.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in Dr. Caius's House.

Enter Mrs. Quickly, Simple, and Rugby[6].

Quick. What; John Rugby!—I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i'faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience, and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch. [*Exit Rugby.*

Quick. Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire[7]. An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate[8]: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way[9]:

[6] —Rugby.] This domestic of Dr. Caius received his name from a town in Warwickshire. Steevens.

[7] —at the latter end, &c.] That is, when my master is in bed. Johnson.

[8] —no breed-bate:] *Bate* is an obsolete word, signifying strife, contention. So, in The Countess of Pembroke's Antonius, 1595:

"Shall ever civil *bate*
"Gnaw and devour our state?"

Again, in Acolastus, a comedy, 1540:

"We shall not fall at *bate*, or stryve for this matter."

Stanyhurst, in his translation of Virgil, 1582, calls Erinnys a *make-bate*. Steevens.

[9] —he is something peevish that way:] *Peevish* is *foolish*. So, in Cymbeline, Act II.: "—he's strange and *peevish*."

Steevens.

I believe, this is one of Dame Quickly's blunders, and that she means *precise*. Malone.

but nobody but has his fault;—but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And master Slender's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard [1], like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face [2], with a little yellow beard; a Cain-coloured beard [3].

[1] —a great round beard, &c.] See a note on K. Henry V. Act III. Sc. VI: "And what a beard of the general's cut," &c. MALONE.

[2] —a little WEE face,] *Wee*, in the northern dialect, signifies *very little*. Thus, in the Scottish proverb that apologizes for a little woman's marriage with a big man:—"A *wee* mouse will creep under a *mickle* cornstack." COLLINS.

So, in Heywood's Fair Maid of the West, a comedy, 1631: "He was nothing so tall as I; but a little *wee* man, and somewhat hutch-back'd."

Again, in the Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll, 1600:

"Some two miles, and a *wee* bit, sir."

Wee is derived from *weenig*, Dutch. On the authority of the 4to, 1619, we might be led to read *whey*-face: "—Somewhat of a weakly man, and has as it were a *whey*-coloured beard." Macbeth calls one of the messengers *whey-face*. STEEVENS.

Little wee is certainly the right reading; it implies something extremely diminutive, and is a very common vulgar idiom in the North. *Wee* alone has only the signification of *little*. Thus Cleveland:

"A Yorkshire *wee bit*, longer than a mile."

The proverb is a mile and a *wee bit*; i. e. about a league and a half. RITSON.

[3] —a CAIN-colour'd beard.] Cain and Judas, in the tapestries and pictures of old, were represented with *yellow* beards. THEOBALD.

Theobald's conjecture may be countenanced by a parallel expression in an old play called Blurt Master Constable, or, The Spaniard's Night-Walk, 1602:

"——— over all,

"A goodly, long, thick, *Abraham-colour'd* beard."

Again, in Soliman and Perseda, 1599, Basilisco says:

"—— where is the eldest son of Priam,

"That *Abraham-colour'd* Trojan?"

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands [4], as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quick. How say you?—O, I should remember him; Does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans, I will do what

I am not, however, certain, but that *Abraham* may be a corruption of *auburn*.

So, in Reynolds's God's Revenge against Murder, Book IV. Hist. 16. "Harcourt had a light *auburn* beard, which (like a country gentleman) he wore negligently after the oval cut."

Again, in The Spanish Tragedy, 1603:

"And let their beards be of *Judas* his own *colour*."

Again, in A Christian turn'd Turk, 1612:

"That's he in the *Judas* beard."

Again, in The Insatiate Countess, 1613:

"I ever thought by his red beard he would prove a *Judas*."

In an age, when but a small part of the nation could read, ideas were frequently borrowed from representations in painting or tapestry. A *cane*-colour'd beard, however, [the reading of the quarto,] might signify a beard of the colour of *cane*, i. e. a sickly yellow; for *straw*-colour'd beards are mentioned in A Midsummer-Night's Dream. STEEVENS.

The words of the quarto,—a *whey*-colour'd beard, strongly favour this reading; for *whey* and *cane* are nearly of the same colour. MALONE.

The new edition of Leland's Collectanea, vol. v. p. 295, asserts, that "painters constantly represented *Judas* the traytor with a *red head*." Dr. Plot's Oxfordshire, p. 153, says the same: "This conceit is thought to have arisen in England, from our ancient grudge to the *red-haired* Danes." TOLLET.

See my quotation in King Henry VIII. Act V. Sc. II.

STEEVENS.

[4] —as TALL a man of his hands,] Perhaps this is an allusion to the jockey measure, *so many hands high*, used by grooms when speaking of horses. *Tall*, in our author's time, signified not only height of stature, but stoutness of body. The ambiguity of the phrase seems intended. PERCY.

I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter RUGBY.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent[5]: Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [*Shuts* SIMPLE *in the closet.*] He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say!—Go, John, go enquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home:—*and down, down, adown-a*[6], *&c.* [*Sings.*

Whatever be the origin of this phrase, it is very ancient, being used by Gower:

"A worthie knight was *of his honde*,
"There was none suche in all the londe."
De Confessione Amantis, lib. v. fol. 118. b.
STEEVENS.

The *tall man* of the old dramatick writers, was a man of a bold, intrepid disposition, and inclined to quarrel; such as is described by Steevens in the second scene of the third act of this play. M. MASON.

"A tall man of his hands" sometimes meant quick-handed, active; and as Simple is here commending his master for his gymnastick abilities, perhaps the phrase is here used in that sense. See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598, in v. "*Manesco.* Nimble or quick-handed; a tall man of his hands." MALONE.

See also Cotgrave under the word *garcon:* "C'est un mauvais garcon. He is a shrewd or *tall* fellow; one that will thoroughly both lay and look about him." MALONE.

Tall, among our ancestors, seems to have been used in any sense that pleased the person who employed it. Chaucer, in his Complaint of Mars and Venus, has joined it with *humble:*

"She made him at her lust so *humble* and tall." BOSWELL.

[5] We shall all be SHENT:] i. e. Scolded, roughly treated. So, in the old Interlude of Nature, bl. l. no date:

"—— I can tell thee one thyng,
"In fayth you will be *shent*."

Again, in Chapman's version of the twenty-third book of Homer's Odyssey:

"—— such acts still were *shent*,
"As simply in themselves, as in th' event." STEEVENS.

Enter Doctor CAIUS[7].

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys; Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier verd*[8]; a box, a green-a box; Do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad

[6] — *and down, down, adown-a,* &c.] To deceive her master, she sings as if at her work. SIR J. HAWKINS.

This appears to have been the burden of some song then well known. In Every Woman in her Humour, 1609, sign. E 1, one of the characters says, "Hey good boies! i'faith now a three man's song, *or the old downe adowne:* well, things must be as they may; fil's the other quart: muskadine with an egg is fine; there's a time for all things, bonos nochios." REED.

[7] *Enter Doctor* CAIUS.] It has been thought strange that our author should take the name of *Caius* [an eminent physician who flourished in the reign of Elizabeth, and founder of Caius college in our university] for his Frenchman in this comedy; but Shakspeare was little acquainted with literary history; and without doubt, from this unusual name, supposed him to have been a foreign quack. Add to this, that the doctor was handed down as a kind of Rosicrucian: Mr. Ames had in MS. one of the "Secret Writings of Dr. Caius." FARMER.

This character of Dr. Caius might have been drawn from the life: as in Jacke of Dover's Quest of Enquirie, 1604, (perhaps a republication,) a story called The Foole of Winsor begins thus: "Upon a time there was in Winsor a certain simple outlandishe doctor of physicke belonging to the deane," &c. STEEVENS.

In Dr. Dodipoll, before 1596, we have a French doctor introduced upon the stage. The popularity of foreign physicians appears from The Return from Parnassus: "We'll gull the world that hath in estimation *forraine phisitians.*" MALONE.

[8] — *un* BOITIER *verd*;] *Boitier* in French signifies a case of surgeon's instruments. GREY.

I believe it rather means a *box of salve*, or case to hold *simples*, for which Caius professes to seek. The same word, somewhat curtailed, is used by Chaucer, in the Pardoneres Prologue, v. 12,241:

"And every *boist* ful of thy letuarie."

Again, in The Skynners' Play, in the Chester Collection of Mysteries, MS. Harl. p. 149, Mary Magdalen says:

"To balme his bodye that is so brighte,
"*Boyste* here have I brought." STEEVENS.

he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aside.*

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la Cour,—la grand affaire.

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. Ouy; mette le au mon pocket; *Depeche,* quickly:—Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long:—Od's me! *Qu'ay j'oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quick. Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet?—Villainy! *larron!* [*Pulling Simple out.*] Rugby, my rapier.

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall the honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so flegmarick; hear the truth of it: He came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to——

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue:—Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, *baillez* me some paper: Tarry you a little-a while. [*Writes.*

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy;—But notwithstanding, man, I'll do your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French Doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink [9], make the beds, and do all myself;—

Sim. 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

Quick. Are you avis'd o'that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late; —but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it;) my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that,—I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I vill cut his troat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make:—you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here:—by gar, I vill cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog. [*Exit Simple.*

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat:—do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—

9 — dress meat and DRINK,] Dr. Warburton thought the word *drink* ought to be expunged; but by *drink* Dame Quickly might have intended potage and soup, of which her master may be supposed to have been as fond as the rest of his countrymen.
MALONE.

by gar, I vill kill de Jack priest [1]; and I have appointed mine host of *de Jarterre* to measure our weapon:—by gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate: What, the good-jer [2]!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vit me;—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door:—Follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Exeunt Caius and Rugby.*

Quick. You shall have An fools-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [*Within.*] Who's within there, ho?

Quick. Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman; how dost thou?

Quick. The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest,

[1] — de Jack priest;] *Jack*, in our author's time, was a term of contempt: "So, saucy *Jack*," &c. See K. Henry IV. Part I. Act III. Sc. III.: "The prince is a *Jack*, a sneak-cup;" and Much Ado about Nothing, Act I. Sc. I.: "— do you play the flouting *Jack?*" Malone.

[2] What, the good-jer!] She means to say—"the *goujere*," i. e. *morbus Gallicus*. So, in K. Lear:

"The *goujeres* shall devour them."

See Hanmer's note, King Lear, Act V. Sc. III. Steevens.

Mrs. Quickly scarcely ever pronounces a hard word rightly. *Good-jer* and *Good-year* were in our author's time common corruptions of *goujere*; and in the books of that age the word is as often written one way as the other. Malone.

and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you:—Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale;—good faith, it is such another Nan;—but, I detest [4], an honest maid as ever broke bread:—We had an hour's talk of that wart;—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company!—But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly [5] and musing: But for you—Well, go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day: Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me—

Quick. Will I?—i'faith, that we will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now. [*Exit.*

Quick. Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does:—Out upon't! what have I forgot [6]? [*Exit.*

[4] — but, I DETEST,] She means—I *protest*. MALONE.

The same intended mistake occurs in Measure for Measure, Act II. Sc. I.: "My wife, sir, whom I *detest* before heaven and your honour," &c.—"Dost thou *detest* her therefore?" STEEVENS.

[5] — to ALLICHOLLY —] And yet, in a former part of this very scene, Mrs. Quickly is made to utter the word—*melancholy*, without the least corruption of it. Such is the inconsistency of the first folio. STEEVENS.

[6] — Out upon't! what have I forgot?] This excuse for leaving the stage, is rather too near Dr. Caius's "Od's me! qu'ay j'oublié?" in the former part of the scene. STEEVENS.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before PAGE'S House.

Enter Mistress PAGE, *with a Letter.*

MRS. PAGE. What! have I 'scaped love-letters in the holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see: [*Reads.*

Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor[7]: *You are not young, no more am*

7 — *though love use reason for his* PRECISIAN, *he admits him not for his counsellor* :] This is obscure: but the meaning is, 'though love permit reason to tell what is fit to be done, he seldom follows its advice.'—By *precisian*, is meant one who pretends to a more than ordinary degree of virtue and sanctity. On which account they gave this name to the puritans of that time. So Osborne—"Conform their mode, words, and looks, to these PRECISIANS." And Maine, in his City Match:

"— I did commend
"A great PRECISIAN to her for her woman."

WARBURTON.

Of this word I do not see any meaning that is very apposite to the present intention. Perhaps Falstaff said, 'Though love use reason as his *physician*, he admits him not for his counsellor.' This will be plain sense. Ask not the *reason* of my love; the business of *reason* is not to assist love, but to *cure* it. There may however be this meaning in the present reading. *Though love*, when he would submit to regulation, may *use reason as his precisian*, or director, in nice cases, yet when he is only eager to attain his end, he takes not reason for *his counsellor*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson wishes to read *physician;* and this conjecture becomes almost a certainty from a line in our author's 147th sonnet:

"My reason the *physician* to my love," &c. FARMER.

The character of a *precisian* seems to have been very generally ridiculed in the time of Shakspeare. So, in The Malcontent, 1604: "You must take her in the right vein then; as, when the sign is in Pisces, a fishmonger's wife is very sociable: in Cancer, *a precisian's* wife is very flexible."

Again, Dr. Faustus, 1604:

"I will set my countenance like a *precisian*."

I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; Ha! ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; Would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice,) that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night [8],
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight. JOHN FALSTAFF.

What a Herod of Jewry is this?—O wicked, wicked, world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour [9] hath this Flemish drunkard [1]

Again, in Ben Jonson's Case is Alter'd, 1609:

"It is *precisianism* to alter that,
"With austere judgement, which is given by nature."
STEEVENS.

If *physician* be the right reading, the meaning may be this: A lover uncertain as yet of success, never takes reason for his counsellor, but, when desperate, applies to him as his physician.
MUSGRAVE.

[8] *Thine own true knight,*
By day or night,] This expression, ludicrously employed by Falstaff, is of Greek extraction, and means, *at all times*. So, in the twenty-second Iliad, 433:

—— ὅ μοι ΝΥΚΤΑΣ ΤΕ ΚΑΙ ΗΜΑΡ
Εὐχωλὴ.

Thus faithfully rendered by Mr. Wakefield:

"My Hector! *night and day* thy mother's joy."

So likewise, in the third book of Gower, De Confessione Amantis:

"The sonne cleped was Machayre,
"The daughter eke Canace hight,
"*By daie bothe and eke by night.*"

Loud and still was another phrase of similar meaning. STEEVENS.

[9] — What AN unweighed behaviour, &c.] Thus the folio 1623. It has been suggested to me, that we should read—*one*. STEEVENS.

[1] —Flemish drunkard—] It is not without reason that this term of

picked (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth [2]:—heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of fat men [3]. How shall I be revenged on him? for

reproach is here used. Sir John Smythe in Certain Discourses, &c. 4to. 1590, says, that the habit of drinking to excess was introduced into England from the Low Countries "by some of our such men of warre within these very few years: whereof it is come to passe that now-a-dayes there are very fewe feastes where our said men of warre are present, but that they do invite and procure all the companie, of what calling soever they be, to carowsing and quaffing; and, because they will not be denied their challenges, they, with many newe conges, ceremonies, and reverences, drinke to the health and prosperitie of princes; to the health of counsellors, and unto the health of their greatest friends both at home and abroad: in which exercise they never cease till they be deade drunke, or, as the *Flemings* say, *Doot dronken*." He add, "And this aforesaid detestable vice hath within these six or seven yeares taken wonderful roote amongest our English nation, that in times past was wont to be of all other nations of Christendome one of the soberest." REED.

[2] — I was then frugal of my mirth:] By breaking this speech into exclamations, the text may stand; but I once thought it must be read, 'If I was *not* then frugal of my mirth,' &c. JOHNSON.

[3] — for the PUTTING DOWN of FAT MEN.] The word *fat* which seems to have been inadvertently omitted in the folio, was restored by Mr. Theobald from the quarto, where the corresponding speech runs thus: "Well, I shall trust *fat* men the worse, while I live, for his sake. O God; that I knew how to be revenged of him!" —Dr. Johnson, however, thinks that the insertion is unnecessary, as "Mrs. Page might naturally enough, in the first heat of her anger, rail at the sex for the fault of one." But the authority of the original sketch in quarto, and Mrs. Page's frequent mention of the size of her lover in the play as it now stands, in my opinion fully warrant the correction that has been made. Our author well knew that bills are brought into parliament for some purpose that at least appears *practicable*. Mrs. Page therefore in her passion might exhibit a bill for the putting down men of a particular description; but Shakspeare would never have made her threaten to introduce a bill to effect an *impossibility*, viz. the extermination of the whole species.

revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary: O, mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

There is no error more frequent at the press than the omission of words. In a sheet of this work now before me [Mr. Malone means his former edition in 1790] there was an *out*, (as it is termed in the printing-house,) that is, a passage omitted, of no less than ten lines.

The expression, *putting down*, is a common phrase of our municipal law. MALONE.

I believe this passage has hitherto been misunderstood, and therefore continue to read with the folio, which omits the epithet —*fat*.

The *putting down* of men, may only signify *the humiliation* of them, the *bringing them to shame*. So, in Twelfth Night, Malvolio says of the Clown—"I saw him, the other day, *put down* by an ordinary fool;" i. e. *confounded*. Again, in Love's Labour's Lost—"How the ladies and I have *put him down!*" Again, in Much Ado about Nothing—"You have *put him down*, lady, you have *put him down*." Again, in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, edit. 1632, p. 482—"Lucullus' wardrobe is *put down* by our ordinary citizens."

I cannot help thinking that the extermination of all men would be as *practicable* a design of parliament, as the *putting down* of those whose only offence was *embonpoint*.

I persist in this opinion, even though I have before me (in support of Mr. Malone's argument) the famous print from P. Brueghel, representing the *Lean Cooks* expelling the *Fat ones*.

STEEVENS.

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour: What is it?——dispense with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What?—thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford!——These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry [4].

[4] What?—thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford!—These knights will HACK: and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.] I read thus—These knights *we'll* hack, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry. The punishment of a recreant, or undeserving knight, was to *hack* off his spurs: the meaning therefore is: it is not worth the while of a gentlewoman to be made a knight, for we'll degrade all these knights in a little time, by the usual form of *hacking* off their spurs, and thou, if thou art knighted, shalt be hacked with the rest. JOHNSON.

Sir T. Hanmer says, to *hack*, means to turn *hackney*, or *prostitute*. I suppose he means—*These knights will degrade themselves, so that she will* acquire no honour by being connected with them.

It is not, however, impossible that Shakspeare meant by—"these knights will *hack*"—these knights will soon become *hackneyed* characters.—So many knights were made about the time this play was amplified (for the passage is neither in the copy 1602, nor 1619,) that such a stroke of satire might not have been unjustly thrown in. In Hans Beer Pot's Invisible Comedy, 1618, is a long piece of ridicule on the same occurrence:

"Twas strange to see what *knighthood* once would do:
"Stir great men up to lead a martial life——
"To gain this honour and this dignity.——
"But now, alas! 'tis grown ridiculous,
"Since bought with money, sold for basest prize,
"That some refuse it who are counted wise." STEEVENS.

These knights will *hack* (that is, become cheap or vulgar,) and therefore she advises her friend not to sully her gentry by becoming one. The whole of this discourse about knighthood is added since the first edition of this play [in 1602]; and therefore I suspect this is an oblique reflection on the prodigality of James I. in bestowing these honours, and erecting in 1611 a new order of knighthood, called Baronets; which few of the ancient gentry would condescend to accept. See Sir Henry Spelman's epigram on them, Gloss. p. 76, which ends thus:

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light[5]:—here, read, read;—perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking[6]: And yet

——dum cauponare recusant
Ex vera geniti nobilitate viri;
Interea e caulis hic prorepit, ille tabernis
Et modo fit dominus, qui modo servus erat."

See another stroke at them in Othello, Act III. Sc. IV.

BLACKSTONE.

Sir W. Blackstone supposes that the order of Baronets (created in 1611) was likewise alluded to. But it appears to me highly probable that our author amplified the play before us at an earlier period. See An Attempt to Ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays.

Between the time of King James's arrival at Berwick in April, 1603, and the 2d of May, he made two hundred and thirty-seven knights; and in the July following between three and four hundred. It is probable that the play before us was enlarged in that or the subsequent year, when this stroke of satire must have been highly relished by the audience. For a specimen of the contemptuous manner in which these knights were mentioned, see B. Rich's My Ladies Looking Glasse, 4to. 1616, but written about 1608, p. 66: "Knighthood was wont to be the reward of virtue, but now a common prey to the betrayers of virtue; and we shall sooner meet Sir Dinadine or Sir Dagenet [the one a cornet knight, the other King Arthur's foole—marginal note] at another man's table, than with Sir Tristram de Lionis, or Sir Lancelot de Lake in the field. Knights in former ages have been assistant unto princes, and were the *staires* of the commonwealth; but now they live by begging from the prince, and are a burthen to the commonwealth."

MALONE.

[5] We burn day-light:] i. e. we have more proof than we want. The same proverbial phrase occurs in The Spanish Tragedy:

"*Hier.* Light me your torches."
"*Pedro.* Then we *burn day light*."

Again, in Romeo and Juliet, Mercutio uses the same expression, and then explains it:

"We waste our lights in vain like *lamps by day*." STEEVENS.

I think, the meaning rather is, we are wasting time in idle talk, when we ought to read the letter; resembling those who waste candles by burning them in the day-time. MALONE.

[6] —men's LIKING:] i. e. men's condition of body. Thus in the book of Job: "Their young ones are in good *liking*." Fal-

he would not swear; praised women's modesty: and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the hundreth psalm to the tune of *Green sleeves*[7]. What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him

staff also, in King Henry IV. says—"I'll repent while I am in some *liking*."

Again, in A Courtlie Controversie of Cupid's Cautels, &c. translated out of French, &c. by H. W. [Henry Wotton] 4to. 1578, p. 20: "Your fresh colour and *good liking* testifieth, that melancholy consumeth not your bodie." STEEVENS.

7 —*Green sleeves.*] This song was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in September, 1580: "Licensed unto Richard Jones, a newe northerne dittye of the Lady *Green sleeves*." Again, "Licensed unto Edward White, a ballad, beinge the Lady *Green Sleeves*, answered to Jenkyn hir friend." Again, in the same month and year: "*Green Sleeves* moralized to the Scripture," &c. Again, to Edward White:

"*Green Sleeves* and countenaunce.
"In countenance is *Green Sleeves*."

Again: "A New Northern Song of *Green Sleeves*, beginning,

"The bonniest lass in all the land."

Again, in February 1580: "A reprehension against *Green Sleeves*, by W. Elderton." From a passage in The Loyal Subject, by Beaumont and Fletcher, it should seem that the original was a wanton ditty:

"And set our credits to the tune of *Greene Sleeves*."

But whatever the ballad was, it seems to have been very popular. August, 1581, was entered at Stationers' Hall, "A new ballad, entitled:

"*Greene Sleeves* is worn away,
"Yellow sleeves come to decaie,
"Black sleeves I hold in despite,
"But white sleeves is my delight."

Mention of the same tune is made again in the fourth act of this play. STEEVENS.

in his own grease [8].—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, (sure more,) and these are of the second edition: He will print them out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press [9], when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion [1]. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words: What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me [2], that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

[8] —melted him in his own grease.] So Chaucer, in his Wif of Bathes Prologue, 6069:

"That in his owen grese I made him frie." Steevens.

[9] — press,] *Press* is used ambiguously, for a *press* to print, and a *press* to squeeze. Johnson.

[1] I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion.] Mr. Warton judiciously observes, that in consequence of English versions from Greek and Roman authors, an inundation of classical pedantry very soon infected our poetry, and that perpetual allusions to ancient fable were introduced, as in the present instance, without the least regard to propriety; for Mrs. Page was not intended, in any degree, to be a learned or an affected lady. Steevens.

[2] — some STRAIN in me,] Thus the old copies. The modern editors read—"some *stain* in me," but, I think, unnecessarily. A similar expression occurs in The Winter's Tale:

Mrs. Ford. Boarding call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty [3]. O, that my husband saw this letter [4]! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight: Come hither. [*They retire.*

Enter Ford, Pistol, Page, and Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtail dog [5] in some affairs:
Sir John affects thy wife.

"With what encounter so uncurrent have I
"*Strain'd* to appear thus?"

And again, in Timon:

"—— a noble nature
"May catch a *wrench*." Steevens.

[3] — the CHARINESS of our honesty.] i. e. the *caution* which ought to attend on it. Steevens.

[4] O, THAT my husband saw this letter!] Surely Mrs. Ford does not wish to excite the jealousy of which she complains. I think we should read—O, *if* my husband, &c. and thus the copy, 1619: "O Lord, *if* my husband should see the letter! i'faith, this would even give edge to his jealousie." Steevens.

[5] — curtail dog —] That is, a dog that misses his game. The tail is counted necessary to the agility of a greyhound. Johnson.

curtail dogs (or cows) from the Saxon
Courtaut (prof. by Retson Stand to 5)

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woes both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford;
He loves the gally-mawfry [6]: Ford, perpend [7].

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot [8]: Prevent, or go thou,
Like sir Actæon he, with Ring-wood at thy heels:—
O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say: Farewel.
Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo birds do sing [9].—
Away, sir corporal Nym.——

"— curtail dog —" That is, a dog of small value;—what we now call a *cur*. Malone.

[6] — gally-mawfry;] i. e. a medley. So, in The Winter's Tale: "They have a dance, which the wenches say is a *galli-maufry* of gambols." Pistol ludicrously uses it for a woman. Thus, in A Woman Never Vex'd, 1632:

"Let us show ourselves gallants or *galli-maufries*."
Steevens.

[7] — Ford, perpend.] This is perhaps a ridicule on a pompous word too often used in the old play of Cambyses:

"My sapient words I say *perpend*."

Again:

"My queen *perpend* what I pronounce."

Shakspeare has put the same word into the mouth of Polonius.
Steevens.

Pistol again uses it in K. Henry V.; so does the Clown in Twelfth-Night: I do not believe, therefore, that any ridicule was here aimed at Preston, the author of Cambyses. Malone.

[8] With liver burning hot:] So, in Much Ado about Nothing:

"If ever *love* had interest in his *liver*."

The *liver* was anciently supposed to be the inspirer of amorous passions. Thus, in an old Latin distich:

Cor ardet, pulmo loquitur, fel commovet iras;
Splen ridere facit, *cogit amare jecur*. Steevens.

[9] — cuckoo-birds do sing.] Such is the reading of the folio.

Believe it, Page; he speaks sense [1]. [*Exit Pistol.*

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true; [*to Page.*] I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours: I should have borne the humoured letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife [2]; there's the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch. 'Tis true:—my name is

The quartos 1602, and 1619, read—when cuckoo-birds *appear*. The modern editors—when cuckoo-birds *affright*. For the last reading I find no authority. Steevens.

[1] Away, sir corporal Nym.——

Believe it, Page; he speaks sense.] Nym, I believe, is out of place, and we should read thus:

"Away, sir corporal.

"*Nym.* Believe it, Page; he speaks sense." Johnson.

Perhaps Dr. Johnson is mistaken in his conjecture. He seems not to have been aware of the manner in which the author meant this scene should be represented. Ford and Pistol, Page and Nym, enter in pairs, each pair in separate conversation; and while Pistol is informing Ford of Falstaff's design upon his wife, Nym is, during that time, talking *aside* to Page, and giving information of the like plot against *him*.—When Pistol has finished, he calls out to Nym to come *away*: but seeing that he and Page are still in close debate, he goes off alone, first assuring Page, he may depend on the truth of Nym's story. "Believe it, Page," &c. Nym then proceeds to tell the remainder of his tale out aloud. "And this is true," &c. A little further on in this scene, Ford says to Page, "*You* heard what this knave (i. e. Pistol) *told me*," &c. Page replies, "Yes: And you heard what the other (i. e. Nym) told me." Steevens.

"Believe it, Page; he speaks sense." Thus has the passage been hitherto printed, says Dr. Farmer; but surely we should read—"Believe it, Page, he speaks;" which means no more than—"Page, believe what he says." This sense is expressed not only in the manner peculiar to Pistol, but to the grammar of the times. Steevens.

[2] —I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; &c.] Nym, to gain credit, says, that he is above the mean office of carrying love-letters; he has nobler means of living; 'he has a sword, and upon his necessity,' that is, 'when his need drives him to unlawful expedients, *his sword* shall bite.' Johnson.

Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it. Adieu. [*Exit* NYM.

PAGE. The humour of it [3], quoth 'a! here's a fellow frights humour * out of his wits.

FORD. I will seek out Falstaff.

PAGE. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

FORD. If I do find it, well.

PAGE. I will not believe such a Cataian [4], though

* So quarto 1602; first folio, *English*.

[3] *The* HUMOUR *of it*,] The following epigram, taken from Humor's Ordinarie, where a Man may bee verie merrie and exceeding well used for his Sixpence, quarto, 1607, will best account for Nym's frequent repetition of the word *humour*. Epig. 27:

" Aske HUMORS what a feather he doth weare,
" It is his *humour* (by the Lord) he'll sweare;
" Or what he doth with such a horse-taile locke,
" Or why upon a whore he spendes his stocke,—
" He hath a *humour* doth determine so:
" Why in the stop-throte fashion he doth goe,
" With scarfe about his necke, hat without band,—
" It is his *humour*. Sweet sir, understand,
" What cause his purse is so extreame distrest
" That oftentimes is scarcely penny-blest;
" Only a *humour*. If you question, why
" His tongue is ne'er unfurnish'd with a lye,—
" It is his *humour* too he doth protest:
" Or why with sergeants he is so opprest,
" That like to ghosts they haunt him ev'rie day;
" A rascal *humour* doth not love to pay.
" Object why bootes and spurres are still in season,
" His *humour* answers, *humour* is his reason.
" If you perceive his wits in wetting shrunke,
" It cometh of a *humour* to be drunke.
" When you behold his lookes pale, thin, and poore,
" The occasion is, his *humour* and a whoore:
" And every thing that he doth undertake,
" It is a veine, for senceless *humour's* sake." STEEVENS.

[4] I will not believe such a CATAIAN,] All the mystery of the term *Cataian*, for a liar, is only this. China was anciently called *Cataia* or *Cathay*, by the first adventurers that travelled thither; such as M. Paulo, and our Mandeville, who told such

the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

FORD. 'Twas a good sensible fellow[5]: Well.

incredible wonders of this new discovered empire, (in which they have not been outdone even by the Jesuits themselves, who followed them) that a notorious liar was usually called a *Cataian*.

WARBURTON.

"This fellow has such an odd appearance, is so unlike a man civilized, and taught the duties of life, that I cannot credit him." To be a foreigner was always in England, and I suppose every where else, a reason of dislike. So, Pistol calls Sir Hugh, in the first act, a *mountain foreigner*: that is, a fellow uneducated, and of gross behaviour; and again in his anger calls Bardolph, *Hungarian wight*. JOHNSON.

I believe that neither of the commentators is in the right, but am far from professing, with any great degree of confidence, that I am happier in my own explanation. It is remarkable, that in Shakspeare, this expression—*a true man*, is always put in opposition (as it is in this instance) to—*a thief*. So, in Henry IV. Part I.:

"——now the *thieves* have bound the *true men*."

The Chinese (anciently called *Cataians*) are said to be the most dexterous of all the nimble-fingered tribe; and to this hour they deserve the same character. Pistol was known at Windsor to have had a hand in picking Slender's pocket, and therefore might be called *Cataian* with propriety, if my explanation be admitted.

That by a *Cataian* some kind of *sharper* was meant, I infer from the following passage in Love and Honour, a play by Sir William D'Avenant, 1649:

"Hang him, bold *Cataian*, he indites finely,
"And will live as well by sending short epistles,
"Or by the sad *whisper* at your *gamester's* ear,
"When the great By is drawn,
"As any *distrest gallant* of them all."

Cathaia is mentioned in The Tamer Tamed, of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"I'll wish you in the Indies, or *Cathaia*."

The tricks of the *Cataians* are hinted at in one of the old black letter histories of that country; and again in a dramatick performance, called The Pedler's Prophecy, 1595:

"——in the *east part of Inde*,
"Through seas and floods, they work all *thievish*."

STEEVENS.

[5] 'Twas a good sensible fellow:] This, and the two preceding speeches of Ford, are spoken to himself, and have no connection

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. 'Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George?—Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

[*Aside to Mrs. Ford.*

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; And, I pray, how does good mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly.*

Page. How now, master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me; did you not?

Page. Yes; And you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves; I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his

with the sentiments of Page, who is likewise making his comment on what had passed, without attention to Ford. Steevens.

discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service [6].

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife, but I would be loath to turn them together: A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head [7]: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.—How now, mine host?

Enter Host, and Shallow.

Host. How now, bully-rook? thou'rt a gentleman cavalero-justice [8], I say.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good even, and twenty, good master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

6 — very ROGUES, now they be out of service.] A *rogue* is a wanderer or *vagabond*, and, in its consequential signification, a *cheat*. JOHNSON.

7 — I would have nothing lie on my head:] Here seems to be an allusion to Shakspeare's favourite topick, the cuckold's horns. MALONE.

8 — CAVALERO-justice,] This cant term occurs in The Stately Moral of Three Ladies of London, 1590:

"Then know, Castilian *cavaleros*, this."

There is also a book printed in 1599, called, A Countercuffe given to Martin Junior; by the venturous, hardie, and renowned Pasquil of Englande, *Cavaliero*. STEEVENS.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between sir Hugh the Welch priest, and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, bully-rook?

[*They go aside.*

Shal. Will you [*to Page*] go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, he hath appointed them contrary places: for, believe me, I hear, the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him, my name is Brook[9]; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook: It is a merry knight.—Will you go, An-heires[1]?

[9] — and tell him, my name is Brook;] Thus both the old quartos: and thus most certainly the poet wrote. We need no better evidence than the pun that Falstaff anon makes on the name, when Brook sends him some burnt sack: Such *Brooks* are welcome to me, that overflow such liquor. The players, in their edition, altered the name to *Broom*. Theobald.

[1] — will you go on, hearts?] For this substitution of an intelligible for an unintelligible word, I am answerable.—The old reading is—*an-heires.* See the following notes. Steevens.

We should read, "Will you go *on, heris?*" i. e. Will you go on, master?" *Heris*, an old Scotch word for *master*. Warburton.

The merry Host has already saluted them separately by titles of distinction; he therefore probably now addresses them collectively by a general one—"Will you go on, *heroes?*" or, as probably,—"Will you go on, *hearts?*" He calls Dr. Caius *Heart of Elder;* and adds, in a subsequent scene of this play, *Farewell, my hearts.* Again, in The Midsummer Night's Dream, Bottom says, "—Where are these *hearts?*" *My brave hearts*, or *my bold hearts*, is a common word of encouragement. A *heart of gold* expresses the more

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier[2].

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more: In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword[3], I would have made you four tall fellows[4] skip like rats.

soft and amiable qualities, the *mores aurei* of Horace; and a *heart of oak* is a frequent encomium of rugged honesty. Sir T. Hanmer reads—*Mynheers*. STEEVENS.

There can be no doubt that this passage is corrupt. Perhaps we should read—"Will you go *and hear us?*" So, in the next page—"I had rather *hear them* scold than fight." MALONE.

The old copy 1623 exhibits the word thus: *An-heires.*

I conceive it to be a misprint for ..... *Caualeires*—for such is the orthography of that title in the folio. I support my conjecture by the following remarks. Mine Host is a person as much addicted to a kind of slang in his conversation, as either Pistol or Nym. He has the present term most strongly in his mind. In this very scene he styles Shallow *Cavaleiro*-Justice, *twice*, in following speeches. He calls Falstaff too his Guest-*Cavaleire*. Slender, on another occasion, he also honours with the style of *Cavaleiro* Slender. What then is more likely, or characteristic, than that he should say to Shallow and Page, "Will you go, *Cavaleires?*" Mr. Malone, to whom I communicated this emendation, considered it the best that had been proposed. BOADEN.

[2] — in his rapier.] In the old quarto here follow these words:

"*Shal.* I tell you what, master Page; I believe the doctor is no jester; he'll lay it one [on]; for though we be justices and doctors and churchmen, yet we are the sons of women, master Page.

"*Page.* True, master Shallow.

"*Shal.* It will be found so, master Page.

"*Page.* Master Shallow, you yourself have been a great fighter, though now a man of peace."

Part of this dialogue is found afterwards in the third scene of the present act; but it seems more proper here, to introduce what Shallow says of the prowess of his youth. MALONE.

[3] — my long sword,] Before the introduction of rapiers, the swords in use were of an enormous length, and sometimes raised with both hands. Shallow, with an old man's vanity, censures the

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you:—I had rather hear them scold than fight.

[*Exeunt Host, Shallow, and Page.*

innovation by which lighter weapons were introduced, tells what he could once have done with his *long sword*, and ridicules the terms and rules of the rapier. Johnson.

The *two-handed* sword is mentioned in the ancient Interlude of Nature, bl. l. no date:

"Somtyme he serveth me at borde,
"Somtyme he bereth my *two-hand* sword."

See a note to The First Part of K. Henry IV. Act II. Steevens.

Dr. Johnson's explanation of the *long sword* is certainly right; for the early quarto reads—"my *two-hand* sword;" so that they appear to have been synonymous.

Carleton, in his Thankful Remembrance of God's Mercy, 1625, speaking of the treachery of one Rowland York, in betraying the towne of Deventer to the Spaniards in 1587, says: "he was a Londoner, famous among the cutters in his time, for bringing in a new kind of fight—to run the point of the *rapier* into a man's body. This manner of fight *he* brought *first* into *England*, with great admiration of his audaciousness: when in England before that time, the use was, with little bucklers, and with *broad swords*, to strike, and not to thrust; and it was accounted unmanly to strike under the girdle."

The Continuator of Stowe's Annals, p. 1024, edit. 1631, supposes the rapier to have been introduced somewhat sooner, viz. about the 20th year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth [1578], at which time, he says, sword and bucklers began to be disused. Shakspeare has here been guilty of a great anachronism in making Shallow ridicule the terms of the rapier in the time of Henry IV. an hundred and seventy years before it was used in England.

Malone.

It should seem from a passage in Nash's Life of Jacke Wilton, 1594, that *rapiers* were used in the reign of Henry VIII.: "At that time I was no common squire, &c.—my *rapier* pendant like a round stick fastned in the tacklings, for skippers the better to climbe by." Sig. C 4. Ritson.

The introduction of the rapier instead of the *long sword* is thus alluded to in The Maid of the Mill, by Fletcher and Rowley, Act IV. Sc. II.:

"*Bustopha.*—But all this is nothing: now I come to the point.
"*Julio.*—Aye the point, that's deadly; the ancient blow
"Over the buckler ne'er went half so deep." Boswell.

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty [5], yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: She was in his company at Page's house; and, what they made there [6], I know not. Well, I will look further into't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff: If I find her honest, I

[4] — TALL fellows —] A *tall fellow*, in the time of our author, meant a *stout*, *bold*, or *courageous person*. In A Discourse on Usury, by Dr. Wilson, 1584, he says, "Here in England, he that can rob a man on the high-way, is called a *tall fellow*." Lord Bacon says, "that Bishop Fox caused his castle of Norham to be fortified, and manned it likewise with a very great number of *tall soldiers*."

The elder quarto reads—*tall fencers*. STEEVENS.

[5] — STANDS so firmly on his wife's frailty,] Thus all the copies. But Mr. Theobald has *no conception* how any man could "stand firmly on his wife's frailty." And why? Because he had *no conception* how he could stand upon it, without knowing what it was. But if I tell a stranger, that the bridge he is about to cross is rotten, and he believes it not, but will go on, may I not say, when I see him upon it, that he stands firmly on a rotten plank? Yet he has changed *frailty* for *fealty*, and the Oxford editor has followed him. But they took the phrase, *to stand firmly on*, to signify *to insist upon;* whereas it signifies *to rest upon*, which the character of a *secure fool*, given to him, shews. So that the common reading has an elegance that would be lost in the alteration. WARBURTON.

To *stand on any thing*, does signify *to insist on it*. So, in Heywood's Rape of Lucrece, 1630: "All captains, and *stand upon* the honesty of your wives." Again, in Warner's Albion's England, 1602, book vi. chap. 30:

"For stoutly *on their honesties* doe wylie harlots *stand*."

The *jealous Ford* is the speaker, and all *chastity* in women appears to him as *frailty*. He supposes Page therefore to insist on that *virtue* as steady, which he himself suspects to be without foundation. STEEVENS.

"— and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty," i. e. has such perfect confidence in his unchaste wife. *His wife's frailty* is the same as—*his frail wife*. So, in Antony and Cleopatra, we meet with *death and honour*, for *an honourable death*. MALONE.

[6] — and, what they MADE there,] An obsolete phrase signifying— what they *did* there. MALONE.

So, in As You Like It, Act I. Sc. I.:

"Now, sir, what *make* you here?" STEEVENS.

lose not my labour ; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* PISTOL.

FAL. I will not lend thee a penny.
PIST. Why, then the world's mine oyster[7],
Which I with sword will open.—
I will retort the sum in equipage[8].

7 — the world's mine OYSTER, &c.] Dr. Grey supposes Shakspeare to allude to an old proverb, "The mayor of Northampton opens *oysters* with his dagger,"—i. e. to keep them at a sufficient distance from his nose, that town being fourscore miles from the sea. STEEVENS.

8 I will retort the sum in EQUIPAGE.] This is added from the old quarto of 1619, and means, 'I will pay you again in stolen goods.' WARBURTON.

I rather believe he means, that he will pay him by waiting on him for nothing. So, in Love's Pilgrimage, by Beaumont and Fletcher :

"And boy, be you my guide,
"For I will make a full descent in *equipage*."

That *equipage* ever meant *stolen goods*, I am yet to learn.
STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton may be right; for I find *equipage* was one of the cant words of the time. In Davies' Papers Complaint, (a poem which has erroneously been ascribed to Donne,) we have several of them :

"Embellish, blandishment, and *equipage*."

Which words, he tells us in the margin, *overmuch savour of witlesse affectation*. FARMER.

Dr. Warburton's interpretation is, I think, right. *Equipage* indeed does not *per se* signify *stolen* goods, but such goods as Pistol promises to return, we may fairly suppose, would be stolen. *Equipage*, which, as Dr. Farmer observes, had been but newly introduced into our language, is defined by Bullokar, in his English Expositor, 8vo. 1616: "Furniture, or provision for horsemanship, especially in triumphs or tournaments." Hence the modern use of this word. MALONE.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow, Nym [9]; or else you had looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell, for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows [1]: and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan [2], I took't upon mine honour, thou hadst it not.

9 — your COACH-FELLOW, Nym;] Thus the old copies. *Coach-fellow* has an obvious meaning; but the modern editors read, *couch-fellow.* The following passage from Ben Jonson's Cynthia's Revels may justify the reading I have chosen: "'Tis the swaggering *coach-horse* Anaides, that *draws with him* there."

Again, in Monsieur D'Olive, 1606: "Are you he my page here makes choice of to be his fellow *coach-horse?*" Again, in A true Narrative of the Entertainment of his Royal Majestie, from the Time of his Departure from Edinburgh, till his Receiving in London, &c. 1603: "—a base pilfering theefe was taken, who plaid the cutpurse in the court; his fellow was ill mist, for no doubt he had a walking-mate: they *drew together* like *coach-horses*, and it is pitie they did not hang together." Again, in Every Woman in her Humour, 1609:

"For wit, ye may be *coach'd* together.

Again, in 10th book of Chapman's translation of Homer:

"— their chariot horse, as they *coach-fellows* were."

STEEVENS.

"——your *coach-fellow*, Nym;" i. e. he who *draws* along with you; who is joined with you in all your knavery. So before, Page, speaking of Nym and Pistol, calls them a "*yoke* of Falstaff's discarded men." MALONE.

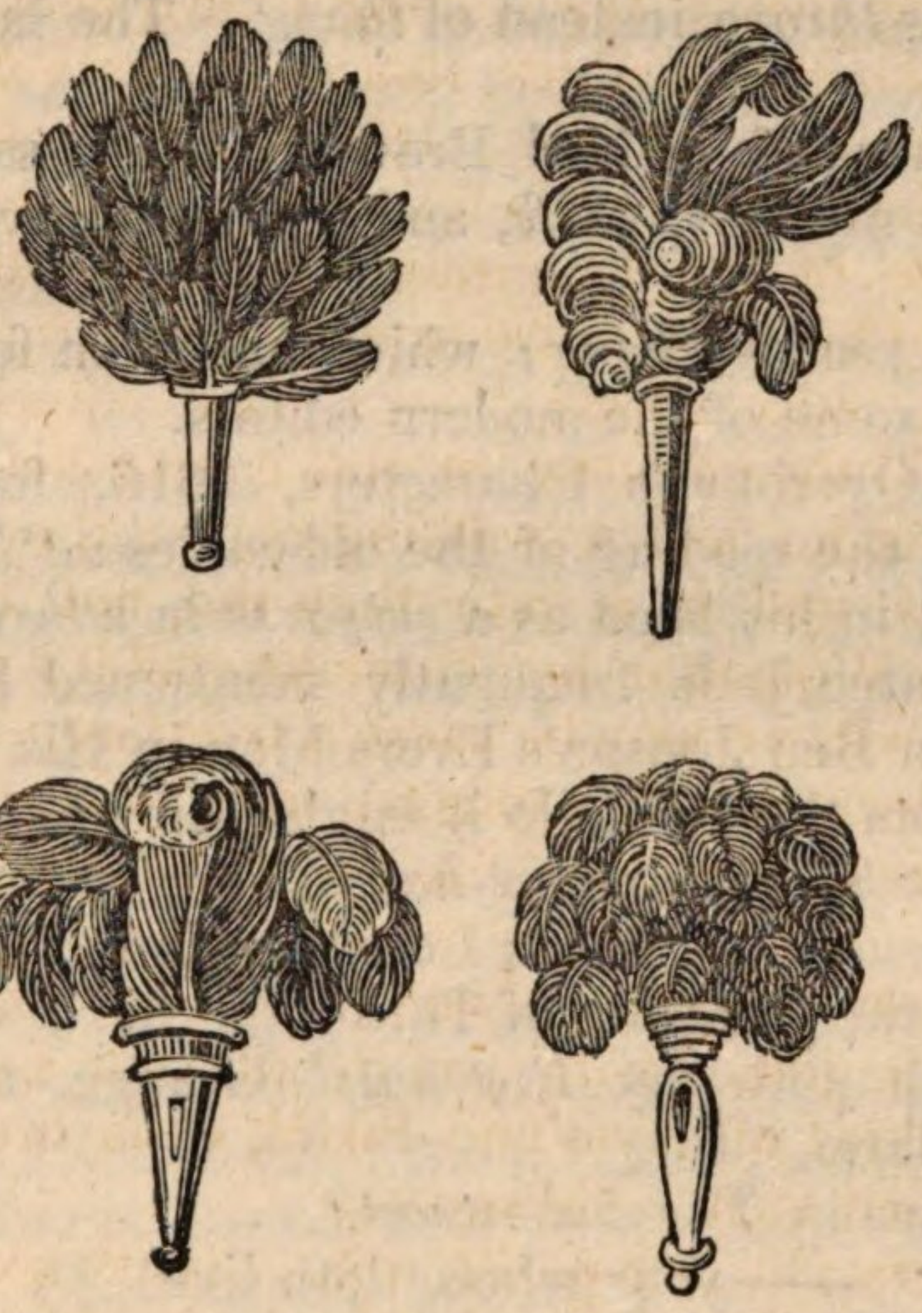
1 — tall fellows:] See p. 72, n. 4. STEEVENS.

2 — lost the handle of her fan,] It should be remembered, that *fans*, in our author's time, were more costly than they are at present, as well as of a different construction. They consisted of ostrich feathers (or others of equal length and flexibility,) which were stuck into handles. The richer sort of these were composed of gold, silver, or ivory of curious workmanship. One of them is mentioned in The Fleire, Com. 1610: "—she hath a *fan* with a *short silver handle*, about the length of a barber's syringe." Again, in Love and Honour, by Sir W. D'Avenant, 1649: "All your plate, Vasco, is the *silver handle* of your old prisoner's *fan*." Again, in Marston's III. Satyre, edit. 1598:

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

" How can he keepe a lazie waiting man,
" And buy a hoode and *silver-handled fan*
" With fortie pound? "

In the frontispiece to a play, called Englishmen for my Money, or A pleasant Comedy of a Woman will have her Will, 1616, is a portrait of a lady with one of these fans, which, after all, may prove the best commentary on the passage. The three other specimens are taken from the Habiti Antichi et Moderni di tutto il Mondo, published at Venice, 1598, from the drawings of Titian, and Cesare Vecelli, his brother. This fashion was perhaps imported from Italy, together with many others, in the reign of King Henry VIII. if not in that of King Richard II.



STEEVENS.

Thus also Marston, in The Scourge of Villanie, lib. iii. sat. 8:

" ——— Another, he
" Her *silver-handled* fan would gladly be."

And in other places. And Bishop Hall, in his Satires, published 1597, lib. v. sat. iv.:

" Whiles one piece pays her idle waiting manne,
" Or buys a hoode, or *silver-handled* fanne."

In the Sidney papers, published by Collins, a fan is presented to Queen Elizabeth for a new year's gift, the handle of which was studded with diamonds. T. WARTON.

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: Think'st thou, I'll endanger my soul *gratis?* At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you:—go.—A short knife and a throng [3];—to your manor of Pickt-hatch [4], go.—You'll not bear a letter for me,

[3] —A short knife and a THRONG;] So, Lear: "When cut-purses come not to *throngs*." WARBURTON.

Part of the employment given by Drayton, in The Mooncalf, to the Baboon, seems the same with this recommended by Falstaff:

"He like a gypsey oftentimes would go,
"All kinds of gibberish he hath learn'd to know:
"And with a stick, a short string, and a noose,
"Would show the people tricks at fast and loose."

Theobald has *throng* instead of *thong*. The latter seems right. LANGTON.

Greene, in his Life of Ned Browne, 1592, says: "I had no other fence but my *short knife*, and a paire of *purse-strings*." STEEVENS.

Mr. Dennis reads—*thong;* which has been followed, I think, improperly, by some of the modern editors.

Sir Thomas Overbury's Characters, 1616, furnish us with a confirmation of the reading of the old copies: "The eye of this wolf is as quick in his head as a *cutpurse* in a *throng*." MALONE.

[4] —Pickt-hatch,] Is frequently mentioned by contemporary writers. So, in Ben Jonson's Every Man in His Humour:

"From the Bordello it might come as well,
"The Spital, or *Pict-hatch*."

Again, in Randolph's Muses Looking-glass, 1638:

"——the Lordship of Turnbull,
"Which with my *Pict-hatch* Grange, and Shore-ditch, farm," &c.

Pict-hatch was in *Turnbull-street:*

"——your whore doth live
"In Pict-hatch, *Turnbull-street*."

Amends for Ladies, a Comedy, by N. Field, 1618.

The derivation of the word *Pict-hatch* may perhaps be discovered from the following passage in Cupid's Whirligig, 1607: "— Set some *picks* upon your *hatch*, and, I pray, profess to keep a bawdy-house." Perhaps the unseasonable and obstreperous irruptions of the gallants of that age, might render such a precaution necessary. So, in Pericles Prince of Tyre, 1609: "—if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door *hatch'd*." STEEVENS.

Pict-hatch was a cant name of some part of the town noted for

you rogue!—you stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags [5], your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases [6], and

bawdy-houses; as appears from the following passage in Marston's Scourge for Villanie, lib. iii. sat. x.:

" —— Looke, who yon doth go;
" The meager letcher lewd Luxurio.—
" No newe edition of drabbes comes out,
" But seen and allow'd by Luxurio's snout.
" Did ever any man ere heare him talke
" But of *Pick-hatch*, or of some Shoreditch baulke,
" Aretine's filth," &c.

Sir T. Hanmer says, that this was " a noted harbour for thieves and pickpockets," who certainly were proper companions for a man of Pistol's profession. But Falstaff here more immediately means to ridicule another of his friend's vices; and there is some humour in calling Pistol's favourite brothel, his manor of *Pickt-hatch*. Marston has another allusion to *Pickt-hatch* or *Pick-hatch*, which confirms this illustration:

" —— His old cynick dad
" Hath forc'd him cleane forsake his *Pick-hatch* drab."
Lib. i. sat. iii. T. WARTON.

Again, in Ben Jonson's Epig. xii. on Lieutenant Shift:

" Shift, here in town, not meanest among squires
" That haunt *Pickt-hatch*, Mersh Lambeth, and White fryers."

Again, in The Blacke Booke, 1604, 4to. Lucifer says: " I proceeded towards *Pickt-hatch*, intending to beginne their first, which (as I may fitly name it) is the very skirts of all Brothel-houses." DOUCE.

[5] — ENSCONCE your rags, &c.] A *sconce* is a petty fortification. To *ensconce*, therefore, is to protect as with a fort. The word occurs again in King Henry IV. Part I. STEEVENS.

[6] — RED-LATTICE phrases,] Your ale-house conversation. JOHNSON.

Red lattice at the doors and windows, were formerly the external denotements of an ale-house. So, in A fine Companion, one of Shackerley Marmion's plays: " A waterman's widow at the sign of the *red lattice* in Southwark." Again, in Arden of Feversham, 1592:

your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Pist. I do relent; What would'st thou more of man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quick. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer: What with me?

"— his sign pulled down, and his *lattice* born away." Again, in The Miseries of Inforc'd Marriage, 1607:

"—'tis treason to the *red lattice*, enemy to the signpost." Hence the present *chequers*. Perhaps the reader will express some surprize, when he is told that shops, with the sign of the *chequers*, were common among the Romans. See a view of the left-hand street of Pompeii, (No. 9,) presented by Sir William Hamilton, (together with several others, equally curious,) to the Antiquary Society. Steevens.

The following passage in Braithwaite's Strapado for the Divell, 1615, confirms Mr. Steevens's observation: "To the true discoverer of secrets, Monsieur Bacchus, master-gunner of the *pottle-pot* ordnance, prime founder of *red lattices*," &c.

In King Henry IV. Part II. Falstaff's page, speaking of Bardolph, says, "he called me even now, my lord, through a *red lattice*, and I could discern no part of his face from the window."

Malone.

This designation of an ale-house is not altogether lost, though the original meaning of the word is, the sign being converted into a *green lettuce;* of which an instance occurs in Brownlow Street, Holborn.—In The Last Will and Testament of Lawrence Lucifer, the old Batchiler of Limbo, at the end of the "Blacke Booke," 1604, 4to. is the following passage: "— watched sometimes ten houres together in an ale-house, ever and anon peeping forth, and *sampling thy nose* with the *red Lattis*." Douce.

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchfafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one mistress Ford, sir;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with master doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,——

Quick. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well: Mistress Ford;—what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, lord! your worship's a wanton: Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford;—come, mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries[7], as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor[8], could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, (all musk,) and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in

[7] — canaries,] This is the name of a brisk light dance, and therefore is properly enough used in low language for any hurry or perturbation. JOHNSON.

So, Nash, in Pierce Pennyless his Supplication, 1595, says: "A merchant's wife jets it as gingerly, as if she were dancing the *canaries*." It is highly probable, however, that *canaries* is only a mistake of Mrs. Quickly's for *quandaries;* and yet the Clown, in As You Like It, says, "we that are true lovers, run into strange *capers*." STEEVENS.

[8] — LAY at Windsor,] i. e. *resided* there. MALONE.

such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning: but I defy all angels, (in any such sort, as they say,) but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners[9]; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times: and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

9 — earls, nay, which is more, PENSIONERS;] This may be illustrated by a passage in Gervase Holles's Life of the First Earl of Clare, Biog. Brit. Art. *Holles:* "I have heard the Earl of Clare say, that when he was *pensioner* to the queen, he did not know a worse man of the whole band than himself; and that all the world knew he had then an inheritance of 4000*l.* a year."
TYRWHITT.

Barrett, in his Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary, 1580, says that a *pensioner* was "a gentleman about his prince, alwaie redie, with his speare." STEEVENS.

Pensioners were Gentlemen of the band of Pensioners.—"In the month of December," [1539] says Stowe, Annals, p. 973, edit. 1605, "were appointed to waite on the king's person fifty Gentlemen, called *Pensioners*, or *Speares*, like as they were in the first yeare of the king; unto whom was assigned the summe of fiftie pounds, yerely, for the maintenance of themselves, and everie man two horses, or one horse and a gelding of service." Their dress was remarkably splendid, and therefore likely to attract the notice of Mrs. Quickly. Hence, [as both Mr. Steevens and Mr. T. Warton have observed,] in A Midsummer Night's Dream, our author has selected from all the tribes of flowers the *golden-coated* cowslips to be *pensioners* to the Fairy Queen:

"The cowslips tall her *pensioners* be,
"In their *gold coats* spots you see;" &c. MALONE.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of[1];—master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold[2] life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too;—and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home;

[1] — you wot of;] To *wot* is to *know*. Obsolete. So, in King Henry VIII.: "—*wot* you what I found?" Steevens.

[2] — frampold —] This word I have never seen elsewhere, except in Dr. Hacket's Life of Archbishop Williams, where a *frampul* man signifies a peevish troublesome fellow. Johnson.

In The Roaring Girl, a comedy, 1611, I meet with a word, which, though differently spelt, appears to be the same:

"*Lax.* Coachman.

"*Coach.* Anon, sir!

"*Lax.* Are we fitted with good *phrampell* jades?"

Ray, among his South and East country words, observes, that *frampald*, or *frampard*, signifies *fretful*, *peevish*, *cross*, *froward*. As *froward* (he adds) comes from *from*; so may *frampard*.

Nash, in his Praise of the Red Herring, 1599, speaking of Leander, says: "the churlish *frampold* waves gave him his belly full of fish-broth."

Again, in The Inner Temple Masque, by Middleton, 1619: "—'tis so *frampole*, the puritans will never yield to it." Again, in The Blind Beggar of Bethnal-Green, by John Day: "I think the fellow's *frampell*," &c. And, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Wit at Several Weapons:

"Is Pompey grown so malapert, so *frampel?*" Steevens.

Thus, in The Isle of Gulls—"What a goodyer aile you, mother? are you *frampull?* know you not your own daughter?"

Henley.

but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man; surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest, indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed! But mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves [3]; her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page: and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it: for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any

[3] — to send her your little page, OF ALL LOVES;] *Of all loves*, is an adjuration only, and signifies no more than if she had said, 'desires you to send him *by all means*.'

It is used in Decker's Honest Whore, P. I. 1635:—" conjuring his wife, *of all lovers*, to prepare cheer fitting," &c. Again, in Holinshed's Chronicle, p. 1064: "Mrs. Arden desired him, *of all loves*, to come backe againe." Again, in Othello, Act III.: " — the general so likes your musick, that he desires you, *of all loves*, to make no more noise with it."

A similar phrase occurs in a Letter from Gilbert Talbot to the Earl of Shrewsbury. See Lodge's Illustrations, &c. vol. ii. 101: " I earnestly desyred him, *of all friendshipp*, to tell me whether he had harde any thing to ye contrary." Again, ibid.: " He charged me, *of all love*, that I should kepe this secrete."

STEEVENS.

case, have a nay-word [4], that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness; old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—This news distracts me! [*Exeunt Quickly and Robin.*

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers [5]:—Clap on more sails; pursue, up with your fights [6];

[4] — a nay-word,] i. e. a *watch-word*. So, in a subsequent scene: "We have a *nay-word* to know one another," &c. Steevens.

[5] This PUNK is one of Cupid's carriers:—] *Punk* is a plausible reading, yet absurd on examination. For are not all *punks Cupid's carriers?* Shakspeare certainly wrote:

"This *pink* is one of Cupid's carriers:"

And then the sense is proper, and the metaphor, which is all the way taken from the marine, entire. A *pink* is a vessel of the small craft, employed as a *carrier* (and so called) for merchants. Fletcher uses the word in his *Tamer Tamed:*

"This *pink*, this painted foist, this cockle-boat."

Warburton.

So, in The Ladies' Privilege, 1640: "These gentlemen know better to cut a caper than a cable, or board a *pink* in the bordells, than a pinnace at sea." A small salmon is called a salmon-*pink*.

Dr. Farmer, however, observes, that the word *punk* has been unnecessarily altered to *pink*. In Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, Justice Overdo says of the pig-woman: "She hath been before me, *punk*, *pinnace*, and bawd, any time these two-and-twenty years." Steevens.

[6] — up with your FIGHTS;] So again, in Fletcher's Tamer Tamed:

"To hang her *fights* out, and defy me, friends!
"A well-known man of war."———

As to the word *fights*, both in the text and in the quotation, it was then, and, for aught I know, may be now, a common sea-term. Sir Richard Hawkins, in his Voyages, p. 66, says: "For once we cleared her deck; and had we been able to have spared but a dozen men, doubtless we had done with her what we would; for she had no close *fights*," i. e. if I understand it right, *no small*

Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all! [*Exit* PISTOL.

FAL. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: Let them say, 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

arms. So that by *fights* is meant any manner of defence, either small arms or cannon. So, Dryden, in his tragedy of Amboyna:

" Up with your FIGHTS,
" And your *nettings* prepare," &c. WARBURTON.

The quotation from Dryden might at least have raised a suspicion that *fights* were neither *small arms*, nor *cannon*. *Fights* and *nettings* are properly joined. *Fights*, I find, are *clothes* hung round the ship to conceal the men from the enemy; and *close-fights* are *bulk-heads*, or any other shelter that the fabrick of a ship affords. JOHNSON.

So, in Heywood and Rowley's comedy, called Fortune by Land and Sea: "—display'd their ensigns, *up with all their feights*, their matches in their cocks," &c. Again, in The Christian turned Turk, 1612: "Lace the netting, and let down the *fights*, make ready the shot," &c. Again, in The Fair Maid of the West, 1615:

" Then now *up with your fights*, and let your ensigns,
" Blest with St. George's cross, play with the winds."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Valentinian:

" —— while I were able to endure a tempest,
" And bear my *fights* out bravely, till my tackle
" Whistled i' th' wind—."

This passage may receive an additional and perhaps a somewhat different illustration from John Smith's Sea-Grammar, 4to. 1627. In p. 58 he says: "But if you see your chase strip himself into *fighting* sailes, that is, to put out his colours in the poope, his flag in the maine top, his streamers or pendants at the end of his yards' arms, &c. provide yourself to fight." Again, p. 60: "Thus they use to strip themselves into their short sailes, or *fighting* sailes, which is only the fore sail, the maine and fore top sailes, because the rest should not be fired or spoiled; besides they would be troublesome to handle, hinder our sights and the using of our armes: he makes ready his *close fights* fore and aft." In a former passage, p. 58, he has said that "a ship's *close fights* are small ledges of wood laid crosse one another, like the grates of iron in a prison's window, betwixt the maine mast and the fore mast, and are called gratings or nettings," &c. STEEVENS.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir John, there's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack[7].

Fal. Brook, is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in; [*Exit* BARDOLPH.] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah! ha! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to; *via*[8]*!*

7 — one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be ACQUAINTED WITH YOU; and hath SENT YOUR WORSHIP A MORNING'S DRAUGHT OF SACK.] It seems to have been a common custom at taverns, in our author's time, to send presents of wine from one room to another, either as a memorial of friendship, or (as in the present instance) by way of introduction to acquaintance. Of the existence of this practice the following anecdote of Ben Jonson and Bishop Corbet furnishes a proof: "Ben Jonson was at a tavern, and in comes Bishop Corbet (but not so then) into the next room. Ben Jonson calls for a quart of *raw* wine, and gives it to the tapster. 'Sirrah,' says he, 'carry this to the gentleman in the next chamber, and tell him, I sacrifice my service to him.' The fellow did, and in those words. 'Friend,' says Dr. Corbet, 'I thank him for his love: but 'pr'ythee tell him from me that he is mistaken; for *sacrifices* are always *burnt*." *Merry Passages and Jeasts, MSS. Harl.* 6395. MALONE.

This practice was continued as late as the Restoration. In the Parliamentary History, vol. xxii. p. 114, we have the following passage from Dr. Price's Life of General Monk: "I came to the Three Tuns before Guildhall, where the general had quartered two nights before. I entered the tavern with a servant and portmanteau, and asked for a room, which I had scarce got into *but wine followed me as a present* from some citizens, desiring leave to drink their morning's draught with me." REED.

8 — go to; VIA!] This cant phrase of exultation or defiance, is common in the old plays. So, in Blurt Master Constable:

"*Via* for fate! Fortune, lo! this is all." STEEVENS.

Markham uses this word as one of the vocal helps necessary for reviving a horse's spirits in galloping large rings, when he grows

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *with* FORD *disguised.*

FORD. Bless you, sir.

FAL. And you, sir: Would you speak with me?

FORD. I make bold, to press with so little preparation upon you.

FAL. You're welcome; What's your will? Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit* BARDOLPH.

FORD. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

FAL. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

FORD. Good sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you [9]; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseasoned intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

FAL. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

FORD. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it, sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

FAL. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

FORD. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

FAL. Speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

FORD. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you;——and you have been a man long slothful. Hence this cant phrase (perhaps from the Italian, *via*,) may be used on other occasions to quicken or pluck-up courage. TOLLET.

[9] — not to charge you;] That is, not with a purpose of putting you to expence, or *being burthensome*. JOHNSON.

known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith [1] you yourself know, how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her: fee'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me; which hath been, on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed [2], I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel: that I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:

Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues [3].

[1] — sith —] i. e. since. Steevens.

[2] — meed,] i. e. reward. So Spenser:

"A rosy garland was the victor's *meed*."

Again, in our author's Two Gentlemen of Verona:

"Vouchsafe me for my *meed* but one fair look." Steevens.

[3] *Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;*
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.] These lines

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that, though she appear honest to me, yet, in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance [4], authentick in your place and person, generally allowed [5]

have much the air of a quotation, but I know not whether they belong to any contemporary writer. In Florio's Second Fruites, 1591, I find the following verses:

Di donna é, et sempre fu natura,
Odiar chi l'ama, e chi non l'ama cura.

Again:

—— Sono simili a crocodilli,
Chi per prender l'huomo, piangono, e preso la devorano,
Chi le fugge seguono, e chi le segue fuggono.

Thus translated by Florio:

" —— they are like crocodiles,
" They weep to winne, and wonne they cause to die,
" *Follow men flying, and men following fly.*" Malone.

Thus also in a Sonnet by Queen Elizabeth, preserved in the Ashmole Museum:

" My care is *like* my *shaddowe* in the sunne,
" *Follows me fliinge, flies when I pursue it.*" Steevens.

[4] — of GREAT ADMITTANCE,] i. e. admitted into all, or the greatest companies. Steevens.

[5] — generally ALLOWED —] *Allowed* is *approved*. So, in King Lear:

for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it:—There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege[6] to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift! she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be looked against[7]. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument[8] to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity[9], her reputation, her marriage vow, and

" —— if your sweet sway
" *Allow* obedience," &c. STEEVENS.

[6] — to lay an AMIABLE siege —] i. e. a siege of love. So, in Romeo and Juliet:

" —— the *siege* of *loving* terms." MALONE.

[7] She is too bright to be looked against.]

Nimium lubricus aspici. *Hor.* MALONE.

[8] — INSTANCE and argument —] *Instance* is *example*. JOHNSON.

[9] — the WARD of her purity,] i. e. The *defence* of it. STEEVENS.

What Ford means to say is, that if he could once detect her in a crime, he should then be able to drive her from those *defences* with which she would otherwise *ward* off his addresses, such as her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, &c.

So, in The Winter's Tale, Hermione, speaking of Polixenes, says to Leontes:

a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embattled against me: What say you to't, sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. Master Brook *, I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, sir John, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistress Ford, master Brook, you shall want none. I shall be with her, (I may tell you,) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir; that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er

* First folio omits *Master Brook*.

" —— Tell him, you're sure
" All in Bohemia's well," &c. " Say this to him.
" He's beat from his best *ward*." M. Mason.

the cuckold's horns: master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate o'er the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.—Come to me soon at night: —Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his stile[1]; thou, master Brook, shalt know him for a knave and cuckold;—come to me soon at night. [*Exit.*

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this! —My heart is ready to crack with impatience.— Who says, this is improvident jealousy? My wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!——Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason[2], well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol-cuckold[3]! the devil himself hath not such a

[1] —and I will aggravate his STILE;] *Stile* is a phrase from the Herald's office. Falstaff means, that *he will add more titles to those he already enjoys*. So, in Heywood's Golden Age, 1611:

"I will create lords of a *greater style*."

Again, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. v. c. 2:

"As to abandon that which doth contain
"Your honour's *stile*, that is, your warlike shield."

STEEVENS

[2] —Amaimon—Barbason,] The reader who is curious to know any particulars concerning these dæmons, may find them in Reginald Scott's Inventarie of the Names, Shapes, Powers, Governments, and Effects of Devils and Spirits, of their several Segnories and Degrees: a strange Discourse worth the reading, p. 377, &c. From hence it appears that *Amaimon* was *king of the East*, and *Barbatos*, a great *countie* or *earle*. Randle Holme, however, in his Academy of Armory and Blazon, b. ii. ch. 1. informs us, that "*Amaymon* is the chief whose dominion is on the north part of the infernal gulph; and that *Barbatos* is like a Sagittarius, and hath 30 legions under him." STEEVENS.

[3] —WITTOL-cuckold!] One who knows his wife's falsehood, and is contented with it:—from *wittan*, Sax. *to know*. MALONE.

name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welchman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle [4], or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises: and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock [5] the hour; —I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit.*

[4] — an IRISHMAN with my AQUA-VITÆ bottle,] Heywood, in his Challenge for Beauty, 1636, mentions the love of *aqua-vitæ* as characteristic of the Irish:

"The Briton he metheglin quaffs,
"The *Irish aqua-vitæ*."

The Irish *aqua-vitæ*, I believe, was not brandy, but *usque-baugh*, for which Ireland has been long celebrated. MALONE.

Dericke, in The Image of Ireland, 1581, Sign. F 2, mentions *Uskebeaghe*, and in a note explains it to mean *aqua vitæ*. REED.

[5] — Eleven o'clock —] Ford should rather have said *ten o'clock*: the time was between ten and eleven; and his impatient suspicion was not likely to stay beyond the time. JOHNSON.

It was necessary for the plot that he should mistake the hour, and come too late. M. MASON.

It is necessary for the business of the piece that Falstaff should be at Ford's house before his return. Hence our author made him name the later hour. See Act III. Sc. II.: "The clock gives me my cue;—there *I shall find Falstaff*." When he says above, "I shall prevent *this*," he means, not the meeting, but his wife's effecting her purpose. MALONE.

SCENE III.

Windsor Park.

Enter CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew, your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack: I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villainy, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* PAGE.

Host. 'Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, master doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor!

Slen. Give you good-morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin[6], to see

[6] — to see thee FOIN,] To *foin*, I believe, was the ancient term for making a thrust in fencing, or tilting. So, in The Wise Woman of Hogsden, 1638:

"I had my wards, and *foins*, and quarter-blows."

Again, in The Devil's Charter, 1607:

thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock[7], thy reverse, thy distance, thy montánt. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco[8]? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder[9]? ha! is he dead, bully Stale[1]? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of the vorld; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian[2] king, Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

"—— suppose my duellist
"Should falsify the *foine* upon me thus,
"Here will I take him."

Spenser, in his Fairy Queen, often uses the word *foin*. So, in b. ii. c. 8:

"And strook'd and *foyn'd*, and lashed outrageously."

Again, in Holinshed, p. 833: "First six *foines* with handspeares," &c. Steevens.

7 —thy stock,] Stock is a corruption of *stocata*, Ital. from which language the technical terms that follow are likewise adopted. Steevens.

8 —my Francisco?] He means, my *Frenchman*. The quarto reads—my *Francoyes*. Malone.

9 — my heart of elder?] It should be remembered, to make this joke relish, that the *elder* tree has *no heart*. I suppose this expression was made use of in opposition to the common one, *heart of oak*. Steevens.

1 —bully Stale?] The reason why Caius is called bully *Stale*, and afterwards *Urinal*, must be sufficiently obvious to every reader, and especially to those whose credulity and weakness have enrolled them among the patients of the present German empiric, who calls himself *Doctor* Alexander Mayersbach. Steevens.

2 —Castilian—] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*Cardalian*, as used corruptedly for *Cœur de Lion*. Johnson.

Castilian and *Ethiopian*, like *Cataian*, appear in our author's time to have been cant terms. I have met with them in more than one of the old comedies. So, in a description of the Armada introduced in the Stately Moral of the Three Lords of London, 1590:

"To carry, as it were, a careless regard of these *Castilians*, and their accustomed bravado."

Caius. I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair [3] of your professions; is it not true, master Page?

Again:

"To parley with the proud *Castilians*."

I suppose *Castilian* was the cant term for *Spaniard* in general.

STEEVENS.

I believe this was a popular slur upon the Spaniards, who were held in great contempt after the business of the Armada. Thus we have a Treatise Parænetical, wherein is shewed the right Way to resist the *Castilian King*; and a sonnet prefixed to Lea's Answer to the Untruths published in Spain, in glorie of thèir supposed Victory atchieved against our English Navie, begins:

"Thou fond *Castilian king!*"—and so in other places.

FARMER.

Dr. Farmer's observation is just. Don Philip the Second affected the title of King of Spain; but the realms of Spain would not agree to it, and only styled him King of *Castile* and Leon, &c. and so he wrote himself. His cruelty and ambitious views upon other states rendered him universally detested. The *Castilians*, being descended chiefly from Jews and Moors, were deemed to be of a malign and perverse disposition; and hence, perhaps, the term *Castilian* became opprobrious. I have extracted this note from an old pamphlet, called The Spanish Pilgrime, which I have reason to suppose is the same discourse with the Treatise Parænetical, mentioned by Dr. Farmer.

TOLLET.

Dr. Farmer, I believe, is right. The Host, who, availing himself of the poor Doctor's ignorance of English phraseology, applies to him all kinds of opprobrious terms, here means to call him *a coward*. So, in The Three Lords of London, 1590:

"My lordes, what means these gallantes to performe?
"Come these *Castillian cowards* but to brave?
"Do all these mountains move, to breed a mouse?"

There may, however, be also an allusion to his profession, as a water-*caster*.

I know not whether we should not rather point—Thou art a Castillian, king-urinal! &c. MALONE.

[3] — against the HAIR, &c.] This phrase is proverbial, and is taken from stroking the *hair* of animals a contrary way to that in

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, master Page. Master doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace; you have showed yourself a wise physician, and sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman: you must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest justice:—A word *, monsieur Muck-water [4].

* First folio omits *word*.

which it grows. So, in T. Churchyard's Discourse of Rebellion, &c. 1570:

"You shoote amis when boe is drawen to eare,
"And brush the cloth full sore *against the heare*."

We now say against the *grain*. Steevens.

[4] — Muck-water.] The old copy reads—*mock-water*. Steevens. The Host means, I believe, to reflect on the inspection of urine, which made a considerable part of practical physick in that time; yet I do not well see the meaning of *mock-water*. Johnson.

Dr. Farmer judiciously proposes to read—*muck-water*, i. e. the drain of a dunghill.

Henry Cornelius Agrippa, of the Vanitie and Uncertainty of Arts and Sciences, Englished by James Sanford, Gent. bl. l. 4to. 1569, might have furnished Shakspeare with a sufficient hint for the compound term *muck-water*, applied by Dr. Caius. Dr. Farmer's emendation is completely countenanced by the same work, p. 145:

"Furthermore, Phisitians oftentimes be contagious by reason of *urine*," &c. but the rest of the passage (in which the names of Esculapius, Hippocrates, &c. are ludicrously introduced) is too indelicate to be laid before the reader. Steevens.

Muck-water, as explained by Dr. Farmer, is mentioned in Evelyn's Philosophical Discourse on Earth, 1676, p. 160. Reed.

Caius. Muck-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Muck-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much muck-vater as de Englishman:——Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw [5] thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully,—But first, master guest, and master Page, and eke cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.

[*Aside to them.*

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page. Shal. and Slen. Adieu, good master doctor. [*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest: for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die: but, first, sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler [6]: go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house

* First folio omits *but first.*

5 —clapper-claw —] This word occurs also in Tom Tyler and his Wife, bl. l.:

"*Wife.* I would *clapper-claw* thy bones." Steevens.

6 —throw cold water on thy choler:] So, in Hamlet:

"Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
"Sprinkle cool patience." Steevens.

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a feasting; and thou shall woo her: Cry'd game, said I well[7]?

7 — CRY'D GAME, said I well?] Mr. Theobald alters this nonsense to *try'd game;* that is, to nonsense of a worse complexion. Shakspeare wrote and pointed thus, *cry aim,* said I well? i. e. consent to it, approve of it. Have not I made a good proposal? for to *cry aim* signifies to consent to, or approve of any thing. So, again in this play: And to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall *cry aim,* i. e. approve them. And again, in King John, Act II. Sc. II.:

"It ill becomes this presence to *cry aim*
"To these ill-tuned repetitions."

i. e. to approve of, or encourage them. The phrase was taken, originally, from archery. When any one had challenged another to shoot at the butts, (the perpetual diversion, as well as exercise, of that time,) the standers-by used to say one to the other, *Cry aim,* i. e. accept the challenge. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher, in The Fair Maid of the Inn, Act V. make the Duke say:

"—— must I *cry aime*
"To this unheard of insolence?"——

i. e. encourage it, and agree to the request of the duel, which one of his subjects had insolently demanded against the other.—But here it is remarkable, that the senseless editors, not knowing what to make of the phrase, *Cry aim,* read it thus:

"—— must I cry *ai-me;*"

as if it was a note of interjection. So, again, Massinger, in his Guardian:

"I will *cry aim,* and in another room
"Determine of my vengeance."——

And again, in his Renegado:

"—— to play the pander
"To the viceroy's loose embraces, and *cry aim,*
"While he by force or flattery," &c.

But the Oxford editor transforms it to *Cock o' the Game;* and his improvements of Shakspeare's language abound with these modern elegances of speech, such as *mynheers, bull-baitings,* &c.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton is right in his explanation of *cry aim,* and in supposing that the phrase was taken from *archery;* but is certainly wrong in the particular practice which he assigns for the original of it. It seems to have been the office of the *aim-crier,* to give notice to the *archer* when he was within a proper distance of his mark, or in a direct line with it, and to point out why he failed to strike it. So, in All's Lost by Lust, 1633:

"He *gives* me *aim,* I am three bows too short;
"I'll come up nearer next time."

Caius. By gar, me tank you vor dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest,

Again, in Vittoria Corombona, 1612:

" I'll *give aim* to you,
" And tell how near you shoot."

Again, in The Spanish Gipsie, by Rowley and Middleton, 1653: " Though I am no great mark in respect of a huge butt, yet I can tell you, great bobbers have shot at me, and shot golden arrows; but I myself *gave aim*, thus:—wide, four bows; short, three and a half;" &c. Again, in Green's Tu Quoque, (no date) " We'll stand by, and *give aim*, and holoo if you hit the clout." Again, in Jarvis Markham's English Arcadia, 1607: " Thou smiling *aim-crier* at princes' fall." Again, ibid.: " — while her own creatures, like *aim criers*, beheld her mischance with nothing but lip-pity." In Ames's Typographical Antiquities, p. 402, a book is mentioned, called " *Ayme for Finsburie Archers*, or an Alphabetical Table of the name of every *Mark* in the same Fields, with their *true Distances*, both by the Map and the Dimensuration of the Line, &c. 1594." Shakspeare uses the phrase again, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, scene the last, where it undoubtedly means to *encourage*:

" Behold her that *gave aim* to all thy vows."

So, in The Palsgrave, by W. Smith, 1615:

" Shame to us all, if we *give aim* to that."

Again, in The Revenger's Tragedy, 1607:

" A mother to *give aim* to her own daughter!"

Again, in Fenton's Tragical Discourses, bl. l. 1567: " Standyng rather in his window to—*crye ayme*, than helpyng any waye to part the fraye," p. 165. b.

The original and literal meaning of this expression may be ascertained from some of the foregoing examples, and its figurative one from the rest; for, as Dr. Warburton observes, it can mean nothing in these latter instances, but to *consent to*, *approve*, or *encourage*.—It is not, however, the reading of Shakspeare in the passage before us, and, therefore, we must strive to produce some sense from the words which we find there—*cry'd game*.

We yet say, in colloquial language, that such a one is—*game*—or *game to the back*. There is surely no need of blaming Theobald's emendation with such severity. *Cry'd game* might mean, in those days,—a *professed buck*, one who was as well known by the report of his gallantry, as he could have been by *proclamation*. Thus, in Troilus and Cressida:

" On whose bright crest, fame, with her loud'st O-yes,
" *Cries*, this is he."

Again, in All's Well that Ends Well, Act II. Sc. I.:

de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which, I will be thy adversary towards Anne Page; said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Field near Frogmore.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.

Eva. I pray you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself *Doctor of Physick?*

Sim. Marry, sir, the city-ward[8], the park-ward,

" —— find what you seek,
" That fame may *cry you loud*."

Again, in Ford's Lover's Melancholy, 1629:

" A gull, an arrant gull *by proclamation*."

Again, in King Lear: "A *proclaimed* prize." Again, in Troilus and Cressida:

" Thou art *proclaimed* a fool, I think."

Cock of the Game, however, is not, as Dr. Warburton pronounces it, a *modern elegancy of speech*, for it is found in Warner's Albion's England, 1602, b. xii. c. 74: "This *cocke of game*, and (as might seeme) this hen of that same fether."

Again, in The Martial Maid, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" O craven chicken of a *cock o' the game!*"

And in many other places. Steevens.

[8] — the CITY-WARD,] The old editions read—the *Pittie-ward*, the modern editors the *Pitty-wary*. There is now no place that answers to either name at Windsor. The author might possibly have written (as I have printed) the City-ward, i. e. towards London.

In the Itinerarium, however, of William de Worcestre, p. 251,

every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I most fehemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir.

Eva. 'Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind!—I shall be glad, if he have deceived me:—how melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the 'orke:—'pless my soul! [*Sings.*

To shallow rivers[9], *to whose falls*
Melodious birds sings madrigals;

the following account of distances in the city of Bristol occurs: "*Via de Pyttey* a *Pyttey*-yate, porta vocata Nether *Pittey*, usque antiquam portam *Pyttey* usque viam ducentem ad Wynch-strete continet 140 gressus," &c. &c. The word—*Pittey*, therefore, which seems unintelligible to us, might anciently have had an obvious meaning. STEEVENS.

9 *To shallow rivers, &c.*] This is part of a beautiful little poem of the author's; which poem, and the answer to it, the reader will not be displeased to find here.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

" Come live with me, and be my love,
" And we will all the pleasures prove
" That hills and vallies, dale and field,
" And all the craggy mountains yield.
" There will we sit upon the rocks,
" And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
" By shallow rivers, by whose falls
" Melodious birds sing madrigals:
" There will I make thee beds of roses
" With a thousand fragrant posies,
" A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
" Imbroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;
" A gown made of the finest wool,
" Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
" Fair lined slippers for the cold,
" With buckles of the purest gold;

There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow——

" A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
" With coral clasps, and amber studs:
" And if these pleasures may thee move,
" Come live with me, and be my love.
" Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
" As precious as the gods do eat,
" Shall on an ivory table be
" Prepar'd each day for thee and me.
" The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
" For thy delight each May morning:
" If these delights thy mind may move,
" Then live with me and be my love *."

THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE SHEPHERD.

" If that the world and love were young,
" And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
" These pretty pleasures might me move
" To live with thee, and be thy love.
" But time drives flocks from field to fold,
" When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
" And Philomel becometh dumb,
" And all complain of cares to come:
" The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
" To wayward winter reckoning yields.
" A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
" Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.
" Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
" Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
" Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
" In folly ripe, in reason rotten.
" Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
" Thy coral clasps, and amber studs;
" All these in me no means can move
" To come to thee, and be thy love.
" What should we talk of dainties then,
" Of better meat than's fit for men?

* The conclusion of this and the following poem seem to have furnished Milton with the hint for the last lines both of his Allegro and Penseroso. STEEVENS.

"Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

" These are but vain: that's only good
" Which God hath bless'd, and sent for food.
" But could youth last, and love still breed,
" Had joys no date, and age no need;
" Then these delights my mind might move
" To live with thee, and be thy love."

These two poems, which Dr. Warburton gives to Shakspeare, are, by writers nearer that time, disposed of, one to Marlow, the other to Raleigh. They are read in different copies with great variations. JOHNSON.

In England's Helicon, a collection of love-verses printed in Shakspeare's life-time, viz. in quarto, 1600, the first of them is given to Marlowe, the second to Ignoto; and Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, observes, that there is good reason to believe that (not Shakspeare, but) Christopher Marlowe wrote the song, and Sir Walter Raleigh the Nymph's Reply; for so we are positively assured by Isaac Walton, a writer of some credit, who has inserted them both in his Compleat Angler, under the character of "That smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago; and an *answer* to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days . . . . . Old fashioned poetry, but choicely good." See The Reliques, &c. vol. i. p. 218, 221, third edit.

In Shakspeare's sonnets, printed by Jaggard, 1599, this poem was imperfectly published, and attributed to Shakspeare. Mr. Malone, however, observes, that "What seems to ascertain it to be Marlowe's, is, that one of the lines is found (and not as a quotation) in a play of his—The Jew of Malta; which, though not printed till 1633, must have been written before 1593, as he died in that year:"

" Thou in those groves, by Dis above,
" *Shalt live with me, and be my love.*" STEEVENS.

Evans in his panick mis-recites the lines, which in the original run thus:

" There will we sit upon the rocks,
" And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
" *By* shallow rivers, to whose falls
" Melodious birds sing madrigals:
" There will *I* make *thee* beds of roses
" *With* a thousand fragrant posies," &c.

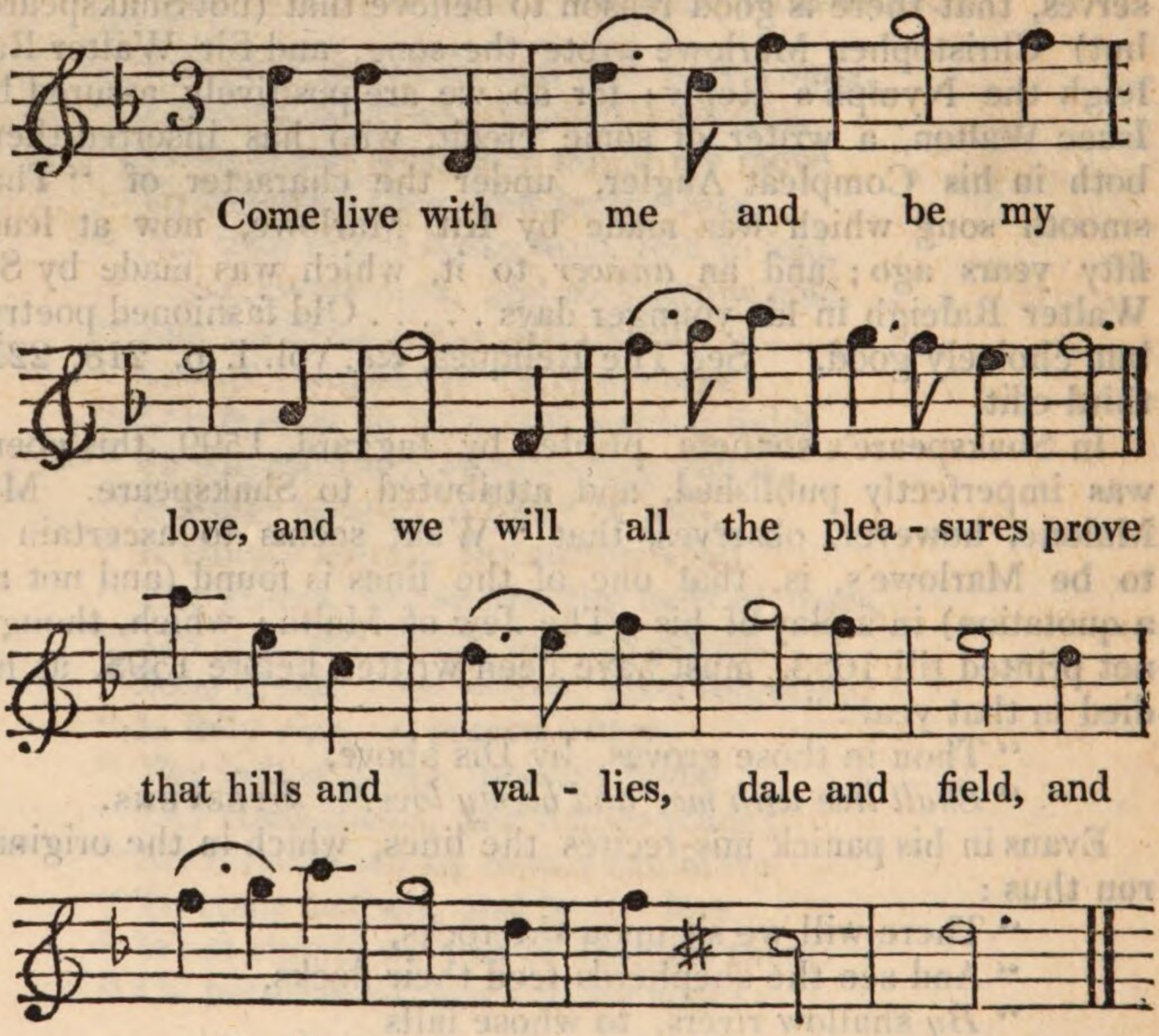
In the modern editions the verses sung by Sir Hugh have been corrected, I think, improperly. His mis-recitals were certainly intended.—He *sings* on the present occasion, to shew that he is

Melodious birds sing madrigals;—
When as I sat in Pabylon[1],——
And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow——

not afraid. So Bottom, in A Midsummer Night's Dream: "I will walk up and down here, and I will *sing*, that they shall hear, I am *not afraid*." MALONE.

A late editor has observed that Evans in his panick sings, like Bottom, to shew he is not afraid. It is rather to keep up his spirits; as he sings in Simple's absence, when he has "a great dispositions to cry." RITSON.

The tune to which the former was sung, I have lately discovered in a MS. as old as Shakspeare's time, and it is as follows:



SIR J. HAWKINS.

[1] *When as I sat in Pabylon,—*] This line is from the old version of the 137th Psalm:

Sim. Yonder he is coming, this way, sir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome:——

To shallow rivers, to whose falls——

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, sir: There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman from Frog-more, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Shal. How now, master parson? Good-morrow, good sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good sir Hugh!

Eva. 'Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

Shal. What! the sword and the word? do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatick day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, master parson.

Eva. Fery well: What is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman,

"*When we did sit in Babylon,*
"The *rivers* round about,
"Then, in remembrance of Sion,
"The tears for grief burst out."

The word *rivers*, in the second line, may be supposed to have been brought to Sir Hugh's thoughts by the line of Marlowe's madrigal that he has just repeated; and in his fright he blends the sacred and profane song together. The old quarto has—"There lived a man *in Babylon;*" which was the first line of an old song, mentioned in Twelfth Night:—but the other line is more in character. Malone.

who belike, having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years, and upward [2]; [2] I have lived FOURSCORE years, and upward;] We must certainly read—*threescore*. In The Second Part of King Henry IV. during Falstaff's interview with Master Shallow, in his way to York, which Shakspeare has evidently chosen to fix in 1412, (though the Archbishop's insurrection actually happened in 1405,) Silence observes that it was then *fifty-five years* since the latter went to Clement's Inn; so that, supposing him to have begun his studies at *sixteen*, he would be born in 1341, and, consequently, be a very few years older than John of Gaunt, who, we may recollect, broke his head in the tilt-yard. But, besides this little difference in age, John of Gaunt at eighteen or nineteen would be above six feet high, and poor Shallow, with all his apparel, might have been *truss'd into an eelskin*. Dr. Johnson was of opinion that the present play ought to be read between the First and Second Part of Henry IV. an arrangement liable to objections which that learned and eminent critick would have found it very difficult, if not altogether impossible, to surmount. But, let it be placed where it may, the scene is clearly laid between 1402, when Shallow would be *sixty-one*, and 1412, when he had the meeting with Falstaff: Though one would not, to be sure, from what passes upon that occasion, imagine the parties had been together so lately at Windsor; much less that the Knight had ever beaten his worship's keepers, kill'd his deer, and broke open his lodge. The alteration now proposed, however, is in all events necessary; and the rather so, as Falstaff must be nearly of the same age with Shallow, and *fourscore* seems a little too late in life for a man *of his kidney* to be making love to, and even supposing himself admired by, two at a time, travelling in a buck-basket, thrown into a river, going to the wars, and making prisoners. Indeed, he has luckily put the matter out of all doubt, by telling us, in The First Part of King Henry IV. that his age was "some *fifty*, or, by'r lady, *inclining to threescore*." RITSON.

The foregoing note, and many others of the same writer, afford ample proof, that something more is requisite to form a sound commentary on these plays, than mere antiquarian research; and that this kind of knowledge, though admirably useful when properly employed, if not regulated by taste and judgment, is not only of no value, but often darkens, instead of illustrating the subject to which it is applied, and bewilders and misleads, instead of instructing the reader.

Shakspeare unquestionably never much troubled himself with

I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

minute historical researches, as appears from his frequently deviating from the truth of history; in which doubtless he conceived that he was sufficiently warranted by that licence which has always been assumed by dramatick poets in the construction of pieces intended for stage exhibition. But, in the present instance, he has departed from no historical fact. Shallow was a creature entirely of his own imagination; and if he had no scruple in deviating from historical truth, in speaking of the age of Cicely, Duchess of York,—a real character,—(if indeed he knew her age with any degree of exactness, which I much doubt,) he certainly would have none in the play before us, with respect to his fictitious Gloucestershire Justice; with whatever semblance of real life he might clothe him, and in what period soever of the reign of King Edward the Fourth, he might, in another play, have placed him in Clement's-Inn.

The truth is, throughout his plays, when he speaks of very aged persons, or of those whom he chooses to represent as such; whether those persons be real or fictitious, he uses the terms of *almost fourscore* years, or *fourscore*, or *fourscore and upwards*, as a general designation of extreme age, without any consideration of the precise and true age of him or her spoken of, or speaking, even when the character is historical; and *à fortiori*, without paying the least attention to such circumstances as are assembled in the preceding remark, when the character is of his own formation. Thus, in King Richard III. the Duchess of York says,

"And I with grief and *extreme age* shall perish —"

And again:

"*Eighty odd* years of sorrow have I seen,
"And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen."

These words are supposed to be spoken by Cicely, Duchess of York, in 1583. But at that time, she was not past *eighty*, but *sixty-eight* years old; for she was born on the 3d May, 1415. See Wylhelmi Wyrcester Annales, apud Lib. Nig. Scaccarii, p. 453, edit. 1771.

King Lear, speaking of himself as a very old man, does not say, that he is *seventy* or *ninety*, but *fourscore and upward*, and most assuredly Shakspeare, in this description, was not guided by any historical document. Geffrey of Monmouth tells us, that he began to be infirm through old age about three years after he had divided his kingdom between his two elder daughters. After their ill-treatment of him, he went to France, and returned with his youngest daughter, Cordeilla, and her husband, Aganippus, king of France, who, in conjunction with Lear, fought a battle with the old king's sons-in-law, and routed them, which is

Eva. What is he ?

Page. I think you know him ; master doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

scarcely consistent with the age which our poet has assigned to him at the very time of that event. If Shakspeare could be questioned on this subject, he probably would reply,—"I never tied myself down to the observance of such rigid rules as my hypercriticks have devised for me: I merely meant to describe King Lear as a very old man, without inquiring when he was born."

So much for history. Now let us review the fictitious old men created by himself; and we shall find them also uniformly represented, either as "*almost fourscore*," or "*fourscore*," or "*fourscore and upwards*." Thus Adam, in As You Like It:

"From seventeen years till now *almost fourscore*,
"Here lived I, but now must live no more."

So also, in The Winter's Tale, the old Shepherd says to Florizel:

"O sir, you have undone a man of *fourscore* years."

Again, in Timon of Athens: "He is very often like a knight: and generally in all shapes that man goes up and down in, from *fourscore* to thirteen, this spirit walks in."

Again, in King Lear, when Gloucester, after he has lost his eyes, desires the old man by whom he is led to be gone; he replies, "O my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these *fourscore* years."

To all these instances is to be added the passage before us; and when they are thus viewed together, no doubt, I apprehend, can remain, that this was, in Shakspeare's conception, a proper description for an aged person; and that when he makes Shallow say in the present scene, "I have lived *fourscore years and upward*," he merely meant to describe him as a very old man, without considering whether that description would precisely quadrate with the circumstances to which he has made him refer in the several dialogues in which Shallow bears a part in other dramas where he is exhibited, or with his own express and particular statement of his age in the Second Part of King Henry IV. Nor was this a peculiar fancy of Shakspeare; for such, we find, was the usage of other poets, his contemporaries. Thus Bishop Corbet, in his Iter Boreale, which was written at some time between 1614 and 1620:

"The inkeeper was old, *fourscore* almost,
"Indeed an emblem, rather than an host."

I may add, that our ancestors were so much in the habit of counting by scores, that the word *eighty*, though that period of life was so common a designation of old age, does not occur in

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons:—Keep them asunder;—here comes doctor Caius.

Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear: Verefore vill you not meet a-me?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience: In good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends:—I

the last (and probably in no former) translation of the Bible; and our poet, we find, never once employs the word as applied to age, except in the single instance quoted above from King Richard III. where he adopted it for the sake of a smoother versification. In like manner, Shallow, in the Second Part of King Henry IV. boasts of hitting a mark at *fourscore* yards' distance; and in Measure for Measure, Master Froth is described as possessing not *eighty*, but *fourscore* pounds a year. Malone.

will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb, for missing your meetings and appointments[3].

CAIUS. *Diable!*—Jack Rugby,—mine *Host de Jarterre*, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

EVA. As I am a christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgement by mine host of the Garter.

HOST. Peace, I say, Guallia and Gaul, French and Welch[4]; soul-curer and body-curer.

CAIUS. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

HOST. Peace, I say; hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politick? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest? my sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so:—Give me thy hand, celestial; so.——Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn:—Follow me, lad of Peace; follow, follow, follow.

SHAL. Trust me, a mad host: Follow, gentlemen, follow.

SLEN. O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW, SLENDER, PAGE, *and Host.*

[3] —for missing your meetings and appointments.] These words, which are not in the folio, were recovered from the quarto by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[4] Peace, I say, GUALLIA and GAUL, French and Welch;] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*Gallia* and *Wallia:* but it is objected that *Wallia* is not easily corrupted into *Gaul*. Possibly the word was written *Guallia*. FARMER.

Thus, in K. Henry VI. P. II. *Gualtier* for *Walter*. STEEVENS.

The quarto 1602 confirms Dr. Farmer's conjecture. It reads—"Peace I say, *Gawle* and *Gawlia*, French and Welch," &c. MALONE.

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us[5]? ha, ha!

Eva. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog.—I desire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy[6], cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart; he promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles:—Pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Street in Windsor.

Enter Mistress Page and Robin.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader: Whether had you rather, lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O you are a flattering boy; now, I see, you'll be a courtier.

[5] — make-a de SOT of us?] *Sot*, in French, signifies *a fool.* MALONE.

[6] — SCALL, scurvy,] *Scall* was an old word of reproach, as *scab* was afterwards. Chaucer imprecates on his *scrivener:*

" Under thy longe lockes mayest thou have the *scalle.*"

JOHNSON.

Scall, as Dr. Johnson interprets it, is a scab breaking out in the hair, and approaching nearly to the leprosy. It is used by other writers of Shakspeare's time. You will find what was to be done by persons afflicted with it, by looking into Leviticus, ch. 13, v. 30, 31, et seqq. WHALLEY.

Enter FORD.

FORD. Well met, mistress Page: Whither go you?

MRS. PAGE. Truly, sir, to see your wife: Is she at home?

FORD. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company: I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

MRS. PAGE. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

FORD. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

MRS. PAGE. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

ROB. Sir John Falstaff.

FORD. Sir John Falstaff!

MRS. PAGE. He, he; I can never hit on's name.—There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home, indeed?

FORD. Indeed, she is.

MRS. PAGE. By your leave, sir;—I am sick, till I see her. [*Exeunt Mrs. PAGE and ROBIN.*

FORD. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces-out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion, and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind[7]!—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives

[7] A man may hear this shower SING IN THE WIND!] This phrase has already occurred in The Tempest, Act II. Sc. II.: "I hear it *sing in the wind.*" STEEVENS.

share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming mistress Page[8], divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim[9]. [*Clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm[1], that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, *Host, Sir* HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

SHAL. PAGE, &c. Well met, master Ford.

FORD. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you, all go with me.

SHAL. I must excuse myself, master Ford.

SLEN. And so must I, sir; we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

SHAL. We have lingered[2] about a match between

[8] — SO SEEMING mistress Page,] *Seeming* is *specious*. So, in K. Lear:

"If ought within that little *seeming* substance."

Again, in Measure for Measure, Act I. Sc. IV.:

"—— Hence shall we see,
"If power change purpose, what our *seemers* be."

STEEVENS.

[9] — shall CRY AIM.] i. e. shall *encourage*. So, in King John, Act II. Sc. I.:

"It ill beseems this presence, to *cry aim*
"To these ill-tuned repetitions."

The phrase, as I have already observed, is taken from archery. See note on the last scene of the preceding act, where Dr. Warburton would read—*cry aim*, instead of—"cry'd game." STEEVENS.

[1] — as the earth is FIRM,] So, in Macbeth:

"—— Thou sure and *firm*-set *earth*—." MALONE.

[2] We have lingered—] They have not lingered very long. The match was proposed by Sir Hugh but the day before.

JOHNSON.

Shallow represents the affair as having been *long in hand*, that

Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope, I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me; my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holyday [3], he smells April and May [4]: he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons [5]; he will carry't.

he may better excuse himself and Slender from accepting Ford's invitation on the day when it was to be concluded. Steevens.

[3] — he writes verses, he speaks HOLYDAY,] i. e. in an high-flown, fustian-style. It was called a *holy-day style*, from the old custom of acting their farces of the *mysteries* and *moralities*, which were turgid and bombast, on holy-days. So, in Much Ado About Nothing: "I cannot woo in *festival terms*." And again, in The Merchant of Venice:

"Thou spend'st such *high-day wit* in praising him."

Warburton.

I suspect that Dr. Warburton's supposition that this phrase is derived from the season of acting the old mysteries, is but an *holy-day* hypothesis; and have preserved his note only for the sake of the passages he quotes. Fenton is not represented as a talker of bombast.

He speaks holiday, I believe, means only, his language is more *curious* and *affectedly chosen* than that used by ordinary men.

Malone.

So, in King Henry IV. P. I.:

"With many *holiday* and lady terms." Steevens.

To *speak holyday* must mean to speak out of the common road, superior to the vulgar; alluding to the better dress worn on such days. Ritson.

[4] — he smells April and May:] This was the phraseology of the time; not "he smells *of* April," &c. So, in Measure for Measure: "— he would mouth with a beggar of fifty, though she *smelt brown bread and garlick*." Malone.

[5] — 'tis in his BUTTONS;] Alluding to an ancient custom among the country fellows, of trying whether they should succeed with their mistresses, by carrying the *batchelor's buttons* (a plant of the

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having [6]: he kept company with the wild Prince and Poins; he is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.——Master doctor, you shall go;—so shall you, master Page;—and you, sir Hugh.

Lychnis kind, whose flowers resemble a coat button in form,) in their pockets. And they judged of their good or bad success by their growing, or their not growing there. Smith.

Greene mentions these *batchelor's buttons* in his Quip for an Upstart Courtier: "I saw the *batchelor's buttons*, whose virtue is, to make wanton maidens weep, when they have worne them forty weeks under their aprons," &c.

The same expression occurs in Heywood's Fair Maid of the West, 1631:

"He wears *batchelor's buttons*, does he not?"

Again, in The Constant Maid, by Shirley, 1640:

"I am a *batchelor*.

"I pray, let me be one of your *buttons* still then."

Again, in A Fair Quarrel, by Middleton and Rowley, 1617:

"I'll wear my *batchelor's buttons* still."

Again, in A Woman Never Vex'd, comedy, by Rowley, 1632:

"Go, go and rest on Venus' violets; shew her

"A dozen of *batchelors' buttons*, boy."

Again, in Westward Hoe, 1606: "Here's my husband, and no *batchelor's buttons* are at his doublet." Steevens.

[6] — of no having;] *Having* is the same as *estate* or *fortune*. Johnson.

So, in Macbeth:

"Of noble *having*, and of royal hope."

Again, Twelfth Night:

"—— My *having* is not much;

"I'll make division of my present with you:

"Hold, there is half my coffer." Steevens.

Shal. Well, fare you well:—we shall have the freer wooing at master Page's.

[*Exeunt Shallow and Slender.*

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit Rugby.*

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

[*Exit Host.*

Ford. [*Aside.*] I think, I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance[7]. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster.

[*Exeunt.*

7 *Host.* Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

Ford. [*Aside.*] I think, I shall drink IN PIPE-wine first with him; I'll make him dance.] To drink *in pipe*-wine is a phrase which I cannot understand. May we not suppose that Shakspeare rather wrote, "I think I shall drink *horn-pipe* wine first with him: I'll make him *dance?*"

Canary is the name of a *dance*, as well as of a *wine*. Ford lays hold of both senses; but, for an obvious reason, makes the dance a *horn-pipe*. It has been already remarked, that Shakspeare has frequent allusions to a *cuckold's horns*. TYRWHITT.

So, in Pasquil's Night-Cap, 1612, p. 118:

"It is great comfort to a *cuckold's* chance
"That many thousands doe the *Hornepipe dance*."

STEEVENS.

Pipe is known to be a vessel of wine, now containing two hogsheads. *Pipe*-wine is therefore wine, not from the *bottle*, but the *pipe;* and the jest consists in the ambiguity of the word, which signifies both a cask of wine, and a musical instrument. JOHNSON.

The jest here lies in a mere play of words. "I'll give him *pipe*-wine, which shall make him *dance*." *Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786. STEEVENS.

The phrase,—"to drink *in* pipe-wine"—always seemed to me a very strange one, till I met with the following passage in King James's first speech to his parliament, in 1604; by which it appears that "to drink *in*" was the phraseology of the time: "—who either, being old, have retained their first drunken-*in* liquor," &c.

MALONE.

SCENE III.

A Room in FORD'S House.

Enter Mrs. FORD and Mrs. PAGE.

MRS. FORD. What, John! what, Robert!

MRS. PAGE. Quickly, quickly: Is the buck-basket—

MRS. FORD. I warrant;—What, Robin, I say.

Enter Servants with a Basket.

MRS. PAGE. Come, come, come.

MRS. FORD. Here, set it down.

MRS. PAGE. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

MRS. FORD. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering,) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters[8] in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames side.

MRS. PAGE. You will do it?

I have seen the phrase often in books of Shakspeare's time, but neglected to mark down the passages. One of them I have lately recovered: "If he goe to the taverne they will not onely make him paie for the wine, but for all *he drinks in* besides." Greene's Ghost Haunting Conicatchers, 1602, sign. B 4.—The following also, though of somewhat latter authority, will confirm Mr. Malone's observation: "A player acting upon a stage a man killed; but being troubled with an extreme cold, as he was lying upon the stage fell a coughing; the people laughing, he rushed up, ran off the stage, saying, thus it is for a man to *drink in* porridge, for then he will be sure to cough in his grave." *Jocabella, or a Cabinet of Conceits*, by Robert Chamberlaine, 1640, No. 84. REED.

[8] —the whitsters—] i. e. the blanchers of linen. DOUCE.

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction: Be gone, and come when you are called. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket[9]? what news with you?

Rob. My master sir John is come in at your back-door, mistress Ford; and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent[1], have you been true to us?

9 How now, my EYAS-MUSKET?] *Eyas* is a young unfledg'd hawk; I suppose from the Italian *Niaso*, which originally signified any young bird taken from the nest unfledg'd, afterwards a young hawk. The French, from hence, took their *niais*, and used it in both those significations; to which they added a third, metaphorically, *a silly fellow; un garçon fort niais, un niais. Musket* signifies a *sparrow hawk*, or the smallest species of hawks. This too is from the Italian *Muschetto*, a small hawk, as appears from the original signification of the word, namely, *a troublesome stinging fly*. So that the humour of calling the little page an *eyas-musket* is very intelligible. WARBURTON.

So, in Greene's Card of Fancy, 1608: "—no hawk so haggard but will stoop to the lure: no *niesse* so ramage but will be reclaimed to the lunes." *Eyas-musket* is the same as *infant Lilliputian*. Again, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. i. c. xi. st. 34:

"——youthful gay,
"Like *eyas-hauke*, up mounts unto the skies,
"His newly budded pinions to essay."

In The Booke of Haukyng, &c. commonly called The Book of St. Albans, bl. l. no date, is the following derivation of the word; but whether true or erroneous is not for me to determine: "An hauk is called an *eyesse* from her *eyen*. For an hauke that is brought up under a bussarde or puttock, as many ben, have watry *eyen*," &c. STEEVENS.

1 —Jack-a-lent,] A *Jack o' lent* was a puppet thrown at in Lent, like shrove-cocks. So, in The Weakest goes to the Wall, 1600:

"A mere anatomy, a *Jack of Lent*."

Again, in The Four Prentices of London, 1615:

"Now you old *Jack of Lent*, six weeks and upwards."

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn: My master knows not of your being here; and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for, he swears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so:—Go tell thy master, I am alone. Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

[*Exit Robin.*

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit Mrs. Page.*

Mrs. Ford. Go to then; we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watry pumpion;—we'll teach him to know turtles from jays [2].

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, *my heavenly jewel* [3]? Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough [4]; this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I

Again, in Greene's Tu Quoque: "—for if a boy, that is throwing at his *Jack o' Lent*, chance to hit me on the shins," &c. See a note on the last scene of this comedy. Steevens.

[2] — from jays.] So, in Cymbeline:

"—— some *jay* of Italy,

"Whose mother was her painting," &c. Steevens.

[3] *Have I caught my heavenly jewel?*] This is the first line of the second song in Sidney's Astrophel and Stella. Tollet.

[4] — Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough:] This sentiment, which is of sacred origin, is here indecently introduced. It appears again, with somewhat less of profaneness, in The Winter's Tale, Act IV. and in Othello, Act II. Steevens.

In answer to this charge of profaneness, it will be sufficient to say that in a note on the very passage in Othello alluded to, Mr. Malone has quoted precisely the same sentiment from Terence.

Boswell.

would thy husband were dead: I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou hast the right arched bent [5] of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance [6].

[5] — arched BENT —] Thus the quartos 1602, and 1619. The folio reads—arched *beauty*. STEEVENS.

The reading of the quarto is supported by a passage in Antony and Cleopatra:

" Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
" Bliss in our *brows-bent*." MALONE.

[6] — that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-VALIANT, or any tire of VENETIAN ADMITTANCE.] Instead of—*Venetian admittance*, the old quarto reads—" or any Venetian *attire*." STEEVENS.

The old quarto reads—" tire vellet," and the old folio reads—" or any tire of Venetian admittance." So that the true reading of the whole is this, " that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance." The speaker tells his mistress, she had a face that would become all the head dresses in fashion. The *ship-tire* was an open head dress, with a kind of scarf depending from behind. Its name of *ship-tire* was, I presume, from its giving the wearer some resemblance of a *ship* (as Shakspeare says) *in all her trim:* with all her pendants out, and flags and streamers flying.

This was an image familiar with the poets of that time. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher, in their play of Wit without Money: " She spreads sattens as the king's ships do canvas every where; she may space her misen," &c. This will direct us to reform the following word of *tire-valiant*, which I suspect to be corrupt, *valiant* being a very incongruous epithet for a woman's head dress: I suppose Shakspeare wrote *tire-vailant*. As the *ship-tire* was an *open* head dress, so the *tire-vailant* was a *close* one, in which the head and breast were covered as with a *veil*. And these were, in fact, the two different head dresses then in fashion, as we may see by the pictures of that time. One of which was so open, that the whole neck, breasts, and shoulders, were opened to view: the other, so securely inclosed in kerchiefs, &c. that nothing could be seen above the eyes, or below the chin.

WARBURTON.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

In the fifth act, Fenton mentions that his mistress is to meet him—

"With ribbons *pendant* flaring 'bout her head."

This, probably, was what is here called the *ship-tire*. Malone.

"——the tire-*valiant*." I would read—tire *volant*. Stubbes, who describes most minutely every article of female dress, has mentioned none of these terms, but speaks of vails depending from the top of the head, and flying behind in loose folds. The word *volant* was in use before the age of Shakspeare. I find it in Wilfride Holme's Fall and evil Successe of Rebellion, 1537:

"——high *volant* in any thing divine."

Tire vellet, which is the reading of the old quarto, may be printed, as Mr. Tollet observes, by mistake, for tire-*velvet*. We know that *velvet-hoods* were worn in the age of Shakspeare. Steevens.

Among the presents sent by the Queen of Spain to the Queen of England, in April 1606, was a *velvet* cap with gold buttons. Catharine's cap, in The Taming of the Shrew, is likewise of velvet.

Tire-*volant*, however, I believe with Mr. Steevens, was the poet's word. "Their heads (says Nashe in 1594) with their *top and top-gallant* lawne baby caps, and snow-resembled silver curlings, they make a plain puppet-stage of. Their breasts they embuske up on hie, and their round roseate buds they immodestly lay forth, to shew, at their hands there is fruit to be hoped." *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, 4to. 1594. Malone.

"——of *Venetian admittance*." i. e. of a fashion received or admitted from Venice. So, in Westward Hoe, 1606, by Decker and Webster:—"now she's in that Italian *head-tire* you sent her." Dr. Farmer proposes to read—"of Venetian *remittance*." Steevens.

In how much request the *Venetian tyre* formerly was held, appears from Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, 1624:—"let her have the Spanish gate [*gait*] the *Venetian tire*, Italian complements and endowments," Malone.

May not the *tire-valiant* be so called from the air of boldness and confidence which it might give the wearer? A certain court divine (who can hardly be called a courtly one) in a sermon preached before King James the First, thus speaks of the ladies' head dresses: "Oh what a wonder it is to see a ship under saile with her tacklings and her masts, and her tops and top gallants, with her upper decks and her nether decks, and so bedeckt with her streames, flags and ensigns, and I know not what; yea but a world of wonders it is to see a woman created in God's image,

Fal. By the Lord, thou art a traitor [7] to say so: thou would'st make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if fortune thy foe [8] were so miscreate oft times and deformed with her French, her Spanish and her foolish fashions, that he that made her, when he looks upon her, shall hardly know her, with her plumes, her fans, and a silken vizard, with a ruffe, *like a saile; yea, a ruffe like a rainbow, with a feather in her cap,* like a flag in her top, *to tell (I thinke) which way the wind will blow.*" The *Merchant Royall*, a sermon preached at Whitehall before the King's Majestie, at the nuptialls of Lord Hay and his Lady, Twelfth-day, 1607, 4to. 1615. Again, "—it is proverbially said, that far fetcht and deare bought is fittest for ladies; as now-a-daies what groweth at home is base and homely; and what every one eates is meate for dogs; and wee must have bread from one countrie, and drinke from another; and wee must have meate from Spaine, and sauce out of Italy; and if wee weare any thing, it must be pure *Venetian*, Roman, or barbarian; but the fashion of all must be French." *Ibid.* Reed.

7 — a TRAITOR —] i. e. to thy own merit. Steevens.

The folio omits "By the Lord," and reads—Thou art a *tyrant*, &c. but the reading of the quarto appears to me far better. Malone.

8 — fortune thy foe —] "Was the beginning of an old ballad, in which were enumerated all the misfortunes that fall upon mankind, through the caprice of fortune." See note on The Custom of the Country, Act I. Sc. I. by Mr. Theobald; who observes, that this ballad is mentioned again in a comedy by John Tatham, printed in 1660, called The Rump, or Mirror of the Times, wherein a Frenchman is introduced at the bonfire made for the burning of the rumps, and, catching hold of Priscilla, will oblige her to dance, and orders the musick to play Fortune my Foe. See also, Lingua, vol. v. Dodsley's Collection, p. 188; and Tom Essence, 1677, p. 37. Mr. Ritson observes, that "the tune is the identical air now known by the song of Death and the Lady, to which the metrical lamentations of extraordinary criminals have been usually chanted for upwards of these two hundred years." Reed.

The first stanza of this popular ballad was as follows:

"*Fortune, my foe,* why dost thou frown on me?
"And will my fortune never better be?
"Wilt thou, I say, for ever breed my pain,
"And wilt thou not restore my joys again?" Malone.

This ballad is also mentioned by Burton, in his Anatomy of

not; nature is thy friend [9]: Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping haw-thorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklers-bury [1] in simple-time; I cannot: but I love thee [2]; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir; I fear, you love mistress Page.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the Counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln [3].

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows, how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Melancholy, edit. 1632, p. 576: "What shall we do in such a case?" sing "*Fortune, my foe?*" Steevens.

9 — nature is thy friend:] *Is*, which is not in the old copy, was introduced by Mr. Pope. Malone.

I would retain the old reading, with its original punctuation; and explain it thus,—If fortune *being* thy foe; nature were not thy friend. Boswell.

1 — like Buckler's-bury, &c.] *Buckler's-bury*, in the time of Shakspeare, was chiefly inhabited by druggists, who sold all kinds of herbs, green as well as dry. Steevens.

2 — I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping haw-thorn buds,—I cannot: but I love thee;] So, in Wily Beguil'd, 1606:

"I cannot play the dissembler,
"And woo my love with courting ambages,
"Like one whose love hangs on his smooth tongue's end;
"But in a word I tell the sum of my desires,
"I love faire Lelia." Malone.

3 — as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.] Our poet has a similar image in Coriolanus:

"—— whose breath I *hate*,
"As *reek* o' the rotten fens." Steevens.

Rob. [*Within.*] Mistress Ford, mistress Ford! here's mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras [4].

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman.— [*Falstaff hides himself.*

Enter Mistress Page and Robin.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistress Ford, what have you done? You're shamed, you are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion?—Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder [5].—[*Aside.*]—'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you

[4] — behind the arras.] The spaces left between the walls and the wooden frames on which arras was hung, were not more commodious to our ancestors than to the authors of their ancient dramatic pieces. Borachio in Much Ado About Nothing, and Polonius in Hamlet, also avail themselves of this convenient recess. Steevens.

[5] Speak louder.] i. e. that Falstaff, who is retired, may hear. This passage is only found in the two elder quartos. Steevens.

have such a man here; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: If you know yourself clear, why I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand *you had rather*, and *you had rather*; your husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or, it is whiting-time[6], send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: What shall I do?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't! O let me see't! I'll in, I'll in;—follow your friend's counsel;—I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee, and none but thee[7]; help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never—

[*He goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*

[6] — whiting-time,] Bleaching time; spring. The season when "maidens bleach their summer smocks." Holt White.

[7] — and none but thee;] These words, which are character-

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy: Call your men, mistress Ford:—You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John, Robert, John! [*Exit Robin. Re-enter Servants.*] Go take up these clothes here, quickly; Where's the cowl-staff[8]? look, how you drumble[9]: carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead[1]; quickly, come.

istick, and spoken to Mrs. Page aside, deserve to be restored from the old quarto. He had used the same words before to Mrs. Ford. Malone.

[8] — the cowl-staff?] Is a staff used for carrying a large tub or basket with two handles. In Essex the word *cowl* is yet used for *a tub*. Malone.

This word occurs also in Philemon Holland's translation of the seventh Book of Pliny's Natural History, ch. 56: "The first battell that ever was fought, was between the Africans and Ægyptians; and the same performed by bastons, clubs and *coulstaves*, which they call *Phalangæ*." Steevens.

[9] — how you drumble:] The reverend Mr. Lambe, the editor of the ancient metrical history of the Battle of Floddon, observes, that—*look how you drumble*, means—*how confused you are;* and that in the North, *drumbled* ale is *muddy, disturbed ale*. Thus, a Scottish proverb in Ray's collection:

"It is good fishing in *drumbling* waters."

Again, in Have With You to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is Up, this word occurs: "— gray-beard *drumbling* over a discourse." Again: "— your fly in a boxe is but a *drumble*-bee in comparison of it." Again: "— this *drumbling* course."

Steevens.

To *drumble*, in Devonshire, signifies to mutter in a sullen and inarticulate voice. No other sense of the word will either explain this interrogation, or the passages adduced in Mr. Steevens's note. To *drumble and drone* are often used in connexion. Henley.

A *drumble* drone, in the western dialect, signifies a drone or humble-bee. Mrs. Page may therefore mean—How lazy and stupid you are! be more alert. Malone.

[1] — carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead;] Mr. Dennis objects, with some degree of reason, to the probability of the circumstance of Falstaff's being carried to *Datchet mead*, and thrown into the Thames. "It is not likely (he observes) that Falstaff would suffer himself to be carried in the basket as far as *Datchet mead*, which is half a mile from Windsor, and it is plain that they could not carry him if he made any resistance." Malone.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear [1]. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox:—Let me stop this way first:—So, now uncape [2].

[1] — it shall appear.] Ford seems to allude to the cuckold's horns. So afterwards: "— and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, *peer* out, *peer* out." *Of the season* is a phrase of the forest.

So, in a letter written by Queene Catharine, in 1526, Howard's Collection, vol. i. p. 212: "We will and command you, that ye delyver or cause to be delyvered unto our trusty and well-beloved John Creusse—one buck *of season*."—"The season of the hynd or doe (says Manwood) doth begin at Holyrood-day, and lasteth till Candelmas." *Forest Laws*, 1598. MALONE.

Mr. Malone pointed the passage thus: "Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck, and of the season too; it shall appear." I am satisfied with the old punctuation. In The Rape of Lucrece, our poet makes his heroine compare herself to an "*unseasonable doe;*" and, in Blunt's Customs of Manors, p. 168, is the same phrase employed by Ford: "A bukke delivered him *of seyssone*, by the woodmaster and keepers of Needwoode." STEEVENS.

[2] — So, now UNCAPE.] So the folio of 1623 reads, and rightly. It is a term in fox-hunting, which signifies to dig out the fox when earthed. And here is as much as to say, take out the foul linen under which the adulterer lies hid. The Oxford editor reads—*uncouple*, out of pure love to an emendation. WARBURTON.

PAGE. Good master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

FORD. True, master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

EVA. This is fery fantastical humours, and jealousies.

CAIUS. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

PAGE. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt EVANS, PAGE, and CAIUS.*

MRS. PAGE. Is there not a double excellency in this?

MRS. FORD. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or sir John.

MRS. PAGE. What a taking was he in, when your husband asked who was in the basket[3]!

MRS. FORD. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Dr. Warburton seems to have forgot that the linen was already carried away. The allusion in the foregoing sentence is to the stopping every hole at which a fox could enter, before they *uncape* or turn him out of the bag in which he was brought. I suppose every one has heard of a *bag-fox*. STEEVENS.

Warburton, in his note on this passage, not only forgets that the foul linen had been carried away, but he also forgets that Ford did not know at that time that Falstaff had been hid under it; and Steevens forgets that they had not Falstaff in their possession, as hunters have a bag-fox, but were to find out where he was hid. They were not to chase him, but to rouze him. I therefore believe that Hanmer's amendment is right, and that we ought to read—*uncouple*.—Ford, like a good sportsman, first stops the earths, and then uncouples the hounds. M. MASON.

Mr. M. Mason also seems to forget that Ford at least thought he had Falstaff secure in his house, as in a bag, and therefore speaks of him in terms applicable to a bag-fox. STEEVENS.

[3] — WHO was in the basket!] We should read—"*what* was in the basket!" for though in fact Ford has asked no such question, he could never suspect there was either *man* or *woman* in it. The propriety of this emendation is manifest from a subsequent passage, where Falstaff tells Master Brook—"the jealous knave asked them once or twice *what* they had in their basket." RITSON.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that: And we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion [4], mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it: let him be sent for tomorrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. Ay, ay, peace [5]:—You use me well, master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in

[4] — that FOOLISH carrion,] The old copy has—*foolishion* carrion. The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

[5] Ay, ay, peace:] These words were recovered from the early quarto by Mr. Theobald. But in his and the other modern editions, *I*, the old spelling of the affirmative particle, has inadvertently been retained. MALONE.

the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgement!

CAIUS. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

PAGE. Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

FORD. 'Tis my fault, master Page: I suffer for it.

EVA. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

CAIUS. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

FORD. Well;—I promiséd you a dinner:—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this.—Come, wife;—come, mistress Page; I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

PAGE. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush: Shall it be so?

FORD. Any thing.

EVA. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

CAIUS. If there be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

EVA. In your teeth [6]: for shame.

FORD. Pray you go, master Page.

EVA. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

CAIUS. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

[6] In your teeth:] This dirty restoration was made by Mr. Theobald. Evans's application of the doctor's words is not in the folio. STEEVENS.

Eva. A lousy knave; to have his gibes, and his mockeries. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in Page's House.

Enter Fenton and Mistress Anne Page.

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore, no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.
Anne. Alas! how then?
Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being gall'd with my expence,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,——
My riots past, my wild societies:
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.
Anne. May be, he tells you true.
Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth [7]
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

[7] — father's wealth —] Some light may be given to those who shall endeavour to calculate the increase of English wealth, by observing, that Latymer, in the time of Edward VI. mentions it as a proof of his father's prosperity, "That though but a yeoman, he gave his daughters five pounds each for her portion." At the latter end of Elizabeth, seven hundred pounds were such a temptation to courtship, as made all other motives suspected. Congreve makes twelve thousand pounds more than a counterbalance to the affectation of Belinda. No poet will now fly his favourite character at less than fifty thousand. Johnson.

Anne. Gentle master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love: still seek it, sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why then.—Hark you hither.
[*They converse apart.*

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mrs. Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't [8]: slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afeard.

Quick. Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!
[*Aside.*

Quick. And how does good master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

[8] I'll make a SHAFT or a BOLT on't;] *To make a bolt or a shaft of a thing* is enumerated by Ray, amongst others, in his collection of proverbial phrases. Ray's Proverbs, p. 179, edit. 1742.

So, in a letter from James Howell, dated 19 Aug. 1623: "The prince is preparing for his journey. I shall to it again closely when he is gone, or make a *shaft* or *bolt* of it." *Howell's Letters*, p. 146, edit. 1754. Reed.

The *shaft* was such an arrow as skilful archers employed. The *bolt* in this proverb means, I think, the *fool's* bolt. Malone.

A *shaft* was a general term for an *arrow*. A *bolt* was a thick short one, with a knob at the end of it. It was only employed to shoot birds with, and was commonly called a "bird-*bolt*." The word occurs again in Much Ado About Nothing, Love's Labour's Lost, and Twelfth Night. Steevens.

Slen. I had a father, mistress Anne;—my uncle can tell you good jests of him:—Pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Glocestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail [9], under the degree of a 'squire.

9 —come CUT and LONG TAIL,] i. e. come *poor*, or *rich*, to offer himself as my rival. The following is said to be the origin of the phrase:—According to the forest laws, the dog of a man, who had no right to the privilege of chace, was obliged to cut, or *law* his dog among other modes of disabling him, by depriving him of his tail. A dog so cut was called *a cut*, or *curt-tail*, and by contraction *cur*. *Cut* and *long-tail* therefore signified the dog of a clown, and the dog of a gentleman.

Again, in The First Part of the Eighth Liberal Science, entitled Ars Adulandi, &c. devised and compiled by Ulpian Fulwell, 1576: "—yea, even their very *dogs*, Rug, Rig, and Risbie, yea, *cut* and *long-taile*, they shall be welcome." STEEVENS.

"—come *cut* and *long-tail*." I can see no meaning in this phrase. Slender promises to make his mistress a gentlewoman, and probably means to say, he will deck her in a gown of the *court-cut*, and with a *long* train or *tail*. In the comedy of Eastward Hoe, is this passage: "The one must be ladyfied forsooth, and be attired just to the *court-cut* and *long tayle;*" which seems to justify our reading—*Court* cut and long tail.

SIR J. HAWKINS.

"—come *cut* and *long tail*." This phrase is often found in old plays, and seldom, if ever, with any variation. The change therefore proposed by Sir John Hawkins cannot be received, without great violence to the text. Whenever the words occur, they always bear the same meaning, and that meaning is obvious enough without any explanation. The origin of the phrase may however admit of some dispute, and it is by no means certain that the account of it, here adopted by Mr. Steevens from Dr. Johnson, is well-founded. That there ever existed such a mode of disqualifying dogs by the laws of the forest, as is here asserted, cannot be acknowledged without evidence, and no authority is quoted to prove that such a custom at any time prevailed. The writers on this subject are totally silent, as far as they have come

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, master Slender.

Slen. Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

to my knowledge, Manwood, who wrote on the Forest Laws before they were entirely disused, mentions *expeditation* or cutting off three claws of the fore-foot, as the *only* manner of lawing dogs; and with his account, the Charter of the Forest seems to agree. Were I to offer a conjecture, I should suppose that the phrase originally referred to horses, which might be denominated *cut* and *long tail*, as they were curtailed of this part of their bodies, or allowed to enjoy its full growth; and this might be practised according to the difference of their value, or the uses to which they were put. In this view, *cut* and *long tail* would include the whole species of horses good and bad. In support of this opinion it may be added, that formerly a *cut* was a word of reproach in vulgar colloquial abuse, and I believe is never to be found applied to horses, except to those of the worst kind. After all, if any authority can be produced to countenance Dr. Johnson's explanation, I shall be ready to retract every thing that is here said. See also a note on The Match at Midnight, Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays, vol. vii. p. 424, edit. 1780. Reed.

The last conversation I had the honour to enjoy with Sir William Blackstone, was on this subject; and by a series of accurate references to the whole collection of ancient Forest Laws, he convinced me of our repeated error, *expeditation* and *genuscission*, being the only established and technical modes ever used for disabling the canine species. Part of the *tails* of spaniels, indeed, are generally *cut off* (*ornamenti gratia*) while they are puppies, so that (admitting a loose description) every kind of dog is comprehended in the phrase of *cut* and *long tail*, and every rank of people in the same expression, if metaphorically used. Steevens.

Anne. I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: Your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, so: if not, happy man be his dole[1]! They can tell you how things go, better than I can: You may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter Page and Mistress Page.

Page. Now, master Slender:—Love him, daughter Anne.—
Why, how now! what does master Fenton here?
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master Fenton.
Come, master Shallow; come, son Slender; in:—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*

Quick. Speak to mistress Page.

Fent. Good mistress Page, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love[2],
And not retire: Let me have your good will.

[1] — happy man be his dole!] A proverbial expression. See Ray's Collection, p. 116, edit. 1737. Steevens.

[2] I must ADVANCE THE COLOURS of my love,] The same metaphor occurs in Romeo and Juliet:

"And death's pale *flag* is not *advanced* there." Steevens.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond' fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i'the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips [3].

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself: Good master Fenton,
I will not be your friend, nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected;
'Till then, farewell, sir:—She must needs go in;
Her father will be angry.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Anne.*

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress; farewell, Nan [4].

Quick. This is my doing now;—Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician [5]? Look on master Fenton:—this is my doing.

[3] — be set quick i' the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips.] This is a common proverb in the southern counties. I find almost the same expression in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair; "Would I had been *set in the ground*, all but the head of me, and had *my brains bowl'd at*. COLLINS.

[4] Farewell, gentle MISTRESS; farewell, Nan.] *Mistress* is here used as a trisyllable. MALONE.

If *mistress* can be pronounced as a trisyllable, the line will still be uncommonly defective in harmony. Perhaps a monosyllable has been omitted, and we should read —

"Farewell, *my* gentle mistress; farewell, Nan." STEEVENS.

[5] —fool, AND a physician?] I should read—fool *or* a physician, meaning Slender and Caius. JOHNSON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads according to Dr. Johnson's conjecture. This may be right.—Or my Dame Quickly may allude to the proverb, 'a man of *forty* is either a *fool* or a *physician*;' but she asserts her master to be both. FARMER.

So, in Microcosmus, a masque by Nabbes, 1637:

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night [6]
Give my sweet Nan this ring: There's for thy pains. [*Exit.*

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had mistress Anne; or I would master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously [7] for master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses; What a beast am I to slack it [8]? [*Exit.*

" *Choler.* Phlegm's a *fool.*
" *Melan.* Or a *physician.*"

Again, in A Maidenhead Well Lost, 1632:

" No matter whether I be a *fool* or a *physician.*"

Mr. Dennis, of irascible memory, who altered this play, and brought it on the stage, in the year 1702, under the title of The Comical Gallant, (when, thanks to the alterer, it was fairly damned,) has introduced the proverb at which Mrs. Quickly's allusion appears to be pointed. Steevens.

I believe the old copy is right, and that Mrs. Quickly means to insinuate that she had addressed *at the same time* both Mr. and Mrs. Page on the subject of their daughter's marriage, one of whom favoured Slender, and the other Caius: " — on a fool *or* a physician," would be more accurate, but *and* is sufficiently suitable to Dame Quickly, *referendo singula singulis.*

Thus: " You two are going to throw away your daughter on a fool and a physician: you, sir, on the former, and you, madam, on the latter." Malone.

[6] — once to-night —] i. e. *some time* to-night. So, in a letter from the sixth Earl of Northumberland (quoted in the notes on the household book of the fifth earl of that name): " — notwithstanding I trust to be able *ons* to set up a chapell off myne owne." Again, in Ben Jonson's Silent Woman: " Well, I'll try if he will be appeased with a leg or an arm; if not, you must die *once;* " i. e. at some time or other. Steevens.

[7] — speciously —] She means to say *specially.* Steevens.

SCENE V.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

FAL. Bardolph, I say,—

BARD. Here, sir.

FAL. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. [*Exit* BARD.] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown into the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies [9], fifteen i' the litter; and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

[8] —to SLACK it?] i. e. neglect. So, in King Lear: "—if then they chanced to *slack* you, we would control them."
STEEVENS.

[9] —a BITCH'S BLIND puppies,] The old copy reads—"a *blind bitch's* puppies." STEEVENS.

I have ventured to transpose the adjective here, against the authority of the printed copies. I know, in horses, a colt from a blind stallion loses much of the value it might otherwise have; but are *puppies* ever drowned the sooner, for coming from a *blind bitch?* The author certainly wrote, "as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies." THEOBALD.

The transposition may be justified from the following passage in The Two Gentlemen of Verona: "—one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his *blind* brothers and sisters went to it." STEEVENS.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *with the Wine.*

Bard. Here's mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold, as if I had swallowed snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy: Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices: Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage.—[*Exit* BARDOLPH.]—How now?

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford: I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: Tell her so; and bid her think, what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir! [*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. O, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, master Brook? you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And how sped you, sir[1]?

Fal. Very ill-favouredly, master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, master Brook; but the peaking cornuto her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a continual larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have

[1] — HOW sped you, sir?] The word *how* I have restored from the old quarto. MALONE.

it, comes in one mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, by * her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket [2].

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket [3]: rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell, that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door; who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket [4]: I quaked for fear, lest the

* First folio, *in*.

[2] — and by her invention, and Ford's wife's DISTRACTION, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.] As it does not appear that his being convey'd into the buck-basket was owing to the supposed *distraction* of Mistress Ford, I have no doubt but we should read—" and Ford's wife's *direction*," which was the fact.
M. MASON.

[3] BY THE LORD, a buck-basket:] Thus the old quarto. The editor of the first folio, to avoid the penalty of the statute of King James I. reads—*Yes*, &c. and the editor of the second, which has been followed by the moderns, has made Falstaff desert his own character, and assume the language of a Puritan.
MALONE.

The second folio reads—*yea*; and I cannot discover why this affirmative should be considered as a mark of puritanism. *Yea*, at the time our comedy appeared, was in as frequent use as—*yes*; and it is certainly put by Shakspeare into the mouths of many of his characters whose manners are widely distant from those of canting purists. STEEVENS.

[4] —what they had in their basket:] So, before: " What a taking was he in, when your husband ask'd who was in the

lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths [5]: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with [6] a jealous rotten bell-wether: next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo [7], in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney [8],—think of that; that am as subject to heat, as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle, to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse shoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my

basket!" but Ford had asked no such question. Our author seems seldom to have revised his plays. Malone.

Falstaff, in the present instance, may purposely exaggerate his alarms, that he may thereby enhance his merit with Ford, at whose purse his designs are ultimately levelled. Steevens.

5 — several deaths:] Thus the folio and the most correct of the quartos. The first quarto reads—*egregious deaths.* Steevens.

6 — detected with —] Thus the old copies. *With* was sometimes used for *of*. So, a little after:

"I sooner will suspect the sun *with* cold."

Detected *of* a jealous, &c. would have been the common grammar of the times. The modern editors read—*by*. Steevens.

7 — bilbo,] A *bilbo* is a Spanish blade, of which the excellence is flexibleness and elasticity. Johnson.

Bilbo, from *Bilboa*, a city of Biscay, where the best blades are made. Steevens.

8 — kidney,] *Kidney* in this phrase now signifies *kind* or *qualities*, but Falstaff means, *a man whose kidnies are as fat as mine.* Johnson.

sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Ætna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me [9] to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: Adieu. You shall have her, master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake; awake, master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen, and buck-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house: he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn mad [1].

[*Exit.*

[9] — address me —] i. e. make myself ready. So, in King Henry V.:

"To-morrow for our march we are *addrest*."

Again, in Macbeth:

"But they did say their prayers, and *address'd* them
"Again to sleep." STEEVENS.

[1] — I'll be HORN MAD.] There is no image which our author

ACT IV. SCENE I[2].

The Street.

Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Quickly, and William.

Mrs. Page. Is he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure, he is by this; or will be presently: but truly, he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school: Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

How now, sir Hugh? no school to-day?

Eva. No; master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

appears so fond of, as that of cuckold's horns. Scarcely a light character is introduced that does not endeavour to produce merriment by some allusion to horned husbands. As he wrote his plays for the stage rather than the press, he perhaps reviewed them seldom and did not observe this repetition; or finding the jest, however frequent, still successful, did not think correction necessary. Johnson.

[2] This is a very trifling scene, of no use to the plot, and I should think of no great delight to the audience; but Shakspeare best knew what would please. Johnson.

We may suppose this scene to have been a very entertaining one to the audience for which it was written. Many of the old plays exhibit pedants instructing their scholars. Marston has a very long one in his What You Will, between a schoolmaster, and Holofernes, Nathaniel, &c. his pupils. The title of this play was perhaps borrowed by Shakspeare, to join to that of Twelfth Night. What You Will appeared in 1607. Twelfth Night was first printed in 1623. Steevens.

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more; because they say, od's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tatlings. What is *fair*, William?

Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Pole-cats! there are fairer things than pole-cats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *lapis;* I pray you remember in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

Eva. That is good, William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Eva. Nominativo, hig, hag, hog;—pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus:* Well, what is your *accusative case?*

Will. Accusativo, hinc.

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *Accusativo, hing, hang, hog.*

Quick. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the focative case, William?

Will. O—*vocativo*, O.
Eva. Remember, William; focative is, *caret*.
Quick. And that's a good root.
Eva. 'Oman, forbear.
Mrs. Page. Peace.
Eva. What is your *genitive case plural*, William?
Will. Genitive case?
Eva. Ay.
Will. Genitive,—horum, harum, horum[4].
Quick. 'Vengeance of *Jenny's* case! fie on her! —never name her, child, if she be a whore.
Eva. For shame, 'oman.
Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack[5], which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call horum, —fie upon you!
Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish christian creatures as I would desires.
Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee hold thy peace.
Eva. Shew me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.
Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.
Eva. It is *ki*, *kæ*, *cod*; if you forget your *kies*, your *kæs*[6], and your *cods*, you must be preeches[7]. Go your ways, and play, go.

[4] — *horum, harum, horum.*] Taylor, the water-poet, has borrowed this jest, such as it is, in his character of a strumpet:

"And comes to *horum, harum, whorum*, then
"She proves a great proficient among men." STEEVENS.

[5] — to hick and to hack,] Sir William Blackstone thought, that this, in Dame Quickly's language, signifies "to stammer or hesitate, as boys do in saying their lessons;" but Mr. Steevens, with more probability, supposes that it signifies, in her dialect, *to do mischief.* MALONE.

[6] — your *kies*, *your kæs*, &c.] All this ribaldry is likewise found in Taylor, the water-poet. See fol. edit. p. 106. STEEVENS.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar, than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag [8] memory. Farewell, mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good sir Hugh. [*Exit Sir Hugh.*] Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Ford's House.

Enter Falstaff and Mrs. Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance: I see, you are obsequious in your love [9], and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mrs. Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

[7] —you must be PREECHES.] Sir Hugh means to say—you must be *breeched*, i. e. *flogged*. To *breech* is to *flog*. So, in The Taming of the Shrew:

"I am no *breeching* scholar in the schools."

Again, in The Humorous Lieutenant, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Cry like a *breech'd* boy, not eat a bit." STEEVENS.

[8] —sprag—] I am told that this word is still used by the common people in the neighbourhood of Bath, where it signifies *ready, alert, sprightly*, and is pronounced as if it was written—*sprack*. STEEVENS.

A *spackt* lad or wench, says Ray, is *apt to learn, ingenious*. REED.

This word is used by Tony Aston, the comedian, in his supplement to Colley Cibber's Life; "Mr. Dogget (he tells us,) was a little lively *sprack* man." MALONE.

[9] —your SORROW hath eaten up my sufferance: I see, you are OBSEQUIOUS in your love.] So, in Hamlet:

"——for some term
"To do *obsequious sorrow*."

The epithet *obsequious* refers, in both instances, to the seriousness with which *obsequies*, or *funeral ceremonies*, are performed. STEEVENS.

MRS. FORD. He's a birding, sweet sir John.

MRS. PAGE. [*Within.*] What hoa, gossip Ford! what hoa!

MRS. FORD. Step into the chamber, sir John.

[*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Enter Mrs. PAGE.

MRS. PAGE. How now, sweetheart? who's at home besides yourself?

MRS. FORD. Why, none but mine own people.

MRS. PAGE. Indeed?

MRS. FORD. No, certainly;—Speak louder.

[*Aside.*

MRS. PAGE. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

MRS. FORD. Why?

MRS. PAGE. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes[1] again: he so takes on[2] yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, *Peer-out, Peer-out!*[3] that any madness, I ever yet beheld, seemed but tameness, civility, and patience,

[1] —lunes—] i. e. lunacy, frenzy. See a note on The Winter's Tale, Act II. Sc. II. The folio reads—*lines*, instead of *lunes*. The elder quartos—his old *vaine* again. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[2] —he so TAKES ON—] *To take on*, which is now used for *to grieve*, seems to be used by our author for *to rage*. Perhaps it was applied to any passion. JOHNSON.

It is used by Nash in Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil, 1592, in the same sense: "Some will *take on* like a madman, if they see a pig come to the table." MALONE.

[3] —*Peer-out!*] That is, *appear horns*. Shakspeare is at his old lunes. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare here refers to the practice of children, when they call on a snail to push forth his horns:

"Peer out, peer out, peer out of your hole,
"Or else I'll beat you black as a coal." HENLEY.

to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears, he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket: protests to my husband, he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you?—Away with him, away with him; better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket: May I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols[4], that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here[5]?

[4] — watch the door with PISTOLS,] This is one of Shakspeare's anachronisms. DOUCE.

Thus, in Pericles, Prince of Tyre, Thaliard says:

" ——— if I

" Can get him once within my *pistol's* length," &c.

and Thaliard was one of the courtiers of Antiochus the third, who reigned 200 years before Christ; a period rather too early for the use of *pistols*. STEEVENS.

Fal. What shall I do?—I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces: Creep into the kiln-hole [6].

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract [7] for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go [8] out in your own semblance, you die, sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

[5] But what make you here?] i. e. what do you here? Malone.

The same phrase occurs in the first scene of As You Like It: "Now, sir! *what make you here!*" Steevens.

It occurs in Othello, Hamlet, Love's Labour's Lost, and many others of our author's plays. Boswell.

[6] — creep into the kiln-hole.] I suspect, these words belong to Mrs. Page. See Mrs. Ford's next speech. That, however, may be a second thought; a correction of her former proposal: but the other supposition is more probable. Malone.

[7] — an ABSTRACT —] i. e. a list, an inventory. Steevens.

Rather, a short note or description. So, in Hamlet:

"The *abstract*, and brief chronicle of the times." Malone.

[8] *Mrs. Page.* If you go, &c.] In the first folio, by the mistake of the compositor, the name of Mrs. Ford is prefixed to this speech and the next. For the correction now made I am answerable. The editor of the second folio put the two speeches together, and gave them both to Mrs. Ford. The threat of danger from *without* ascertains the first to belong to Mrs. Page. See her speech on Falstaff's re-entrance. Malone.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity, rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too [9]: Run up, sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet sir John: mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick; we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while.

[*Exit Falstaff.*

Mrs. Ford. I would, my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears, she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and

9 — her THRUM'D hat, and her MUFFLER too:] The *thrum* is the end of a weaver's warp, and, we may suppose, was used for the purpose of making coarse hats. So, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream:

"O fates, come, come,
"Cut thread and *thrum*."

A *muffler* was some part of dress that covered the face. So, in The Cobler's Prophecy, 1594:

"Now is she bare fac'd to be seen:—strait on her *muffler* goes."

Again, in Laneham's account of Queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Kenelworth Castle, 1575: "— his mother lent him a nu *mufflar* for a napkin, that was tyed to hiz gyrdl for lozyng."

STEEVENS.

The *muffler* was a part of female attire, which only covered the lower half of the face. DOUCE.

See it fully explained in Mr. Douce's Observations on Shakspeare, vol. i. p. 75. BOSWELL.

A *thrum'd* hat was made of very coarse woollen cloth. See Minsheu's Dict, 1617, in v. *Thrum'd* is, *formed of thrums*.

MALONE.

talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough[1].

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:
We do not act, that often jest and laugh;
'Tis old but true, *Still swine eat all the draff*[2].
[*Exit.*

Re-enter Mrs. Ford, with two Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, despatch.
[*Exit.*

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take it up.

2 *Serv.* Pray heaven, it be not full of knight[3] again.

[1] — misuse HIM enough.] *Him*, which was accidentally omitted in the first folio, was inserted by the editor of the second. MALONE.

[2] — *Still swine*, &c.] This is a proverbial sentence. See Ray's Collection. MALONE.

[3] — of KNIGHT —] The only authentick copy, the first folio, reads—" full *of knight*." The editor of the second—" of *the* knight;" I think, unnecessarily. We have just had—" hard *at door*." MALONE.

At door, is a frequent provincial ellipsis. *Full of knight* is a phrase without example; and the present speaker (one of Ford's drudges) was not meant for a dealer in grotesque language. I therefore read with the second folio. STEEVENS.

1 *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter Ford, Page, Shallow, Caius, *and Sir* Hugh Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villain:—Somebody call my wife:——You, youth in a basket, come out here[4]!—O, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging[5], a pack, a conspiracy against me: Now shall the devil be shamed. What! wife, I say! come, come forth; behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes[6]! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

[4] You, youth in a basket, come out here!] This reading I have adopted from the early quarto. The folio has only—"Youth in a basket!" Malone.

[5] —a ging.] Old copy—*gin*. *Ging* was the word intended by the poet, and was anciently used for *gang*. So, in Ben Jonson's New Inn, 1631:

"The secret is, I would not willingly
"See or be seen to any of this *ging*,
"Especially the lady."

Again, in The Alchemist, 1610:

"——Sure he has got
"Some baudy picture to call all this *ging*;
"The friar and the boy, or the new motion," &c. Malone.

The second folio [1632] (so severely censured by Mr. Malone, and yet so often quoted by him as the source of emendations,) reads—*ging*. Milton, in his Smectymnuus, employs the same word: "—I am met with a whole *ging* of words and phrases not mine." See edit. 1753, vol. i. p. 119. Steevens.

[6]—this passes!] The force of the phrase I did not understand, when a former impression of Shakspeare was prepared; and therefore gave these two words as part of an imperfect sentence. One of the obsolete senses of the word, *to pass*, is *to go beyond bounds*.

So, in Sir Clyomon, &c. Knight of the Golden Shield, 1599:

"I have such a deal of substance here when Brian's men are slaine,
"That it *passeth*. O that I had while to stay!"

Eva. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Ford. So say I too, sir.—Come hither, mistress Ford; mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.—— Come forth, sirrah.

[*Pulls the Clothes out of the Basket.*

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why,—

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable: Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you[7].

Again, in the translation of the Menæchmi, 1595: "This *passeth!* that I meet with none, but thus they vexe me with strange speeches." Steevens.

See p. 32. Malone.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else, but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman [8]. Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What hoa, mistress Page! come you, and the old woman, down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! What old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms [9], by spells,

[7] — this WRONGS you.] This is below your character, unworthy of your understanding, injurious to your honour. So, in The Taming of the Shrew, Bianca, being ill treated by her rugged sister, says:

"You *wrong* me much, indeed you *wrong* yourself."

JOHNSON.

[8] — his wife's LEMAN.] *Leman*, i. e. *lover*, is derived from *leef*, Dutch, *beloved*, and *man*. STEEVENS.

[9] She works by charms, &c.] Concerning some *old woman of Brentford*, there are several ballads; among the rest, *Julian of Brentford's* Last Will and Testament, 1599. STEEVENS.

This without doubt was the person here alluded to; for in the early quarto Mrs. Ford says—"my maid's aunt, *Gillian of Brentford*, hath a gown above." So also, in Westward Hoe, a comedy, 1607: "I doubt that old hag, *Gillian of Brentford*, has *bewitched* me." MALONE.

Mr. Steevens, perhaps, has been misled by the vague expression of the Stationers' book. Jyl of Breyntford's Testament, to

by the figure, and such daubery [1] as this is; beyond our element: we know nothing.——Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband;—good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman [2].

Enter Falstaff in Women's Clothes, led by Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll *prat* her:——Out of my door, you witch! [*beats him*] you rag [3], you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon [4]! out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit Falstaff.*

which he seems to allude, was written by Robert, and printed by William Copland, long before 1599. But this, the only publication, it is believed, concerning the above lady, at present known, is certainly *no ballad*. Ritson.

Julian of Brainford's Testament is mentioned by Laneham in his letter from Killingwoorth Castle, 1575, amongst many other works of established notoriety. Henley.

[1] — such DAUBERY —] *Dauberies* are *counterfeits; disguises*. So, in King Lear, Edgar says:

"I cannot *daub* it further." Steevens.

Perhaps rather—such *gross falshood*, and *imposition*. In our author's time a *dauber* and a *plasterer* were synonymous. See Minshieu's Dict, in v. "To lay it on with a *trowel*" was a phrase of that time, applied to one who uttered a gross lie. It may however mean, superficial external appearances. So, in King Richard III.:

"So smooth he *daub'd* his vice with shew of virtue."

Malone.

[2] — let him NOT strike the old woman.] *Not*, which was inadvertently omitted in the first folio, was supplied by the second. Malone.

[3] — you RAG,] This opprobrious term is again used in Timon of Athens: "— thy father, that poor *rag* —." Mr. Rowe unnecessarily dismissed this word, and introduced *hag* in its place. Malone.

[4] — ronyon !] *Ronyon*, applied to a woman, means, as far as can be traced, much the same with *scall* or *scab* spoken of a man. Johnson.

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think, you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it:—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler [5].

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail [6], never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Page, Ford, Shallow, and Evans.*

From *Rogneux*, Fr. So, in Macbeth:

"Aroint thee, witch, the rump-fed *ronyon* cries."

Again, in As You Like It: "—the *roynish* clown." Steevens.

[5] —I spy a great PEARD under her MUFFLER.] One of the marks of a supposed witch was a *beard*.

So, in The Duke's Mistress, 1638:

"—— a chin, without all controversy, good
"To go a fishing with; a *witches beard* on't."

See also Macbeth, Act I. Sc. III.

The *muffler* (as I have learned since our last sheet was worked off) was a thin piece of linen that covered the lips and chin. See the figures of two market-women, at the bottom of G. Hoefnagle's curious plate of Nonsuch, in Braunii Civitates Orbis Terrarum; Part V. Plate I. See likewise the bottom of the view of Shrewsbury, &c. ibid. Part VI. Plate II. where the female peasant seems to wear the same article of dress. See also a country-woman at the corner of Speed's map of England. Steevens.

As the second stratagem, by which Falstaff escapes, is much the grosser of the two, I wish it had been practised first. It is very unlikely that Ford, having been so deceived before, and knowing that he had been deceived, would suffer him to escape in so slight a disguise. Johnson.

[6] — CRY out thus upon no TRAIL,] The expression is taken from the hunters. *Trail* is the scent left by the passage of the game. *To cry out*, is to *open* or *bark*. Johnson.

So, in Hamlet:

"How cheerfully on the false *trail* they *cry:*
"Oh! this is counter, ye false Danish *dogs!*" Steevens.

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallowed, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him; if the devil have him not in fee simple, with fine and recovery[7], he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again[8].

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant, they'll have him publickly shamed: and, methinks, there would be no period[9] to the jest, should he not be publickly shamed.

[7] —if the devil have him not in FEE-SIMPLE, with FINE and RECOVERY,] Our author had been long enough in an attorney's office, to learn that *fee-simple* is the *largest estate*, and *fine and recovery* the *strongest assurance*, known to English law. RITSON.

[8] —in the way of WASTE, attempt us again.] i. e. he will not make further attempts to ruin us, by corrupting our virtue, and destroying our reputation. STEEVENS.

[9] —no PERIOD —] Shakspeare seems, by *no period*, to mean, *no proper catastrophe*. Of this Hanmer was so well persuaded, that he thinks it necessary to read—no *right* period. STEEVENS.

Our author often uses *period*, for *end* or *conclusion*. So, King Richard III.:

"O, let me make the *period* to my curse." MALONE.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then, shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and Bardolph.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire * to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

Bard. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you [1].

Host. They shall have my horses: but I'll make them pay, I'll sauce them: they have had my houses a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off [2]; I'll sauce them: Come. [*Exeunt.*

* First folio, *Germane desires.*

[1] —I'll call THEM to you.] Old copy—I'll call *him.* Corrected in the third folio. MALONE.

[2] —they must COME OFF;] *To come off,* is, *to pay.* In this sense it is used by Massinger, in The Unnatural Combat, Act IV. Sc. II. where a wench, demanding money of the father to keep his bastard, says: "*Will you come off, sir?*" Again, in Decker's If This Be Not A Good Play, The Devil Is In It, 1612:

"Do not your gallants *come off* roundly then?"

Again, in Heywood's If You Know Not Me You Know Nobody, 1633, p. 2: "—and then if he will not *come off,* carry him to the compter." Again, in A Trick to Catch The Old One, 1608:

"Hark in thine ear:—will he *come off,* think'st thou, and pay my debts?"

Again, in The Return from Parnassus, 1606:

"It is his meaning I should *come off.*"

Again, in The Widow, by Ben Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton, 1652: "I am forty dollars better for that: an 'twould *come off* quicker, 'twere nere a whit the worse for me." Again, in A

SCENE IV.

A Room in FORD'S House.

Enter PAGE, FORD, *Mrs.* PAGE, *Mrs.* FORD, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

EVA. 'Tis one of the pest discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

PAGE. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. PAGE. Within a quarter of an hour.

FORD. Pardon me, wife: Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will suspect the sun with cold [3],

Merye Jest of a Man called Howleglas, bl. l. no date: "Therefore *come of* lightly, and geve me my mony." STEEVENS.

"They must *come off*, (says mine host,) I'll sauce them." This passage has exercised the criticks. It is altered by Dr. Warburton; but there is no corruption, and Mr. Steevens has rightly interpreted it. The quotation, however, from Massinger, which is referred to likewise by Mr. Edwards in his Canons of Criticism, scarcely satisfied Mr. Heath, and still less Mr. Capell, who gives us, "They must *not* come off." It is strange that any one, conversant in old language, should hesitate at this phrase. Take another quotation or two, that the difficulty may be effectually removed for the future. In John Heywood's play of The Four P's, the *pedlar* says:

"—— If you be willing to buy,
"Lay down money, *come off* quickly."

In The Widow, by Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton: "—if he will *come off* roundly, he'll set him free too." And again, in Fennor's Comptor's Commonwealth: "—except I would *come off* roundly, I should be bar'd of that priviledge," &c. FARMER.

The phrase is used by Chaucer, Friar's Tale, 338, edit. Urry:

"*Come off* and let me riden hastily,
"Give me twelve pence; I may no longer tarie."

TYRWHITT.

3 I rather will suspect the SUN with COLD,] Thus the modern editions. The old ones read—with *gold*, which may mean, 'I rather will suspect the sun can be a thief, or be *corrupted by a bribe*, than thy honour can be betrayed to wantonness.' Mr. Rowe silently made the change, which succeeding editors have as

Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour
stand,
In him that was of late an heretick,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as éxtreme in submission,
As in offence;
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us publick sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they
spoke of.

Page. How! to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight! fie, fie; he'll never come.

Eva. You say, he has been thrown into the rivers; and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman: methinks, there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks, his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when
he comes,
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

silently adopted. A thought of a similar kind occurs in Henry IV. Part I.:

"Shall the blessed *sun* of heaven prove a *micher?*"

I have not, however, displaced Mr. Rowe's emendation; as a zeal to preserve old readings, without distinction, may sometimes prove as injurious to our author's reputation, as a desire to introduce new ones, without attention to the quaintness of phraseology then in use. Steevens.

So, in Westward for Smelts, a pamphlet which Shakspeare certainly had read: "I answere in the behalfe of one, who is *as free from disloyaltie, as is the sunne from darkness, or the fire from cold.*" A husband is speaking of his wife. Malone.

It was not *silently* adopted, but pointed out as Rowe's emendation by Mr. Malone, 1790. Boswell.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle [4];
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed eld [5]
Received, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
Disguised like Herne, with huge horns on his head [6].

[4] — and TAKES the cattle;] To *take*, in Shakspeare, signifies to seize or strike with a disease, to blast. So, in Lear:

" —— Strike her young bones,
" Ye *taking* airs, with lameness." JOHNSON.

So, in Markham's Treatise of Horses, 1595, chap. 8: " Of a horse that is *taken*. A horse that is bereft of his feeling, mooving or styrring, is said to be *taken*, and in sooth so he is, in that he is arrested by so villainous a disease; yet some farriors, not well understanding the ground of the disease, conster the word *taken*, to be stricken by some planet or evil-spirit, which is false," &c. Thus our poet:

" —— No planets *strike*, no fairy *takes*." TOLLET.

[5] — idle-headed ELD —] *Eld* seems to be used here for what our poet calls in Macbeth—the *olden time*. It is employed in Measure for Measure, to express *age* and *decrepitude*:

" —— doth beg the alms
" Of palsied *eld*." STEEVENS.

I rather imagine it is used here for *old persons*. MALONE.

[6] Disguised like Herne, with huge horns on his head.] This line, which is not in the folio, was properly restored from the old quarto by Mr. Theobald. He at the same time introduced another: " We'll send him word to meet us in the field;" which

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape: When you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?
Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like urchins, ouphes [7], and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song [8]; upon their sight,

is clearly unnecessary, and indeed improper: for the word *field* relates to two preceding lines of the quarto, which have not been introduced:

" Now, for that Falstaff has been so deceiv'd,
" As that he dares not meet us in the *house*,
" We'll send him word to meet us in the *field*." Malone.

[7] — urchins, ouphes,] The primitive signification of *urchin* is a hedge-hog. In this sense it is used in The Tempest. Hence it comes to signify any thing little and dwarfish. *Ouph* is the Teutonick word for a *fairy* or *goblin*. Steevens.

[8] With some DIFFUSED song;] A *diffused song* signifies a song that strikes out into wild sentiments beyond the bounds of nature, such as those whose subject is fairy land. Warburton.

Diffused may mean *confused*. So, in Stowe's Chronicle, p. 553: " Rice quoth he, (i. e. Cardinal Wolsey,) speak you Welch to him: I doubt not but thy speech shall be more *diffuse* to him, than his French shall be to thee." Tollet.

By *diffused song*, Shakspeare may mean such unconnected ditties as mad people sing. Kent, in K. Lear, when he has determined to assume an appearance foreign to his own, declares his resolution to *diffuse his speech*, i. e. to give it a wild and irregular turn. Steevens.

" With some *diffused* song;" i. e. wild, irregular, discordant. That this was the meaning of the word, I have shown in a note on King Lear by a passage from one of Greene's pamphlets, in which he calls a dress of which the different parts were made after the fashions of different countries, " a *diffused* attire."
Malone.

We two in great amazedness will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to-pinch the unclean knight[9];
And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread,
In shape profane.

MRS. FORD. And till he tell the truth,

The phrase *diffused attire*, is found in our author's Henry V. Act V. Sc. II. *Diffused*, in the sense of *scattered*, occurs in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. v. c. xi. st. 47:

" ——— That yron man
" With his huge flail began to lay about;
" From whose sterne presence they *diffused* ran." BOSWELL.

9 And, fairy-like, TO-PINCH the unclean knight:] This use of *to* in composition with verbs, is very common in Gower and Chaucer, but must have been rather antiquated in the time of Shakspeare. See, Gower, De Confessione Amantis, b. iv. fol. 7:

" All *to-tore* is myn araie."

And Chaucer, Reeve's Tale, 1169:

" —— mouth and nose *to-broke*."

The construction will otherwise be very hard. TYRWHITT.

I add a few more instances, to show that this use of the preposition *to* was not entirely antiquated in the time of our author. So, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. iv. c. 7:

" With briers and bushes all *to-rent* and scratched."

Again, b. v. c. 8:

" With locks all loose, and raiment all *to-tore*."

Again, b. v. c. 9:

" Made of strange stuffe, but all *to-worne* and ragged,
" And underneath the breech was all *to-torne* and jagged."

Again, in The Three Lords of London, 1590:

" The post at which he runs, and all *to-burns* it."

Again, in Philemon Holland's Translation of the 10th Book of Pliny's Nat. Hist. ch. 74: " —shee againe to be quit with them, will all *to-pinch* and nip both the fox and her cubs." STEEVENS.

So, Milton in his Masque:

" Were all *to-ruffled*, and sometimes impair'd." BOSWELL.

The editor of Gawin Douglas's Translation of the Æneid, fol. Edinb. 1710, observes, in his General Rules for the Understanding the Language, that *to* prefixed, in ancient writers, has little or no significancy, but with *all* put before it, signifies *altogether*. Since, Milton has " were *all to*-ruffled," see Comus, v. 380. Warton's edit. it is not likely that this practice was become antiquated in the time of Shakspeare, as Mr. Tyrwhitt supposes.

HOLT WHITE.

Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound [1],
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves; dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practised well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-an-apes also [2], to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy;—and in that time [3]
Shall master Slender steal my Nan away,
And marry her at Eton. [*Aside.*]—Go, send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook:
He'll tell me all his purpose: Sure, he'll come.

[1] — pinch him SOUND,] i. e. *soundly*. The adjective used as an adverb. The modern editors read—*round*. STEEVENS.

[2] I will teach the children their behaviours; AND I WILL BE LIKE A JACK-AN-APES ALSO,] The idea of this stratagem, &c. might have been adopted from part of the entertainment prepared by Thomas Churchyard for Queen Elizabeth at Norwich: "And these boyes, &c. were to play by a deuise and degrees the *Phayries*, and to daunce (as neere as could be ymagined) like the *Phayries*. Their attire, and comming so strangely out, I know made the Queenes highnesse smyle and laugh withall, &c. *I ledde the yong foolishe Phayries a daunce*, &c. and as I heard said, it was well taken." STEEVENS.

[3] That silk will I go buy;—and in THAT TIME—] Mr. Theobald, referring *that time* to the time of buying the silk, alters it to *tire*. But there is no need of any change; *that time* evidently relating to the time of the mask with which Falstaff was to be entertained, and which makes the whole subject of this dialogue. Therefore the common reading is right. WARBURTON.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that: Go, get us properties [4],
And tricking for our fairies [5].

Eva. Let us about it: It is admirable pleasures, and fery honest knaveries.

[*Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans.*

Mrs. Page. Go, mistress Ford,
Send Quickly to sir John, to know his mind.

[*Exit Mrs. Ford.*

I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband best of all affects:
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and Simple.

Host. What would'st thou have, boor? what, thick-skin [6]? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

[4] — properties,] *Properties* are little incidental necessaries to a theatre, exclusive of scenes and dresses. So, in The Taming of a Shrew: "—a shoulder of mutton for a *property*." See A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act I. Sc. II. Steevens.

[5] — TRICKING for our fairies.] To *trick*, is to dress out. So, in Milton:

"Not *trick'd* and frounc'd as she was wont,
"With the Attic boy to hunt;
"But kerchief'd in a homely cloud." Steevens.

[6] — what, THICK-SKIN?] I meet with this term of abuse in Warner's Albion's England, 1602, book vi. chap. 30:

"That he, so foul a *thick-skin*, should so fair a lady catch."

The eleventh book, however, of Pliny's Nat. Hist. (I shall

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with sir John Falstaff from master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed[7]; 'tis painted about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new: Go, knock and call; he'll speak like an *Anthropophaginian*[8] unto thee: Knock, I say.

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down: I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I'll call.—Bully knight! Bully sir John! speak from thy lungs military: Art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian[9], calls.

Fal. [*above.*] How now, mine host?

quote from P. Holland's Translation, 1601, p. 346,) will best explain the meaning of this term of obloquy: "—men also, who are *thicke skinned*, be more grosse of sence and understanding," &c. Steevens.

7 —standing-bed, and TRUCKLE-BED;] The usual furniture of chambers in that time was a standing-bed, under which was a *trochle*, *truckle*, or *running* bed. In the standing-bed lay the master, and in the truckle bed the servant. So, in Hall's Account of a Servile Tutor:

"He lieth in the *truckle-bed*,
"While his young master lieth o'er his head." Johnson.

So, in The Return from Parnassus, 1606:

"When I lay in a *trundle-bed* under my tutor."

And here the tutor has the upper bed. Again, in Heywood's Royal King, &c. 1637: "—shew these gentlemen into a close room with *standing-bed* in't, and a *truckle* too." Steevens.

8 — *Anthropophaginian*—] i. e. a cannibal. See Othello, Act I. Sc. III. It is here used as a sounding word to astonish Simple. *Ephesian*, which follows, has no other meaning. Steevens.

9 —thine Ephesian,] This was a cant term of the time. So, in K. Henry IV. Part II. Act II. Sc. II.: "*P. Henry.* What company? *Page.* *Ephesians*, my lord, of the old church." See the note there. Malone.

Hanmer supposes *Ephesian* to be a designed blunder for *Ephæstion*. Steevens.

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar[1] tarries the coming down of thy fat woman: Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: Fye! privacy? fye!

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford[2]?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell[3]; What would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, my master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go thorough the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man, that beguiled master Slender of his chain, cozened him of it.

[1] —Bohemian-Tartar —] The French call a *Bohemian* what we call a *Gypsey;* but I believe the Host means nothing more than, by a wild appellation, to insinuate that Simple makes a strange appearance. JOHNSON.

In Germany there were several companies of vagabonds, &c. called *Tartars* and Zigens. "These were the same in my opinion," says Mezeray, "as those the French call *Bohemians*, and the English Gypsies." *Bulteel's Translation of Mezeray's History of France*, under the year 1417. TOLLET.

[2] —wise woman of Brentford?] In our author's time female dealers in palmistry and fortune-telling were usually denominated *wise women*. So the person from whom Heywood's play of The Wise Woman of Hogsden, 1638, takes its title, is employed in answering many such questions as are the objects of Simple's enquiry. REED.

This appellation occurs also in our version of the Bible: "Her *wise ladies answered* her, yea, she returned answer to herself." *Judges*, v. 29. STEEVENS.

[3] —muscle-shell:] He calls poor Simple *muscle-shell*, because he stands with his mouth open. JOHNSON.

Sim. I would, I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.

Host. Conceal them, or thou diest[4].

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about mistress Anne Page; to know, if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her,—or no: Go; say, the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be so bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir Tike; who more bold[5]?

Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit Simple.*

Host. Thou art clerkly[6], thou art clerkly, sir John: Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one, that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before

[4] *Simp.* I may not CONCEAL them, sir.

Host. CONCEAL them, or thou diest.] In both these instances Dr. Farmer thinks we should read—*reveal.* STEEVENS.

"*Simp.* I may, &c." In the old copy this speech is given to Falstaff. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. I mention this error, because it justifies other similar corrections that have been made. See p. 14, and p. 150.

Mr. Boaden suggests that the next speech may belong to Falstaff, instead of the Host. MALONE.

[5] Ay, sir Tike; who more bold?] In the first edition, it stands: "I Tike, who more bolde." And should plainly be read here, "Ay, sir Tike," &c. FARMER.

The folio reads—Ay, sir, *like*, &c. MALONE.

[6] —clerkly,] i. e. scholar-like. So, in Sidney's Arcadia, lib. iii.:

"Lanquet, the shepheard best swift Ister knew
"For *clearkly* reed," &c.

Again, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II. Sc. I.:

"——'tis very *clerkly* done." STEEVENS.

in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning[7].

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage! meer cozenage!

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses[8].

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say, they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

Eva. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three couzin germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good-will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs; and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened: Fare you well. [*Exit.*

7 — I PAID nothing for it neither, but was PAID for my learning.] He alludes to the beating which he had just received. The same play on words occurs in Cymbeline, Act V.: "—sorry you have *paid* too much, and sorry that you are *paid* too much."

STEEVENS.

To *pay*, in our author's time, often signified to *beat*. So, in King Henry IV. Part I.: "—seven of the eleven I *paid*."

MALONE.

8 —like three GERMAN devils, three DOCTOR FAUSTUSES.] *John Faust*, commonly called *Doctor Faustus*, was a *German*.

Marlowe's play on this subject had sufficiently familiarized Bardolph's simile to our author's audience. STEEVENS.

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine *Host de Jarterre?*

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: But it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke *de Jarmany:* by my trot, dere is no duke, dat de court is know to come: I tell you for good vill: adieu. [*Exit.*

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go:—assist me, knight; I am undone:—fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone! [*Exeunt Host and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. I would, all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozened, and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me; I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear[9]. I never prospered since I forswore myself at *primero*[1].

9 — CREST-FALLEN as a DRIED PEAR.] To ascertain the propriety of this similitude, it may be observed that *pears*, when they are *dried*, become flat, and lose the erect and oblong form that, in their natural state, distinguishes them from apples. STEEVENS.

1 —*primero*.] A game at cards. JOHNSON.

Primero was in Shakspeare's time the fashionable game. In the Earl of Northumberland's letters about the powder plot, Josc. Percy was playing at *primero* on Sunday, when his uncle, the conspirator, called on him at Essex House. This game is again mentioned in our author's Henry VIII. PERCY.

"*Primero* and *primavista*, two games of cards. *Primum et primum visum*, that is, first, and first scene, because he that can show such an order of cardes, wins the game." See Minsheu's Dict. 1617. REED.

In the Sydney Papers, vol. ii. p. 83, is the following account of an altercation that happened between our poet's generous patron, and one Willoughby, at this game:—"The quarrel of my Lord Southampton to Ambrose Willoughby grew upon this: That he,

Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers [2], I would repent.—

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Now! whence come you?

QUICK. From the two parties, forsooth.

FAL. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestowed! I have suffered more for their sakes, more, than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

QUICK. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

FAL. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman [3], deliver'd me, the knave constable had

with Sir Walter Rawley and Mr. Parker, being at *primero* in the presence-chamber, the queen was gone to bed; and he being there, as squire of the body, desired him to give over. Soon after he spoke to them againe, that if they would not leave, he would call in the guard to pull down the bord; which Sir Walter Rawley seeing, put up his money, and went his wayes; but my Lord Southampton took exceptions at hym, and told hym, he would remember yt: and so finding hym between the Tennis-Court wall and the garden, strooke him; and Willoughby pull'd of some of his lockes." This happened in the beginning of 1598. MALONE.

The manner of playing at this game may be seen in an Epigram quoted in Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays, vol. v. p. 168, edit. 1780. See also vol. x. p. 368, and vol. xii. p. 396. REED.

[2] — to say my prayers,] These words were restored from the early quarto by Mr. Pope. They were probably omitted in the folio on account of the stat. 3 Jac. I. ch. 21. MALONE.

[3] — action of an OLD woman,] What! was it any dexterity of wit in Sir John Falstaff to counterfeit the action of an *old* woman;

set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well [4], that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Another Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Fenton and Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak: Assist me in my purpose,

in order to escape being apprehended for a *witch?* Surely, one would imagine, this was the readiest means to bring him into such a scrape: for none but *old* women have ever been suspected of being *witches.* The text must certainly be restored "*a wood* woman," a crazy, frantick woman; one too wild, and silly, and unmeaning, to have either the malice or mischievous subtlety of a witch in her. Theobald.

This emendation is received by Sir Thomas Hanmer, but rejected by Dr. Warburton. To me it appears reasonable enough. Johnson.

I am not certain that this change is necessary. Falstaff, by counterfeiting such weakness and infirmity, as would naturally be pitied in an old woman, averted the punishment to which he would otherwise have been subjected, on the supposition that he was a witch. Steevens.

The reading of the old copy is fully supported by what Falstaff says afterwards to Ford: "I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor *old* woman." Malone.

[4] Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, &c.] The great fault of this play is the frequency of expressions so profane, that no necessity of preserving character can justify them. There are laws of higher authority than those of criticism. Johnson.

And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold, more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection
(So far forth as herself might be her chooser,)
Even to my wish: I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof[5] so larded with my matter,
That neither, singly, can be manifested,
Without the show of both;—wherein fat Falstaff
Hath a great scene[6]: the image of the jest[7]
[*Showing the letter.*

[5] The mirth WHEREOF —] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope and all the subsequent editors read—The mirth *whereof's* so larded, &c. but the old reading is the true one, and the phraseology that of Shakspeare's age. *Whereof* was formerly used as we now use *thereof;* "—the mirth *thereof* being so larded," &c. So, in Mount Tabor, or Private Exercises of a Penitent Sinner, 8vo. 1639: "In the mean time [they] closely conveyed under the cloaths wherewithal he was covered, a vizard, like a swine's snout, upon his face, with three wire chains fastened thereunto, the other end *whereof being* holden severally by those three ladies; who fall to singing again," &c. MALONE.

[6] —— WHEREIN fat Falstaff
Hath a great scene:] The first folio reads:

"Without the shew of both: fat Falstaff," &c.

I have supplied the word that was probably omitted at the press, from the early quarto, where, in the corresponding place, we find—

"*Wherein* fat Falstaff hath a mighty scare [*scene*]."

The editor of the second folio, to supply the metre, arbitrarily reads—

"Without the shew of both;—fat *Sir John* Falstaff—." MALONE.

Scare in the quarto was probably meant for *share*, and not *scene*. BOSWELL.

[7] —the IMAGE of the jest—] *Image* is *representation*. So, in King Richard III.:

"And liv'd by looking on his *images*."

I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host:
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen;
The purpose why, is here [8]; in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot [9],
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry: she hath consented:
Now, sir,
Her mother, even strong against that match [1],
And firm for Dr. Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds [2],
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor;—Now, thus it rests:
Her father means she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,

Again, in Measure for Measure:—"The *image* of it gives me content already." STEEVENS.

These words allude to a custom still in use, of hanging out painted representations of shows.

So, in Bussy d'Ambois:

" ——— like a monster
" Kept onely to show men for goddesse money:
" That false hagge often paints him in her cloth
" Ten times more monstrous than he is in troth." HENLEY.

[8] — is here;] i. e. in the letter. STEEVENS.

[9] While other jests are something rank on foot,] i. e. while they are hotly pursuing other merriment of their own. STEEVENS.

[1] — EVEN strong against that match,] Thus the old copies. The modern editors read—*ever*, but perhaps without necessity. *Even* strong, is *as strong, with a familiar degree of strength.* So, in Hamlet, " — *even* christian " is *fellow* christian. STEEVENS.

[2] — TASKING of their minds,] So, in K. Henry V.:

" —— some things of weight
" That *task* our thoughts concerning us and France."

STEEVENS.

She shall go with him :—her mother hath intended,
The better to denote [3] her to the doctor,
(For they must all be mask'd and vizarded,)
That, quaint in green [4], she shall be loose enrob'd,
With ribbands pendant, flaring, 'bout her head ;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

[3] —TO DENOTE—] In the MSS. of our author's age *n* and *u* were formed so very much alike that they are scarcely distinguishable. Hence it was, that in the old copies of these plays one of these letters is frequently put for the other. From the cause assigned, or from an accidental inversion of the letter *n* at the press, the first folio in the present instance reads—*deuote*, u being constantly employed in that copy instead of *v*. The same mistake has happened in several other places. Thus, in Much Ado About Nothing, 1623, we find, "he is *turu'd* orthographer," instead of *turn'd*. Again, in Othello :—"to the contemplation, mark, and *deuotement* of her parts," instead of *denotement*. Again, in King John : This *expeditious* charge, instead of *expedition's*. Again, ibid. : *involuerable* for *invulnerable*. Again, in Hamlet, 1605, we meet with this very word put by an error of the press for *denote :*

"Together with all forms, modes, shapes of grief,
"That can *deuote* me truly."

The present emendation, which was suggested by Mr. Steevens, is fully supported by a subsequent passage, quoted by him : "—the white will *decipher* her well enough." MALONE.

[4] — QUAINT in green,] May mean fantastically drest in green. So, in Milton's Masque at Ludlow Castle :

"———lest the place,
"And my *quaint* habits, breed astonishment."

Quaintness, however, was anciently used to signify *gracefulness*. So, in Greene's Dialogue between a He and She Coney-Catcher, 1592 : "I began to think what a handsome man he was, and wished that he would come and take a night's lodging with me, sitting in a dump to think of the *quaintness* of his personage." In The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act III. Sc. I. *quaintly* is used for *ingeniously :*

"—— a ladder *quaintly* made of cords." STEEVENS.

In Daniel's Sonnets, 1594, it is used for *fantastick :*

"Prayers prevail not with a *quaint* disdayne." MALONE.

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me:
And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar:
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I'll make a present recompense. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more prattling:—go.——I'll hold[5]: This is the third time; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go; they say, there is divinity in odd numbers[6], either in nativity, chance, or death.—Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince[7]. [*Exit Mrs. Quickly.*

[5] — I'll HOLD:] I suppose he means—I'll *keep* the appointment. Or he may mean—I'll *believe*. So, in K. Henry VIII.: "Did you not of late days hear," &c.—"Yes, but *held* it not."
STEEVENS.

[6] — they say, there is DIVINITY IN ODD NUMBERS,] Alluding to the Roman adage—
"——— numero deus impare gaudet." *Virgil*, Ecl. viii.
STEEVENS.

[7] — hold up your head, and MINCE.] To *mince* is 'to walk with affected delicacy.' So, in The Merchant of Venice:

Enter FORD.

How now, master Brook? Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

FORD. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

FAL. I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, Ford her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you.—He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also, life is a shuttle [8]. I am in haste; go along with me; I'll tell you all, master Brook. Since I plucked geese [9], played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what it was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford: on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow: Strange things in hand, master Brook! follow. [*Exeunt.*

" —— turn two *mincing* steps
" Into a manly stride." STEEVENS.

So, in Stubbes's Anatomy of Abuses, Part II. sig. E 8:

" And not onlie upon these things do they spend their goods, (or rather the goods of the poore,) but also in pride; their *summum gaudium*, and upon their dansing minions, that *minse* it full gingerlie God wot, tripping like gotes, that en egge wold not brek under their feet." MALONE.

[8] — because I know also, LIFE IS A SHUTTLE.] An allusion to the sixth verse of the seventh chapter of the Book of Job: " My days are swifter than a weaver's *shuttle*," &c. STEEVENS.

[9] — Since I PLUCKED GEESE,] To strip a living goose of his feathers, was formerly an act of puerile barbarity. STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

Windsor Park.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter[1].

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word[2], how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, *mum;* she cries, *budget*[3]; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: but what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget?* the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil[4], and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] — my DAUGHTER.] The word *daughter* was inadvertently omitted in the first folio. The emendation was made by the editor of the second. MALONE.

[2] — a nay-word,] i. e. a watch-word. Mrs. Quickly has already used it in this sense. STEEVENS.

[3] — MUM; she cries, BUDGET;] These words appear to have been in common use before the time of our author: "And now if a man call them to accomptes, and aske the cause of al these their tragical and cruel doings, he shall have a short answer with *mum budget*, except they will peradventure allege this," &c. *Oration against the unlawful Insurrections of the Protestants*, bl. l. 8vo. 1615, sign. C 8. REED.

[4] — NO MAN means evil but the devil,] This is a double blunder; for some, of whom this was spoke, were women. We should read then, No *one* means. WARBURTON.

There is no blunder. In the ancient interludes and moralities, the beings of supreme power, excellence, or depravity, are occasionally styled *men*. So, in Much Ado About Nothing, Dogberry

SCENE III.

The Street in Windsor.

Enter Mrs PAGE, *Mrs.* FORD, *and Dr.* CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Master Doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly: Go before into the park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit Caius.*] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welch devil, Hugh [5]?

says: "God's a good *man*." Again, in an Epitaph, part of which has been borrowed as an absurd one, by Mr. Pope and his associates, who were not very well acquainted with ancient phraseology:

"Do all we can,
"Death is a *man*
"That never spareth none."

Again, in Jeronimo, or The First Part of the Spanish Tragedy, 1605:

"You're the last *man* I thought on, save the *devil*."

STEEVENS.

Page indirectly alludes to Falstaff, who was to be disguised like Herne the hunter, with horns upon his head. MALONE.

[5] —and the Welch devil, HUGH?] The former impressions read—the Welch Devil, *Herne?* But Falstaff was to represent Herne, and he was no Welchman. Where was the attention or sagacity of our editors, not to observe that Mrs. Ford is enquiring for [Sir *Hugh*] Evans by the name of the Welch devil? Dr. Thirlby likewise discovered the blunder of this passage.

THEOBALD.

I suppose only the letter *H.* was set down in the MS. and

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak [6], with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery,
Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on; To the oak, to the oak! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Windsor Park.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, and Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you; Come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

therefore, instead of *Hugh*, (which seems to be the true reading,) the editors substituted *Herne*. Steevens.

So, afterwards: "Well said, fairy *Hugh*." Malone.

[6] — in a pit hard by Herne's oak,] An *oak*, which may be that alluded to by Shakspeare, is still standing close to a *pit* in Windsor forest. It is yet shown as the *oak of Herne*. Steevens.

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Park.

Enter FALSTAFF *disguised, with a Buck's Head on.*

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on: Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me:—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns.—O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast.—You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda;—O, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose!—A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on't, Jove; a foul fault.—When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do[7]? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest: Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow[8]? Who comes here? my doe?

7 — When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do?] Shakspeare had perhaps in his thoughts the argument which Cherea employed in a similar situation. *Ter. Eun.* Act III. Sc. V.:

" ——— Quia consimilem luserat
" Jam olim ille ludum, impendio magis animus gaudebat mihi
" Deum sese in hominem convertisse, atque per alienas tegulas
" Venisse clanculum per impluvium, fucum factum mulieri.
" At quem deum? qui templa cœli summa sonitu concutit.
" *Ego homuncio hoc non facerem?* Ego vero illud ita feci, ac lubens."

A translation of Terence was published in 1598.

The same thought is found in Lyly's Euphues, 1580:—" I think in those days love was well ratified on earth, when lust was so full authorized by the gods in heaven." MALONE.

8 — Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to PISS MY TALLOW?] This, I find, is technical. In Turberville's Booke of Hunting, 1575: " During the time of their rut, the

Enter Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut?—Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green Sleeves;* hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation[9], I will shelter me here. [*Embracing her.*

harts live with small sustenance.—The red mushroome helpeth well to make them *pysse their greace*, they are then in so vehement heate," &c. Farmer.

In Ray's Collection of Proverbs, the phrase is yet further explained: "*He has piss'd his tallow.* This is spoken of bucks who grow lean after rutting-time, and may be applied to men."

The phrase, however, is of French extraction. Jacques de Fouilloux in his quarto volume entitled La Venerie, also tells us that stags in rutting time live chiefly on large red mushrooms, "qui aident fort à leur faire *pisser le suif.*" Steevens.

9 Let the sky rain POTATOES;—hail KISSING-COMFITS, and snow ERINGOES; let there come a TEMPEST of provocation,] *Potatoes*, when they were first introduced in England, were supposed to be strong provocatives. See Mr. Collins's note on a passage in Troilus and Cressida. Act V. Sc. II.

Kissing-comfits were sugar-plums, perfumed to make the breath sweet.

Monsieur Le Grand D'Aussi, in his Histoire de la Vie privée des Français, vol. ii. p. 273, observes—"Il y avait aussi de petits drageoirs qu'on portait en poche pour avoir, dans le jour, de quoi se *parfumer la bouche*."

So also in Webster's Duchess of Malfy, 1623:

"—— Sure your pistol holds
"Nothing but perfumes or *kissing comfits*."

In Swetnan Arraign'd, 1620, these confections are called—"*kissing-causes*."—"Their very breath is sophisticated with amber-pellets, and *kissing-causes*."

Again, in A Very Woman, by Massinger:

"*Comfits* of ambergris to help our *kisses*."

For eating these, Queen Mab may be said, in Romeo and Juliet, to *plague their lips with blisters.*

Eringoes, like potatoes, were esteemed to be stimulatives. So, (says the late Mr. Henderson,) in Drayton's Polyolbion:

"Whose root th' *eringo* is, the reines that doth inflame,
"So strongly to performe the Cytherean game."

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck [1], each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk [2], and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman [3]? ha!

But Shakspeare. very probably, had the following artificial *tempest* in his thoughts, when he put the words on which this note is founded into the mouth of Falstaff.

Holinshed informs us, that in the year 1583, for the entertainment of Prince Alasco, was performed "a verie statelie tragedie named Dido, wherein the queen's banket (with Æneas' narration of the destruction of Troie) was lively described in a marchpaine patterne,—*the tempest wherein it hailed small confects, rained rose-water, and snew an artificial kind of snow*, all strange, marvellous and abundant."

Brantome also, describing an earlier feast given by the Vidam of Chartres, says—"Au dessert, il y eut un *orage artificiel* qui, pendant une demie heure entiere, fit tomber une *pluie* d'eaux odorantes, et un *grêle de dragées*." Steevens.

[1] Divide me like a BRIBE-BUCK,] i. e. (as Mr. Theobald observes,) a *buck* sent for a *bribe*. He adds, that the old copies, mistakingly, read—*brib'd*-buck. Steevens.

Cartwright, in his Love's Convert, has an expression somewhat similar:

"Put off your mercer with your *fee-buck* for that season."

M. Mason.

[2] —my SHOULDERS for the FELLOW of this WALK,] Who the *fellow* is, or why he keeps his *shoulders* for him, I do not understand. Johnson.

A *walk* is that district in a forest, to which the jurisdiction of a particular keeper extends. So, in Lodge's Rosalynde, 1592: "Tell me, forester, under whom maintainest thou thy *walke?*"

Malone.

To the keeper the *shoulders* and *humbles* belong as a perquisite.

Grey.

So, in Friar Bacon, and Friar Bungay, 1599:

"Butter and cheese, and *humbles* of a deer,
"Such as poor keepers have within their lodge."

Again, in Holinshed, 1586, vol. i. p. 204: "The keeper, by a custom——hath the skin, head, *umbles*, chine and *shoulders*."

Steevens.

[3] — a woodman?] A *woodman* (says Mr. Reed, in a note on Measure for Measure, Act IV. Sc. III.) was an attendant on the officer, called Forrester. See Manwood on the Forest Laws, 4to.

Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [*Noise within.*

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford.
Mrs. Page. } Away, away. [*They run off.*

Fal. I think, the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, like a satyr; Mrs. Quickly, and Pistol; Anne Page, as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, dressed like fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads[4].

Quick. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moon-shine revellers, and shades of night,

1615, p. 46. It is here, however, used in a wanton sense, for one who chooses female game as the objects of his pursuit.

In its primitive sense I find it employed in an ancient MS. entitled The Boke of Huntyng, that is cleped Mayster of Game: "And wondre ye not though I sey *wodemanly*, for it is a poynt of a *wodemannys* crafte. And though it be wele fittyng to an hunter to kun do it, yet natheles it longeth more to a *wodemannys* crafte," &c. A woodman's calling is not very accurately defined by any author I have met with. Steevens.

[4] This stage-direction I have formed on that of the old quarto, corrected by such circumstances as the poet introduced when he new-modelled his play. In the folio there is no direction whatsoever. Mrs. Quickly and Pistol seem to have been but ill suited to the delivery of the speeches here attributed to them; nor are either of those personages named by Ford in a former scene, where the intended plot against Falstaff is mentioned. It is highly probable, (as a modern editor has observed,) that the performer who had represented Pistol, was afterwards, from necessity, employed among the fairies; and that his name thus crept into the copies. He here represents Puck, a part which in the old quarto is given to Sir Hugh. The introduction of Mrs. Quickly, however, cannot be accounted for in the same manner; for in the first sketch in

You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny [5],
Attend your office, and your quality [6].——
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.
Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys [7].

quarto, she is particularly described as the Queen of the Fairies; a part which our author afterwards allotted to Anne Page. MALONE.

5 You ORPHAN-heirs of fixed destiny,] But why *orphan-heirs?* Destiny, whom they succeeded, was yet in being. Doubtless the poet wrote:

"You *ouphen* heirs of fixed destiny."

i. e. you *elves*, who minister, and succeed in some of the works of destiny. They are called in this play, both before and afterwards, *ouphes;* here *ouphen; en* being the plural termination of Saxon nouns. For the word is from the Saxon Alfenne, *lamiæ, dæmones.* Or it may be understood to be an adjective, as *wooden, woollen, golden,* &c. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton corrects *orphan* to *ouphen;* and not without plausibility, as the word *ouphes* occurs both before and afterwards. But, I fancy, in acquiescence to the vulgar doctrine, the address in this line is to a part of the *troop,* as mortals by birth, but adopted by the fairies: *orphans* in respect of their real parents and now only dependent on *destiny* herself. A few lines from Spenser will sufficiently illustrate this passage:

"The man whom *heavens* have *ordaynd* to bee
"The spouse of Britomart is Arthegall.
"He wonneth in the land of *Fayeree,*
"Yet is no *Fary* borne, ne sib at all
"To elfes, but sprong of seed terrestriall,
"And whilome by false *Faries* stolen away,
"Whiles yet in infant cradle he did crall," &c.

Edit. 1590. b. iii. st. 26. FARMER.

Dr. Warburton objects to their being *heirs* to Destiny, who was still in being. But Shakspeare, I believe, uses *heirs,* with his usual laxity, for *children.* So, to *inherit* is used in the sense of to *possess.* MALONE.

6 —quality.] i. e. *fellowship.* See The Tempest: "Ariel, and all his *quality.*" STEEVENS.

7 Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.] These two lines were certainly intended to rhyme together, as the preceding and subsequent couplets do; and accordingly, in the old editions, the final words of each line are printed, *oyes* and *toyes.*

Cricket, to Windsor chimnies shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd [8], and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry [9]:
Our radient queen hates sluts, and sluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he, that speaks to them, shall die:
I'll wink and couch: No man their works must eye.
[*Lies down upon his face.*

Eva. Where's *Pede* [1]?—Go you, and where you find a maid,
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy [2],
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;

This, therefore, is a striking instance of the inconvenience, which has arisen from modernizing the orthography of Shakspeare. TYRWHITT.

[8] Where fires thou find'st UNRAK'D,] i. e. unmade up, by covering them with fuel, so that they may be found alight in the morning. This phrase is still current in several of our midland counties. So, in Chapman's version of the sixteenth book of Homer's Odyssey:

"——still *rake* up all thy fire
"In fair cool words:—" STEEVENS.

[9] — as BILBERRY:] The *bilberry* is the *whortleberry*. Fairies were always supposed to have a strong aversion to sluttery. Thus, in the old song of Robin Good-Fellow. See Dr. Percy's Reliques, &c. vol. iii.:

"When house or hearth doth sluttish lye,
"I pinch the maidens black and blue," &c. STEEVENS.

[1] *Evans.* Where's BEDE? &c.] Thus the first folio. The quartos—*Pead.*—It is remarkable that, throughout this metrical business, Sir Hugh appears to drop his Welch pronunciation, though he resumes it as soon as he speaks in his own character. As Falstaff, however, supposes him to be a Welch Fairy, his peculiarity of utterance must have been preserved on the stage, though it be not distinguished in the printed copies. STEEVENS.

[2] — Go you, and where you find a maid,—

RAISE up the organs of her fantasy;] The sense of this speech is—that she, who had performed her religious duties, should be secure against the illusion of fancy; and have her sleep, like that of infancy, undisturbed by disordered dreams. This was then the popular opinion, that evil spirits had a power over the

But those as sleep, and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

fancy; and, by that means, could inspire wicked dreams into those who, on their going to sleep, had not recommended themselves to the protection of heaven. So Shakspeare makes Imogen, on her lying down, say:

"From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
"Guard me, beseech ye!"

As this is the sense, let us see how the common reading expresses it:

"*Raise* up the organs of her fantasy;"

i. e. inflame her imagination with sensual ideas; which is just the contrary to what the poet would have the speaker say. We cannot therefore but conclude he wrote:

"*Rein* up the organs of her fantasy;"

i. e. *curb* them, that she be no more disturbed by irregular imaginations, than children in their sleep. For he adds immediately:

"Sleep she as sound as careless infancy."

So, in The Tempest:

"Do not give dalliance
"Too much the *rein*."

And, in Measure for Measure:

"I give my sensual race the *rein*."

To give the rein, being just the contrary to *rein up*. The same thought he has again in Macbeth:

"—— Merciful powers!
"Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
"Gives way to in repose." WARBURTON.

This is highly plausible; and yet, "raise up the organs of her fantasy," may mean, 'elevate her ideas above sensuality, exalt them to the noblest contemplation.'

Mr. Malone supposes the sense of the passage, collectively taken, to be as follows. STEEVENS.

Go you, and wherever you find a maid asleep, that hath thrice prayed to the Deity, *though*, in consequence of her innocence, she sleep as soundly as an infant, elevate her fancy, and amuse her tranquil mind with some delightful vision; but those whom you find asleep, without having previously thought on their sins, and prayed to heaven for forgiveness, pinch, &c. It should be remembered that those persons who sleep very soundly, seldom dream. Hence the injunction to "raise up the organs of her fantasy, Sleep she," &c. i. e. *though* she sleep as sound, &c.

The fantasies with which the mind of the virtuous maiden is to be amused, are the reverse of those with which Oberon disturbs Titania in A Midsummer Night's Dream:

Quick. About, about;
Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room [3];
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome [4], as in state 'tis fit;
Worthy the owner, and the owner it [5].
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm [6], and every precious flower:

"There sleeps Titania;
"With the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
"And make her full of *hateful fantasies*."

Dr. Warburton, who appears to me to have totally misunderstood this passage, reads—*Rein* up, &c. in which he has been followed, in my opinion too hastily, by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

[3] — on every sacred room;] See Chaucer's Cant. Tales, v. 3482, edit. Tyrwhitt: "On four halves of the hous aboute," &c. MALONE.

[4] In state as WHOLESOME,] *Wholesome* here signifies *integer*. He wishes the castle may stand in its present state of perfection, which the following words plainly show:

"—— as in state 'tis fit." WARBURTON.

[5] Worthy the owner, AND the owner it.] *And* cannot be the true reading. The context will not allow it; and his court to Queen Elizabeth directs us to another:

"—— *as* the owner it."

For, sure, he had more address than to content himself with wishing a thing *to be*, which his complaisance must suppose actually *was*, namely, the worth of the owner. WARBURTON.

Surely this change is unnecessary. The fairy wishes that the castle and its owner, *till the day of doom*, may be worthy of each other. Queen Elizabeth's worth was not devolvable, as we have seen by the conduct of her foolish successor. The prayer of the fairy is therefore sufficiently reasonable and intelligible without alteration. STEEVENS.

[6] The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm, &c.] It was an article of our ancient luxury, to rub tables, &c. with aromatic herbs. Thus, in the Story of Baucis and Philemon, Ovid. Met. viii.:

——— mensam ——
—— æquatam *Mentha* abstersere virenti.

Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, ever more be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And, *Hony soit qui mal y pense*, write,
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery [7],
Buckled below fair knight-hood's bending knee:
Fairies use flowers for their charactery [8].

Pliny informs us, that the Romans did the same, to drive away evil spirits. STEEVENS.

[7] In emerald tufts, flowers PURPLE, blue, and white;
Like sapphire, pearl, AND rich embroidery,] These lines are most miserably corrupted. In the words—*Flowers purple, blue and white*—the *purple* is left uncompared. To remedy this, the editors, who seem to have been sensible of the imperfection of the comparison, read—*and* rich embroidery; that is, according to them, as the blue and white flowers are compared to sapphire and pearl, the *purple* is compared to *rich embroidery*. Thus, instead of mending one false step, they have made two, by bringing *sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery*, under one predicament. The lines were wrote thus by the poet:

"In emerald tufts, flowers *purfled*, blue, and white;
"Like sapphire, pearl, *in* rich embroidery."

i. e. let there be blue and white flowers *worked* on the greensward, like sapphire and pearl *in* rich embroidery. To *purfle*, is to overlay with tinsel, gold thread, &c. so our ancestors called a certain lace of this kind of work a *purfling lace*. 'Tis from the French *pourfiler*. So, Spenser;

"——she was yclad,
"All in a silken camus, lilly white,
"*Purfled* upon, with many a folded plight."

The change of *and* into *in*, in the second verse, is necessary. For flowers worked, or *purfled* in the grass, were not like sapphire and pearl simply, but sapphire and pearl in embroidery. How the corrupt reading *and* was introduced into the text, we have shown above. WARBURTON.

Whoever is convinced by Dr. Warburton's note, will show he has very little studied the manner of his author, whose splendid incorrectness in this instance, as in some others, is surely preferable to the insipid regularity proposed in its room. STEEVENS.

Away; disperse: But, till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom, round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand [9]; yourselves in order set:
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay; I smell a man of middle earth [1].

[8] —charactery.] For the matter with which they make letters. JOHNSON.

So, in Julius Cæsar:

"All the *charactery* of my sad brows."

i. e. all that seems to be written on them.

Again, in Ovid's Banquet of Sence, by Chapman, 1595:

"Wherein was writ in sable *charectry*." STEEVENS.

Bullokar, in his English Expositor Improved by R. Browne, 12mo. says that *charactery* is "a writing by characters, in strange marks." In 1588 was printed—"*Charactery*, an Arte of Shorte, Swift, and Secrete Writing, by Character. Invented by Timothie Brighte, Doctor of Phisike." This seems to have been the first book upon short-hand writing printed in England. DOUCE.

[9] —lock hand IN HAND;] The metre requires us to read—"lock *hands*." Thus Milton, who perhaps had this passage in his mind, when he makes Comus say:

"Come, *knit hands*, and beat the ground
"In a light fantastic round." STEEVENS.

[1] —of MIDDLE EARTH.] Spirits are supposed to inhabit the ethereal regions, and fairies to dwell under ground; men therefore are in a middle station. JOHNSON.

So, in the ancient metrical romance of Syr Guy of Warwick, bl. l. no date:

"And win the fayrest mayde *of middle erde*."

Again, in Gower, De Confessione Amantis, fol. 26:

"Adam, for pride lost his price
"In *mydell erth*."

Again, in the MSS. called William and the Werwolf, in the library of King's College, Cambridge, p. 15:

"And saide God that madest man, and all *middel erthe*."

Ruddiman, the learned compiler of the Glossary to Gawin Douglas's Translation of the Æneid, affords the following illustration of this contested phrase: "It is yet in use in the North of Scotland among old people, by which we understand *this earth in which we live, in opposition to the grave:* Thus they say, *There's no man in middle erd is able to do it*, i. e. *no man alive, or on this earth*, and so it is used by our author. But the reason is not so

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welch fairy! lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pist. Vile worm [2], thou wast o'er-look'd even in thy birth [3].

Quick. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end [4]:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain [5]; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

easy to come by; perhaps it is because they look upon this life as a *middle state* (as it is) between Heaven and Hell, which last is frequently taken for the grave. Or that life is as it were a *middle* betwixt non-entity, before we are born, and death, when we go hence and are no more seen; as life is called a coming into the world, and death a going out of it."—Again, among the Addenda to the Glossary aforesaid: "*Myddil erd* is borrowed from the A. S. MIDDAN-EARD, MIDDANGEARD, *mundus*, MIDDANEARDLICE, *mundanus*, SE LAESSA MIDDAN-EARD, *microcosmus*." STEEVENS.

The author of The Remarks says, the phrase signifies neither more nor less, than the *earth* or *world*, from its imaginary situation in the *midst* or *middle* of the Ptolemaic system, and has not the least reference to either spirits or fairies. REED.

[2] VILE worm,] The old copy reads—*vild*. That *vild*, which so often occurs in these plays, was not an error of the press, but the old spelling and the pronunciation of the time, appears from these lines of Heywood, in his Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas, 1637:

"*Earth*. What goddess, or how *styl'd*?
"*Age*. *Age*, am I call'd.
"*Earth*. Hence false virago *vild*." MALONE.

[3] — O'ER-LOOK'D even in thy birth.] i. e. *slighted* as soon as born. STEEVENS.

[4] With trial-fire, &c.] So, Beaumont and Fletcher, in The Faithful Shepherdess:

"In this flame his finger thrust,
"Which will burn him if he lust;
"But if not, away will turn,
"As loth unspotted flesh to burn." STEEVENS.

[5] And TURN him to no pain;] This appears to have been the common phraseology of our author's time. So again, in The Tempest:

"——— O, my heart bleeds,
"To think of the *teen* that I have *turn'd you to*."

Again, in K. Henry VI. Part III.:

"Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
"For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
"And all the *trouble* thou hast *turn'd me to*."

Pist. A trial, come.
Eva. Come, will this wood take fire?
[*They burn him with their tapers.*
Fal. Oh, oh, oh!
Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme:
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.
Eva. It is right; indeed [6] he is full of lecheries and iniquity.

Song. *Fye on sinful fantasy!*
Fye on lust and luxury [7]!
Lust is but a bloody fire [8],
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy;

Of this line there is no trace in the original play, on which the Third Part of K. Henry VI. was formed. Malone.

[6] *Eva.* It is right; indeed, &c.] This short speech, which is very much in character for Sir Hugh, I have inserted from the old quarto 1619. Theobald.

I have not discarded Mr. Theobald's insertion, though perhaps the propriety of it is questionable. Steevens.

[7] —*and* LUXURY!] *Luxury* is here used for *incontinence.* So, in King Lear: "To't *luxury*, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers." Steevens.

[8] *Lust is but a* BLOODY FIRE,] A *bloody fire*, means *a fire in the blood.* In The Second Part of Henry IV. Act IV. the same expression occurs:

"Led on by *bloody* youth," &c.

i. e. sanguine youth. Steevens.

In Sonnets by H. C. [Henry Constable,] 1594, we find the same image:

"*Lust is a fire*, that for an hour or twaine
"Giveth a scorching blaze, and then he dies;
"Love a continual furnace doth maintaine," &c.

So also, in The Tempest:

"——the strongest oaths are straw
"*To the fire i' the blood.*" Malone.

Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and star-light, and moonshine be out.

During this song[9], *the fairies pinch Falstaff*[1], *Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green; Slender another way, and takes off a fairy in white; and Fenton comes, and steals away Mrs. Anne Page. A noise of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, *Mrs.* PAGE, *and Mrs.* FORD. *They lay hold on him.*

PAGE. Nay, do not fly: I think, we have watch'd you now;
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?
MRS. PAGE. I pray you come; hold up the jest no higher:—
Now, good sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes
Become the forest better than the town[2]?

9 *During this song*, &c.] This direction I thought proper to insert from the old quartos. THEOBALD.

1 —*the fairies* PINCH *Falstaff.*] So, in Lily's Endymion, 1591: "The fairies dance, and, with a song, *pinch* him." And, in his Maid's Metamorphosis, 1600, they threaten the same punishment. STEEVENS.

2 See you these, husband? do not these fair YOKES
Become the forest better than the town?] Mrs. Page's meaning is this. Seeing the horns (the types of cuckoldom) in Falstaff's hands, she asks her husband, whether those yokes are not more proper in the *forest* than in the *town*; i. e. than in his own family. THEOBALD.

The editor of the second folio changed *yoaks* to—*oaks*. MALONE.

Perhaps, only the printer of the second folio is to blame, for the omission of the letter—*y*. STEEVENS.

I am confident that *oaks* is the right reading. I agree with Theobald that the words, "See you *these*, husband?" relate to the buck's horns; but what resemblance is there between the

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now?—Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, master Brook: And, master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money; which must be paid to master Brook [3]; his horses are arrested for it, master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden sur-

horns of a buck and a yoak? What connection is there between a yoak and a forest? Why, none; whereas, on the other hand, the connection between a forest and an oak is evident; nor is the resemblance less evident between a tree and the branches of a buck's horns; they are indeed called branches from that very resemblance; and the horns of a deer are called in French *les bois*. Though horns are types of cuckoldom, yoaks are not; and surely the types of cuckoldom, whatever they may be, are more proper for a town than for a forest. I am surprised that the subsequent editors should have adopted an amendment, which makes the passage nonsense. M. Mason.

I have inserted Mr. M. Mason's note, because he appears to think it brings conviction with it. Perhaps, however, (as Dr. Farmer observes to me,) he was not aware that the extremities of *yokes* for cattle, as still used in several counties of England, bend upwards, and rising very high, in shape resemble *horns*.

Steevens.

[3] —to master Brook;] We ought rather to read with the old quarto—"which must be paid to master *Ford*;" for as Ford, to mortify Falstaff, addresses him throughout his speech by the name of *Brook*, the describing himself by the same name creates a confusion. A modern editor plausibly enough reads—"which must be paid *too*, Master Brook;" but the first sketch shows that *to* is right; for the sentence, as it stands in the quarto, will not admit *too* Malone.

prize of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent[4], when 'tis upon ill employment!

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'erreaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of frize[5]? 'tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! have I lived to stand at

[4] — how wit may be made a JACK-A-LENT,] A *Jack o' Lent* appears to have been some puppet which was thrown at in Lent, like Shrove-tide cocks.

So, in the old comedy of Lady Alimony, 1659:

" —— throwing cudgels
" At *Jack-a-Lents*, or Shrove-cocks."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Tamer Tamed:

" —— if I forfeit,
" Make me a *Jack o' Lent*, and break my shins
" For untagg'd points, and counters."——

Again, in Ben Jonson's Tale of a Tub:

" —— on an Ash-Wednesday,
" Where thou didst stand six weeks the *Jack o' Lent*
" For boys to hurl three throws a penny at thee."

STEEVENS.

[5] — a coxcomb of FRIZE?] i. e. a fool's cap made out of Welch materials. Wales was famous for this cloth. So, in K. Edward I. 1599: " Enter Lluellin, alias Prince of Wales, &c. with swords and bucklers, and *frieze* jerkins." Again: " Enter Sussex, &c. with a mantle of *frieze*." " — my boy shall weare a mantle of this country's weaving, to keep him warm." STEEVENS.

the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking, through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welch flannel [6]: ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me [7]: use me as you will.

[6] — the Welch FLANNEL;] The very word is derived from a *Welch* one, so that it is almost unnecessary to add that *flannel* was originally the manufacture of Wales. In the old play of K. Edward I. 1599: "Enter Hugh ap David, Guenthian his wench in *flannel*, and Jack his novice."

Again:

"Here's a wholesome Welch wench,
"Lapt in her *flannel*, as warm as wool." STEEVENS.

[7] — IGNORANCE ITSELF is a PLUMMET O'ER me:] Though this be perhaps not unintelligible, yet it is an odd way of confessing his dejection. I should wish to read:

"—— ignorance itself *has a plume o'* me."

That is, I am so depressed, that ignorance itself plucks me, and decks itself with the spoils of my weakness. Of the present reading, which is probably right, the meaning may be, I am so enfeebled, that *ignorance itself* weighs me down and oppresses me. JOHNSON.

"Ignorance itself," says Falstaff, "is a *plummet* o'er me." If any alteration be necessary, I think, "Ignorance itself is a *planet* o'er

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband [8], let that go to make amends;
Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife [9], that now laughs at

me," would have a chance to be right. Thus Bobadil excuses his cowardice: "Sure I was struck with a *planet*, for I had no power to touch my *weapon*." Farmer.

As Mr. M. Mason observes, there is a passage in this very play which tends to support Dr. Farmer's amendment.

"I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang *like a meteor* o'er the cuckold's horns: Master Brook, thou shalt know, I will *predominate* over the peasant."

Dr. Farmer might also have countenanced his conjecture by a passage in K. Henry VI. where Queen Margaret says, that Suffolk's face

"——rul'd like a wandering *planet over* me." Steevens.

Perhaps Falstaff's meaning may be this: "Ignorance itself is a plummet *o'er me:* i. e. *above me;*" ignorance itself is not so low as I am, by the length of a *plummet line*. Tyrwhitt.

"*Ignorance* itself is a *plummet o'er me.*" i. e. serves to point my obliquities. This is said in consequence of Evans's last speech. The allusion is to the examination of a carpenter's work by the *plummet* held over it; of which line Sir Hugh is here represented as the *lead*. Henley.

I am satisfied with the old reading. Malone.

[8] *Mrs. Ford.* Nay, husband,] This and the following little speech I have inserted from the old quartos. The retrenchment, I presume, was by the players. Sir John Falstaff is sufficiently punished, in being disappointed and exposed. The expectation of his being prosecuted for the twenty pounds, gives the conclusion too tragical a turn. Besides, it is *poetical justice* that Ford should sustain this loss, as a fine for his unreasonable jealousy. Theobald.

[9] —laugh at my wife,] The two plots are excellently connected, and the transition very artfully made in this speech. Johnson.

thee: Tell her, master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that: If Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius' wife. [*Aside.*

Enter Slender.

Slen. Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son! how now? how now, son? have you despatched?

Slen. Despatched!—I'll make the best in Glocestershire know on't; would I were hanged, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy: If it had not been i' the church, I would have swinged him, or he should have swinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white[1], and cry'd, *mum*, and she cryed *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

[1] —in WHITE,] The old copy, by the inadvertence of either the author or transcriber, reads—in *green*; and in the two subsequent speeches of Mrs. Page, instead of *green* we find *white*. The corrections, which are fully justified by what has preceded, (see p. 175,) were made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Eva. Jeshu! Master Slender, cannot you see but marry boys [2]?

Page. O, I am vexed at heart: What shall I do?

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Vere is mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened; I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paisan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit Caius.*

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me: Here comes master Fenton.

Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

How now, master Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress? how chance you went not with master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her [3]: Hear the truth of it.

[2] —marry boys?] This and the next speech are likewise restorations from the old quarto. Steevens.

[3] —amaze her;] i. e. confound her by your questions. So, in Cymbeline, Act IV. Sc. III.:

"I am *amaz'd* with matter."

Again, in Goulart's Memorable Histories, &c. 4to. 1607: "I have seene two men (the father and the sonne) have their bodies so *amazed* and deaded with thunder," &c. Steevens.

You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, She and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us.
The offence is holy, that she hath committed:
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous title;
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy:—
In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy [4]? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!
What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chas'd [5].

[4] *Page.* Well, what remedy?] In the first sketch of this play, which, as Mr. Pope observes, is much inferior to the latter performance, the only sentiment of which I regret the omission, occurs at this critical time. When Fenton brings in his wife, there is this dialogue:

" *Mrs. Ford.* Come, Mrs. Page, I must be bold with you.
" 'Tis pity to part love that is so true.
" *Mrs. Page.* [*Aside.*] Although that I have miss'd in my intent,
" Yet I am glad my husband's match is cross'd.
" —— Here Fenton, take her.——
" *Eva.* Come, master Page, you must needs agree.
" *Ford.* I' faith, sir, come, you see your wife is pleas'd.
" *Page.* I cannot tell, and yet my heart is eas'd;
" And yet it doth me good the doctor miss'd.
" Come hither, Fenton, and come hither daughter." JOHNSON.

[5] —all sorts of deer are chas'd.] Young and old, does as well as bucks. He alludes to Fenton's having just *run down* Anne Page. MALONE.

Eva. I will dance and eat plums at your wedding [6].

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further:—
Master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days!—
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so:—Sir John,
To master Brook you yet shall hold your word;
For he, to-night, shall lie with mistress Ford [7].

[*Exeunt.*

[6] I will dance and eat plums at your wedding.] I have no doubt but this line, supposed to be spoken by Evans, is misplaced, and should come in after that spoken by Falstaff, which being intended to rhyme with the last line of Page's speech, should immediately follow it; and then the passage will run thus:

"*Page.* Well, what remedy? Fenton, Heaven give thee joy!
"What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.
"*Fal.* When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chac'd.
"*Evans.* I will dance and eat plums," &c. M. Mason.

I have availed myself of Mr. M. Mason's very judicious remark, which had also been made by Mr. Malone, who observes that Evans's speech—"I will dance," &c. was restored from the first quarto by Mr. Pope. Steevens.

[7] Of this play there is a tradition preserved by Mr. Rowe, that it was written at the command of Queen Elizabeth, who was so delighted with the character of Falstaff, that she wished it to be diffused through more plays; but suspecting that it might pall by continued uniformity, directed the poet to diversify his manner, by shewing him in love. No task is harder than that of writing to the ideas of another. Shakspeare knew what the Queen, if the story be true, seems not to have known—that by any real passion of tenderness, the selfish craft, the careless jollity, and the lazy luxury of Falstaff must have suffered so much abatement, that little of his former cast would have remained. Falstaff could not love, but by ceasing to be Falstaff. He could only counterfeit love, and his professions could be prompted, not by the hope of pleasure, but of money. Thus the poet approached as near as he could to the work enjoined him; yet having perhaps in the former plays completed his own idea, seems not to have been able to give Falstaff all his former power of entertainment.

This comedy is remarkable for the variety and number of the personages, who exhibit more characters appropriated and discriminated, than perhaps can be found in any other play.

Whether Shakspeare was the first that produced upon the English stage the effect of language distorted and depraved by provincial or foreign pronunciation, I cannot certainly decide.* This mode of forming ridiculous characters can confer praise only on him who originally discovered it, for it requires not much of either wit or judgement: its success must be derived almost wholly from the player, but its power in a skilful mouth, even he that despises it, is unable to resist.

The conduct of this drama is deficient; the action begins and ends often, before the conclusion, and the different parts might change places without inconvenience; but its general power, that power by which all works of genius shall finally be tried, is such, that perhaps it never yet had reader or spectator who did not think it too soon at the end. JOHNSON.

The story of The Two Lovers of Pisa, from which (as Dr. Farmer has observed) Falstaff's adventures in this play seem to have been taken, is thus related in Tarleton's Newes out of Purgatorie, bl. l. no date. [Entered in the Stationers' Books, June 16, 1590.]

"In Pisa, a famous cittie of Italye, there liued a gentleman of good linage and lands, feared as well for his wealth, as honoured for his vertue; but indeed well thought on for both: yet the better for his riches. This gentleman had one onelye daughter called Margaret, who for her beauty was liked of all, and desired of many: but neither might their sutes, nor her own preuaile about her father's resolution, who was determyned not to marrye her, but to such a man as should be able in abundance to maintain the excellency of her beauty. Diuers young gentlemen proffered large feoffments, but in vaine: a maide shee must be still: till at last an olde doctor in the towne, that professed phisicke, became a sutor to her, who was a welcome man to her father, in that he was one of the welthiest men in all Pisa. A tall strippling he was, and a proper youth, his age about fourescore; his head as

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* In The Three Ladies of London, 1584, is the character of an Italian merchant, very strongly marked by foreign pronunciation. Dr. Dodypoll, in the comedy which bears his name, is, like Caius, a French physician. This piece appeared at least a year before The Merry Wives of Windsor. The hero of it speaks such another jargon as the antagonist of Sir Hugh, and like him is cheated of his mistress. In several other pieces, more ancient than the earliest of Shakspeare's, provincial characters are introduced. STEEVENS.

In the old play of Henry the Fifth, French soldiers are introduced, speaking broken English. BOSWELL.

white as milke, wherein for offence sake there was left neuer a tooth: but it is no matter; what he wanted in person he had in the purse; which the poore gentlewoman little regarded, wishing rather to tie herself to one that might fit her content, though they liued meanely, then to him with all the wealth in Italye. But shee was yong and forcst to follow her father's direction, who vpon large couenants was content his daughter should marry with the doctor, and whether she like him or no, the match was made vp, and in short time she was married. The poore wench was bound to the stake, and had not onely an old impotent man, but one that was so jealous, as none might enter into his house without suspicion, nor she doo any thing without blame: the least glance, the smallest countenance, any smile, was a manifest instance to him, that shee thought of others better than himselfe; thvs he himselfe liued in a hell, and tormented his wife in as ill perplexitie. At last it chaunced, that a young gentleman of the citie comming by her house, and seeing her looke out at her window, noting her rare and excellent proportion, fell in loue with her, and that so extreamelye, as his passion had no means till her fauour might mittigate his heartsicke content. The young man that was ignorant in amorous matters, and had neuer been vsed to courte anye gentlewoman, thought to reueale his passions to some one freend, that might give him counsaile for the winning of her loue; and thinking experience was the surest maister, on a daye seeing the olde doctor walking in the churche, (that was Margarets husband,) little knowing who he was, he thought this was the fittest man to whom he might discouer his passions, for that hee was olde and knewe much, and was a physition that with his drugges might help him forward in his purposes: so that seeing the old man walke solitary, he ioinde vnto him, and after a curteous salute, told him he was to impart a matter of great import vnto him; wherein if hee would not onely be secrete, but endeauour to pleasure him, his pains should be euery way to the full considered. You must imagine, gentleman, quoth Mutio, for so was the doctors name, that men of our profession are no blabs, but hold their secrets in their hearts' bottome; and therefore reueale what you please, it shall not onely be concealed, but cured; if either my art or counsaile may do it. Upon this Lionello, (so was the young gentleman called,) told and discourst vnto him from point to point how he was falne in loue with a gentlewoman that was married to one of his profession; discouered her dwelling and the house: and for that he was vnacquainted with the woman, and a man little experienced in loue matters, he required his favour to further him with his aduise. Mutio at this motion was stung to the hart, knowing it was his wife hee was fallen in love withal; yet to conceale the matter, and to experience his wiue's chastity, and that if she plaide false, he might be reuenged on them both, he dissembled the matter, and

answered, that he knewe the woman very well, and commended her highly; but saide, she had a churle to her husband, and therefore he thought shee would bee the more tractable: trie her man, quoth hee; fainte hart neuer woonne fair lady; and if shee will not bee brought to the bent of your bowe, I will provide such a potion as shall dispatch all to your owne content; and to giue your further instructions for opportunitie, knowe that her husband is foorth euery afternoone from three till sixe, Thus farre I have aduised you, because I pitty your passions as my selfe being once a louer: but now I charge thee, reueale it to none whomsoever, lest it doo disparage my credit, to meddle in amorous matters. The young gentleman not onely promised all carefull secrecy, but gaue him harty thanks for his good counsell, promising to meete him there the next day, and tell him what newes. Then hee left the old man, who was almost mad for feare his wife should any way play false. He saw by experience, braue men came to besiege the castle, and seeing it was in a woman's custodie, and had so weake a gouernor as himselfe, he doubted it would in time be deliuered up: which feare made him almost franticke, yet he driude of the time in great torment, till he might heare from his riual. Lionello, he hastes him home, and sutes him in his brauerye, and goes down towards the house of Mutio, where he sees her at her windowe, whom he courted with a passionate looke, with such an humble salute, as shee might perceiue how the gentleman was affectionate. Margaretta looking earnestly upon him, and noting the perfection of his proportion, accounted him in her eye the flower of all Pisa; thinkte herselfe fortunate if she might haue him for her freend, to supply those defaultes that she found in Mutio. Sundry times that afternoone he past by her window, and he cast not vp more louing lookes, then he receiued gratious fauours: which did so incourage him, that the next daye betweene three and sixe hee went to her house, and knocking at the doore, desired to speake with the mistris of the house, who hearing by her maid's description what he was, commaunded him to come in, where she interteined him with all curtesie.

"The youth that neuer before had giuen the attempt to couet a ladye, began his exordium with a blushe: and yet went forward so well, that he discourst vnto her howe he loued her, and that if it might please her so to accept of his seruice, as of a freende euer vowde in all duetye to bee at her commaunde, the care of her honour should bee deerer to him then his life, and hee would bee ready to prise her discontent with his bloud at all times.

"The gentlewoman was a little coye, but before they part they concluded that the next day at foure of the clock hee should come thither and eate a pound of cherries, which was resolued on with a succado des labras; and so with a loath to depart they took their leaues. Lionello, as joyfull a man as might be, hyed him to the church to meete his olde doctor, where hee found him in his olde

walke. What newes, syr, quoth Mutio? How have you sped? Even as I can wishe, quoth Lionello; for I haue been with my mistresse, and haue found her so tractable, that I hope to make the old peasant her husband look broad-hedded by a pair of browantlers. How deepe this strooke into Mutio's hart, let them imagine that can conjecture what ielousie is; insomuch that the olde doctor askte, when should be the time: marry, quoth Lionello, to morrow at foure of the clocke in the afternoone; and then maister doctor, quoth hee, will I dub the olde squire knight of the forked order.

"Thus they past on in chat, till it grew late; and then Lyonello went home to his lodging, and Mutio to his house, couering all his sorrowes with a merrye countenance, with full resolution to revenge them both the next day with extremitie. He past the night as patiently as he could, and the next day after dinner awaye hee went, watching when it should bee four of the clocke. At the houre justly came Lyonello, and was intertained with all courtesie: but scarse had they kist, ere the maide cried out to her mistresse that her maister was at the doore; for he hasted, knowing that a horne was but a litle while in grafting. Margaret at this alarum was amazed, and yet for a shifte chopt Lyonello into a great driefatte full of feathers, and sat her downe close to her woorke: by that came Mutio in blowing; and as though he came to looke somewhat in haste, called for the keyes of his chambers, and looked in euery place, searching so narrowlye in eurye corner of the house, that he left not the very priuie vnsearcht. Seeing he could not finde him, hee saide nothing, but fayning himself not well at ease, stayde at home, so that poore Lionello was faine to staye in tbe drifatte till the old churle was in bed with his wife: and then the maide let him out at a backe doore, who went home with a flea in his eare to his lodging.

"Well, the next daye he went again to meete his doctor, whome hee found in his woonted walke. What news, quoth Mutio? How have you sped? A poxe of the old slaue, quoth Lionello, I was no sooner in, and had giuen my mistresse one kisse, but the iealous asse was at the door; the maide spied him, and, cryed, *her maister:* so that the poore gentlewoman for very shifte, was faine to put me in a driefatte of feathers that stoode in an olde chamber, and there I was faine to tarrie while he was in bed and asleepe, and then the maide let me out, and I departed.

"But it is no matter; 'twas but a chaunce; and I hope to crye quittance with him ere it be long. As how, quoth Mutio? Marry thus, quoth Lionello: she sent me woord by her maide this daye, that upon Thursday next the old churle suppeth with a patient of his a mile out of Pisa, and then I feare not but to quitte him for all. It is well, quoth Mutio; fortune bee your freende. I thank you, quoth Lionello; and so after a little more prattle they departed.

"To be shorte, Thursday came; and about sixe of the clocke

foorth goes Mutio, no further than a freendes house of his, from whence he might descrye who went into his house. Straight he sawe Lionello enter in; and after goes hee, insomuch that he was scarcelye sitten downe, before the mayde cryed out againe, *my maister comes.* The good wife that before had provided for afterclaps, had found out a priuie place between two seelings of a plauncher, and there she thrust Lionello; and her husband came sweting. What news, quoth shee, drives you home againe so soone, husband? Marrye, sweete wife, (quoth he,) a fearfull dreame that I had this night, which came to my remembrance; and that was this: Methought there was a villeine that came secretly into my house with a naked poinard in his hand, and hid himselfe; but I could not finde the place: with that mine nose bled, and I came backe; and by the grace of God I will seek euery corner in the house for the quiet of my minde. Marry I pray you do, husband, quoth she. With that he lockt in all the doors, and began to search euery chamber, euery hole, euery chest, euery tub, the very well; he stabd every featherbed through, and made hauocke, like a mad man, which made him thinke all was in vaine, and hee began to blame his eies that thought they saw that which they did not. Upon this he reste halfe lunaticke, and all night he was very wakefull; that towards the morning he fell into a dead sleepe, and then was Lionello conueighed away.

"In the morning when Mutio wakened, hee thought how by no means hee should be able to take Lyonello tardy; yet he laid in his head a most dangerous plot, and that was this. Wife, quoth he, I must the next Monday ride to Vicensa to visit an olde patient of mine; till my returne, which will be some ten dayes, I will have thee stay at our little graunge house in the countrey. Marry very well content, husband, quoth she: with that he kist her, and was verye pleasant, as though he had suspected nothing, and away hee flinges to the church, where he meetes Lionello. What sir, quoth he, what newes? Is your mistresse yours in possession? No, a plague of the old slaue, quoth he: I think he is either a witch, or els woorkes by magick: for I can no sooner enter in the doors, but he is at my backe, and so he was again yesternight; for I was not warm in my seat before the maide cried, *my maister comes;* and then was the poore soule faine to conueigh me between two seelings of a chamber in a fit place for the purpose: wher I laught hartely to myself, too see how he sought euery corner, ransackt euery tub, and stabd every featherbed,—but in vaine; I was safe enough till the morning, and then when he was fast asleepe, I lept out. Fortune frowns on you, quoth Mutio: Ay, but I hope, quoth Lionello, this is the last time, and now shee will begin to smile; for on Monday next he rides to Vicensa, and his wyfe lyes at a grange house a little of the towne, and there in his absence I will revenge all forepassed misfortunes. God send it be so, quoth Mutio; and took his leaue. These two

louers longed for Monday, and at last it came. Early in the morning Mutio horst himselfe, and his wife, his maide, and a man, and no more, and away he rides to his grange house; where after he had brok his fast he took his leaue, and away towards Vicensa. He rode not far ere by a false way he returned into a thicket, and there with a company of cuntry peasants lay in an ambuscade to take the young gentleman. In the afternoon comes Lionello gallopping; and assoon as he came within sight of the house, he sent back his horse by his boy, & went easily afoot, and there at the very entry was entertained by Margaret, who led him up ye staires, and conuaid him into her bedchamber, saying he was welcome into so mean a cottage: but quoth she, now I hope fortune shal not envy the purity of our loues. Alas, alas, mistris (cried the maid,) heer is my maister, and 100 men with him, with bils and staues. We are betraid, quoth Lionel, and I am but a dead man. Feare not, quoth she, but follow me; and straight she carried him downe into a lowe parlor, where stoode an old rotten chest full of writinges. She put him into that, and couered him with old papers and euidences, and went to the gate to meet her husband. Why signior Mutio, what means this hurly burly, quoth she? Vile and shameless strumpet as thou art, thou shalt know by and by, quoth he. Where is thy loue? All we haue watcht him, & seen him enter in: now quoth he, shal neither thy tub of feathers, nor thy seeling serue, for perish he shall with fire, or els fall into my hands. Doo thy woorst, iealous foole, quoth she; I ask thee no fauour. With that in a rage he beset the house round, and then set fire on it. Oh! in what a perplexitie was poore Lionello, that was shut in a chest, and the fire about his eares? And how was Margaret passionat, that knew her louer in such danger? Yet she made light of the matter, and as one in a rage called her maid to her and said: Come on, wench; seeing thy maister mad with iealousie hath set the house and al my liuing on fire, I will be reuenged vpon him; help me heer to lift this old chest where all his writings and deeds are; let that burne first; and assoon as I see that on fire, I will walk towards my freends. for the old foole wil be beggard, and I will refuse him. Mutio that knew al his obligations and statutes lay there, puld her back, and bad two of his men carry the chest into the feeld, and see it were safe; himself standing by and seeing his house burnd downe, sticke and stone. Then quieted in his minde he went home with his wife, and began to flatter her, thinking assuredly y^{t} he had burnd her paramour; causing his chest to be carried in a cart to his house at Pisa. Margaret impatient went to her mothers, and complained to her and to her brethren of the iealousie of her husband; who maintained her it be true, and desired but a daies respite to proue it. Wel, hee was bidden to supper the next night at her mothers, she thinking to make her daughter and him freends againe. In the meane time he to his woonted walk in the church,

and there *præter expectationem* he found Lionello walking. Wondring at this, he straight enquires, what news? What newes, maister doctor, quoth he, and he fell in a great laughing: in faith yesterday I scapt a scowring; for, syrrah, I went to the grange house, where I was appointed to come, and I was no sooner gotten vp the chamber, but the magicall villeine her husband beset the house with bils and staues, and that he might be sure no seeling nor corner should shrowde me, he set the house on fire, and so burnt it to the ground. Why, quoth Mutio, and how did you escape? Alas, quoth he, wel fare a woman's wit! She conueighed me into an old cheste full of writings, which she knew her husband durst not burne; and so was I saued and brought to Pisa, and yesternight by her maide let home to my lodging. This, quoth he, is the pleasantest iest that ever I heard; and vpon this I haue a sute to you. I am this night bidden foorth to supper; you shall be my guest: onelye I will craue so much favour, as after supper for a pleasant sporte to make relation what successe you haue had in your loues. For that I will not sticke, quothe he; and so he carried Lionello to his mother-in-lawes house with him, and discoursed to his wiues brethren who he was, and how at supper he would disclose the whole matter: for quoth he, he knowes not that I am Margarets husband. At this all the brethren bad him welcome, and so did the mother too; and Margaret she was kept out of sight. Supper-time being come, they fell to their victals, and Lionello was carrowst vnto by Mutio, who was very pleasant, to draw him to a merry humor, that he might to the ful discourse the effect and fortunes of his loue. Supper being ended, Mutio requested him to tel to the gentleman what had hapned between him and his mistresse. Lionello with a smiling countenance began to describe his mistresse, the house and street where she dwelt, how he fell in loue with her, and how he vsed the counsell of this doctor, who in al his affaires was his secretarye. Margaret heard all this with a greate feare; and when he came at the last point she caused a cup of wine to be giuen him by one of her sisters wherein was a ring that he had giuen Margaret. As he had told how he escapt burning, and was ready to confirm all for a troth, the gentlewoman drunke to him; who taking the cup, and seeing the ring, hauing a quick wit and a reaching head, spide the fetch, and perceiued that all this while this was his louers husband, to whome he had reuealed these escapes. At this drinking ye wine, and swallowing the ring into his mouth, he went forward: Gentlemen, quoth he, how like you of my loues and my fortunes? Wel, quoth the gentlemen; I pray you is it true? As true, quoth he, as if I would be so simple as to reueal what I did to Margaret's husband: for know you, gentlemen, that I knew this Mutio to be her husband whom I notified to be my louer; and for y^t^ he was generally

known through Pisa to be a iealous fool, therefore with these tales I brought him into this paradice, which indeed are follies of mine own braine: for trust me, by the faith of a gentleman, I neuer spake to the woman, was never in her companye, neither doo I know her if I see her. At this they all fell in a laughing at Mutio, who was ashamed that Lionello had so scoft him: but all was well,—they were made friends; but the iest went so to his hart, that he shortly after died, and Lionello enioyed the ladye: and for that they two were the death of the old man, now are they plagued in purgatory, and he whips them with nettles."

It is observable that in the foregoing novel (which, I believe, Shakspeare had read,) there is no trace of the buck-basket.—In the first tale of The Fortunate, the Deceived, and the Unfortunate Lovers, (of which I have an edition printed in 1684, but the novels it contains had probably appeared in English in our author's time,) a young student of Bologne is taught by an old doctor how to make love; and his first essay is practised on his instructor's wife. The jealous husband having tracked his pupil to his house, enters unexpectedly, fully persuaded that he should detect the lady and her lover together; but the gallant is protected from his fury by being concealed *under a heap of linen half-dried;* and afterwards informs him, (not knowing that his tutor was likewise his mistress's husband,) what a lucky escape he had. It is therefore, I think, highly probable that Shakspeare had read both stories. MALONE.

Sir Hugh Evans,] See p. 7, and 8.

The question whether priests were formerly knights in consequence of being called *Sir*, still remains to be decided. Examples that those of the *lower* class were so called are very numerous: and hence it may be fairly inferred that *they* at least were not knights, nor is there perhaps a single instance of the order of knighthood being conferred upon ecclesiastics of any degree.

Having casually, however, met with a note in Dyer's Reports, which seems at first view not only to contain some authority for the custom of *knighting priests* by Abbots, in consequence of a charter granted to the Abbot of Reading for that purpose, but likewise the opinion of two learned judges, founded thereupon, that priests *were anciently knights*, I have been induced to enter a little more fully upon this discussion, and to examine the validity of those opinions. The extract from Dyer is a marginal note in p. 216. B. in the following words: "Trin. 3 Jac. Blanc le Roy Holcraft and Gibbons, cas Popham dit que il ad view un ancient charter grant al Abbot de Reading per Roy d'Angliterre, *a fair knight*, sur que son conceit fuit que l'Abbot fait, *ecclesiastical*

persons, knights, d'illonque come a luy le nosmes de Sir John and Sir Will. que est done al ascun Clerks a cest jour fuit derive quel opinion Coke Attorney-General applaud disont que fueront milites cælestes et milites terrestres." It is proper to mention here that all the reports have been diligently searched for this case of Holcraft and Gibbons, in hopes of finding some further illustration, but without success.

The charter then above-mentioned appears upon further enquiry to have been the foundation charter of Reading Abbey, and to have been granted by Henry I. in 1125. The words of it referred to by Chief Justice Popham, and upon which he founded his opinion, are as follow: "Nec faciat milites nisi in sacra veste Christi, in qua parvulos suscipere modeste caveat. Maturos autem seu discretos tam *clericos* quam laicos provide suscipiat." This passage is likewise cited by Selden in his notes upon Eadmer, p. 206, and to illustrate the word "*clericos*" he refers to Mathew Paris for an account of a priest called John Gatesdene, who was created a knight by Henry III. but not until after he had resigned all his benefices, "as he ought to have done," says the historian, who in another place relating the disgrace of Peter de Rivallis, Treasurer to Henry III. (see p. 405, edit. 1640,) has clearly shown how incompatible it was that the clergy should bear arms, as the profession of a knight required; and as a further proof may be added the well known story related by the same historian, of Richard I. and the warlike Bishop of Beauvais. I conceive that the word "*clericos*" refers to such of the clergy who should apply for the order of knighthood under the usual restriction of quitting their former profession; and from Selden's note upon the passage it may be collected that this was his own opinion; or it may possibly allude to those particular knights who were considered as religious or ecclesiastical, such as the knights of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, &c. concerning whom see Ashmole's Order of the Garter, p. 49, 51.

With respect to the custom of ecclesiastics conferring the order of knighthood, it certainly prevailed in this country before the conquest, as appears from Ingulphus, and was extremely disliked by the Normans; and therefore at a council held at Westminster in the third year of Henry I. it was ordained, "Ne Abbates faciant milites." See Eadmeri Hist. 68. and Selden's note, p. 207. However it appears that notwithstanding this prohibition, which may at the same time serve to show the great improbability that the order of knighthood was conferred *upon* ecclesiastics, some of the ceremonies at the creation of knights still continued to be performed by Abbots, as the taking the sword from the altar, &c. which may be seen at large in Selden's Titles of Honour, part ii. chap. v. and Dugd. Warw. 531, and accordingly this charter, which is dated twenty-three years after the

council at Westminster, amongst other things directs the Abbot, "*Nec faciat milites* nisi in sacra veste Christi," &c. Lord Coke's acquiescence in Popham's opinion is founded upon a similar misconception, and his quaint remark "que fueront milites cælestes et milites terrestres," can only excite a smile. The marginal quotation from Fuller's Church History, b. vi. p. 352. "Moe Sirs than knights" referred to in a former note by Sir J. Hawkins, certainly means—"that these Sirs were not knights," and Fuller accounts for the title by supposing them ungraduated priests.

Before I dismiss this comment upon the opinions of the learned judges, I am bound to observe that Popham's opinion is also referred to, but in a very careless manner, in Godbold's Reports, p. 399, in these words: "Popham once Chief Justice of this court said that he had seen a commission directed unto a bishop to knight all the *parsons* within his diocese, and that was the cause that they were called *Sir* John, *Sir* Thomas, and so they continued to be called until the reign of Elizabeth." The idea of knighting *all the parsons* in a diocese is too ludicrous to need a serious refutation; and the inaccuracy of the assertion, that the title *Sir* lasted till the reign of Elizabeth, thereby implying that it then ceased, is sufficiently obvious, not only from the words of Popham in the other quotation "que est done al ascuns clerks *cest jour*," but from the proof given by Sir John Hawkins of its existence at a much later period.

Having thus, I trust, refuted the opinion that the title of *Sir* was given to priests in consequence of their being *knights*, I shall venture to account for it in another manner.

This custom then was most probably borrowed from the French, amongst whom the title *Domnus* is often appropriated to ecclesiastics, more particularly to the Benedictines, Carthusians, and Cistercians. It appears to have been originally a title of honour and respect, and was perhaps, at first, in this kingdom as in France, applied to particular orders, and became afterwards general as well among the secular as the regular clergy. The reason of preferring *Domnus* to *Dominus* was, that the latter belonged to the Supreme Being, and the other was considered as a subordinate title, according to an old verse:

Cœlestem Dominum, terrestrem dicito Domnum.

Hence, *Dom*, *Damp*, *Dan*, *Sire*, and, lastly, *Sir*; for authorities are not wanting to show that all these titles were given to ecclesiastics; but I shall forbear to produce them, having, I fear, already trespassed too far upon the reader's patience with this long note. DOUCE.

"And sundry other Heathen nations had their *Priests* instead of Princes, as Kings to gouerne, as Presbiter Iohn is at this present: and to this day the high Courts of Parliament in England do consist by ancient custome of calling to that honorable Court of

the Lords spirituall and temporall, vnderstood by the Lords spirituall, the Archbishops and Bishops, as the most ancient inuested Barrons (and some of them Earles and others Graces) of this land, and therefore alwaies first in place next vnder our Soueraigne King, Queene, Emperor and Empresse, Lord and Lady (for there is no difference of sexe in Regall Maiesty). This being so, and that by the lawes Armoriall, Ciuill, and of armes, a *Priest* in his place in ciuill conuersation is alwayes before any Esquire, as being *a Knights fellow* by his holy orders: and the third of the three *syrs*, which only were in request of old (no Barron, Vicount, Earle nor Marquesse being then in vse) to wit, *Sir* King, *Sir* Knight, and *Sir Priest*; this word *Dominus* in Latine being a nowne substantive common to them all, as *Dominus* meus Rex, *Dominus* meus Joab, *Dominus Sacerdos:* and afterwards when honors began to take their subordination one vnder another, and titles of princely dignity to be hereditarie to succeeding posterity (which hapned vpon the fall of the Romane Empire) then *Dominus* was in Latine applied to all noble and generous harts, euen from the King to the meanest *Priest* or temporall person of gentle bloud, coate-armor perfect, and ancetry. But *Sir* in English was restraind to these foure, *Sir* Knight, *Sir Priest*, *Sir* Graduate, and in common speech *Sir* Esquire: so as alwayes since distinction of titles were, *Sir Priest* was euer the second. And, if a *Priest* or Graduate be a Doctor of Diuinity or Preacher allowed, then is his place before any ordinary Knight; if higher aduanced and authorised, then doth his place allow him a congie with esteeme to be had of him accordingly."

A Decacordon of Ten Quodlibeticall Questions concerning Religion and State, &c. *Newly imprinted*, 1602, p. 53.

TODD.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE story was originally written by Lollius, an old Lombard author, and since by Chaucer. POPE.

Mr. Pope (after Dryden) informs us, that the story of Troilus and Cressida was originally the work of one Lollius, a Lombard; (of whom Gascoigne speaks in Dan Bartholmewe his first Triumph: "Since Lollius and Chaucer both, make doubt upon that glose,") but Dryden goes yet further. He declares it to have been written in Latin verse, and that Chaucer translated it. Lollius was a historiographer of Urbino in Italy. Shakspeare received the greatest part of his materials for the structure of this play from the Troye Boke of Lydgate. Lydgate was not much more than a translator of Guido of Columpna, who was of Messina in Sicily, and wrote his History of Troy in Latin, after Dictys Cretensis, and Dares Phrygius, in 1287. On these, as Mr. Warton observes, he engrafted many new romantick inventions, which the taste of his age dictated, and which the connection between Grecian and Gothick fiction easily admitted; at the same time comprehending in his plan the Theban and Argonautic stories from Ovid, Statius, and Valerius Flaccus. Guido's work was published at Cologne in 1477, again 1480: at Strasburgh, 1486, and ibidem, 1489. It appears to have been translated by Raoul le Feure, at Cologne, into French, from whom Caxton rendered it into English in 1471, under the title of his Recuyel, &c. so that there must have been yet some earlier edition of Guido's performance than I have hitherto seen or heard of, unless his first translator had recourse to a manuscript.

Guido of Columpna is referred to as an authority by our own chronicler Grafton. Chaucer had made the loves of Troilus and Cressida famous, which very probably might have been Shakspeare's inducement to try their fortune on the stage.—Lydgate's Troye Book was printed by Pynson, 1513. In the books of the Stationers' Company, anno 1581, is entered "A proper ballad, dialogue-wise, between Troilus and Cressida." Again, Feb. 7, 1602: "The booke of Troilus and Cressida, as it is acted by my Lo. Chamberlain's men." The first of these entries is in the name of Edward White, the second in that of M. Roberts. Again, Jan. 28, 1608, entered by Rich. Bonian and Hen. Whalley, "A booke called the history of Troilus and Cressida." STEEVENS.

The entry in 1608-9 was made by the booksellers for whom this play was published in 1609. It was written, I conceive, in 1602. See An Attempt to Ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays, vol. ii. MALONE.

Before this play of Troilus and Cressida, printed in 1609, is a bookseller's preface, showing that first impression to have been before the play had been acted, and that it was published without Shakspeare's knowledge, from a copy that had fallen into the bookseller's hands. Mr. Dryden thinks this one of the first of our author's plays: but, on the contrary, it may be judged, from the fore-mentioned preface, that it was one of his last; and the great number of observations, both moral and politick, with which this piece is crouded more than any other of his, seems to confirm my opinion. POPE.

We may learn, from this preface, that the original proprietors of Shakspeare's plays thought it their interest to keep them unprinted. The author of it adds, at the conclusion, these words: "Thank fortune for the 'scape it hath made among you, since, by the grand possessors wills, I believe you should rather have prayed for them, than have been prayed," &c. By the *grand possessors*, I suppose, were meant *Heming* and *Condell*. It appears that the rival play-houses at that time made frequent depredations on one another's copies. In the Induction to The Malcontent, written by Webster, and augmented by Marston, 1606, is the following passage:

"I wonder you would play it, another company having interest in it."

"Why not *Malevole* in folio with us, as *Jeronimo* in decimo sexto with them? They taught us a name for our play; we call it One For Another."

Again, T. Heywood, in his Preface to The English Traveller, 1633: "Others of them are still retained in the hands of some actors, who think it against their peculiar profit to have them come in print." STEEVENS.

It appears, however, that frauds were practised by writers as well as actors. It stands on record against Robert Greene, the author of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay, and Orlando Furioso, 1594 and 1599, that he sold the last of these pieces to two different theatres: "Master R. G. would it not make you blush, &c. if you sold not Orlando Furioso to the Queen's players for twenty nobles, and when they were in the country, sold the same play to the Lord Admiral's men for as much more? Was not this plain Coneycatching, M. G.?" *Defence of Coneycatching*, 1592.

This note was not merely inserted to expose the *craft of authorship*, but to show the *price* which was anciently paid for the copy of a play, and to ascertain the *name* of the writer of Orlando Furioso, which was not hitherto known. Greene appears to have

been the first poet in England who sold the same piece to different people. Voltaire is much belied, if he has not followed his example. COLLINS.

Notwithstanding what has been said by a *late editor*, [Mr. Capell,] I have a copy of the *first folio*, including Troilus and Cressida. Indeed, as I have just now observed, it was at first either *unknown* or *forgotten*. It does not however appear in the *list* of the plays, and is thrust in between the *histories* and the *tragedies* without any enumeration of the pages; except, I think, on one leaf only. It differs entirely from the copy in the *second folio*. FARMER.

I have consulted at least *twenty copies* of the *first folio*, and Troilus and Cressida is not wanting in any of them. STEEVENS.

† "Re thou. 'The Lady Cressight' to me
"In Folly Lolly' will I serue to thee." S. R. 1600

Ephes from a Ballad quoted by Brantie Anat: of Melan. 1630. I think it refers to Cressida & Troilus - two ballads under those titles.

An Interlude entitled "Thersites" was printed by Tyndale who I think flourished about 1550. Reprinted by the Shakespeare for the Roxburghe Club. The copy is unique.

PREFACE

TO THE QUARTO EDITION OF THIS PLAY, 1609.

A never Writer to an ever Reader. Newes.

Eternall reader, you have heere a new play, never stal'd with the stage, never clapper-claw'd with the palmes of the vulger, and yet passing full of the palme comicall; for it is a birth of your (r. *that*] braine, that never under-tooke any thing commicall, vainely: and were but the vaine names of commedies changde for the titles of commodities, or of playes for pleas; you should see all those grand censors, that now stile them such vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their gravities: especially this authors commedies, that are so fram'd to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, shewing such a dexteritie and power of witte, that the most displeased with playes, are pleasd with his commedies. And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings, as were never capable of the witte of a commedie, comming by report of them to his representations, have found that witte there, that they never found in them-selves, and have parted better-wittied then they came: feeling an edge of witte set upon them, more then ever they dreamd they had braine to grind it on. So much and such savored salt of witte is in his commedies, that they seeme (for their height of pleasure) to be borne in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this: and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, (for so much as will make you thinke your testerne well bestowd) but for so much worth, as even poore I know to be stuft in it. It deserves such a labour, as well as the best commedy in Terence or Plautus. And beleeve this, that when hee is gone, and his commedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the perill of your pleasures losse, and judgements, refuse not, nor like this the lesse, for not being sullied with the smoaky breath of the multitude; but thanke fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you: since by the grand possessors wills I believe you should have prayd for them [r. *it*] rather then beene prayd. And so I leave all such to bee prayd for (for the states of their wits healths) that will not praise it. *Vale.*

PREFACE

PROLOGUE.[1]

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous[2], their high blood chaf'd,

[1] I cannot regard this Prologue (which indeed is wanting in the quarto editions) as the work of Shakspeare; and perhaps the drama before us was not entirely of his construction. It appears to have been unknown to his associates, Hemings and Condell, till after the first folio was almost printed off. On this subject, indeed, (as I learn from Mr. Malone's extracts from Henslowe's MS.) there seems to have been a play anterior to the present one.

"April 7, 1599. Lent unto Thomas Downton to lende unto Mr. Deckers, and harey cheattel, in earnest of ther boocke called Troyeles and Creassedaye, the some of iii lb."

"Lent unto harey cheattell, and Mr. Dickers, [Henry Chettle and master Deckar] in pte of payment of their booke called Troyelles & Cresseda, the 16 of Aprell, 1599, xx*s*."

"Lent unto Mr. Deckers and Mr. Chettel the 26 of maye, 1599, in earnest of a booke called Troylles and Creseda, the some of xx*s*." STEEVENS.

I conceive this prologue to have been written, and the dialogue, in more than one place, interpolated by some *Kyd* or *Marlowe* of the time; who may have been paid for *altering* and *amending* one of Shakspeare's plays: *a* very extraordinary instance of our author's negligence, and the managers' taste! RITSON.

[2] The princes ORGULOUS,] *Orgulous*, i. e. proud, disdainful. *Orgueilleux*, Fr. This word is used in the ancient romance of Richard Cueur de Lyon:

"His atyre was *orgulous*."

Again, in Froissart's Chronicle, vol. ii. p. 115, b: "—but they

Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: Sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made,
To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; And that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: Now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city [3],
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenorides, with massy staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts [4],
Sperr up the sons of Troy [5].

wyst nat how to passe ye ryver of Derna whiche was fell and *orgulous* at certayne tymes," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] — Priam's six-gated city, &c.] The names of the gates are here exhibited as in the old copy, for the reason assigned by Dr. Farmer; except in the instance of *Antenorides*, instead of which the old copy has *Antenonydus*. The quotation from Lydgate shows that was an error of the printer. MALONE.

[4] — FULFILLING bolts,] To *fulfill*, in this place, means to fill till there be no room for more. In this sense it is now obsolete. So, in Gower, De Confessione Amantis, lib. v. fol. 114:

" A lustie maide, a sobre, a meke,
" *Fulfilled* of all curtosie."

Again:

" *Fulfilled* of all unkindship." STEEVENS.

To be "*fulfilled* with grace and benediction" is still the language of our liturgy. BLACKSTONE.

[5] SPERR up the sons of Troy.] [Old copy—*Stirre*.] This has been a most miserably mangled passage throughout all the editions; corrupted at once into false concord and false reasoning. Priam's "six-gated city *stirre* up the sons of Troy?" Here's a

Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,

verb *plural* governed of a nominative *singular*. But that is easily remedied. The next question to be asked is, In what sense a city, having six strong gates, and those well barred and bolted, can be said *to stir* up its inhabitants? unless they may be supposed to derive some spirit from the strength of their fortifications. But this could not be the poet's thought. He must mean, I take it, that the Greeks had pitched their tents upon the plains before Troy; and that the Trojans were securely barricaded within the walls and gates of their city. This sense my correction restores. To *sperre*, or *spar*, from the old Teutonick word *Speren*, signifies to *shut up*, *defend* by *bars*, &c. THEOBALD.

So, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, book v. c. 10:

"The other that was entred, labour'd fast
"To *sperre* the gate," &c.

Again, in the romance of The Squhr of Low Degre:

"*Sperde* with manie a dyvers pynne."

And in The Vision of P. Plowman, it is said that a blind man "*unsparryd* his eine."

Again, in Warner's Albion's England, 1602, book ii. ch. 12:

"When chased home into his holdes, there *sparred* up in gates."

Again, in the 2d Part of Bale's Actes of English Votaryes:

"The dore thereof oft tymes opened and *speared* agayne."

STEEVENS.

Mr. Theobald informs us that the very names of the gates of Troy have been barbarously demolished by the editors; and a deal of learned dust he makes in setting them right again; much however to Mr. Heath's satisfaction. Indeed the learning is modestly withdrawn from the later editions, and we are quietly instructed to read—

"Dardan, and Thymbria, *Ilia*, *Scæa*, Trojan,
"And Antenorides."

But had he looked into the Troy Boke of Lydgate, instead of puzzling himself with Dares Phrygius, he would have found the horrid demolition to have been neither the work of Shakspeare, nor his editors:

"Therto his cyte | compassed enuyrowne
"Had gates VI to entre into the towne:
"The firste of all | and strengest eke with all,
"Largest also | and moste princypall,

Sets all on hazard:—And hither am I come
A prologue arm'd [6],—but not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our argument,—
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt [7] and firstlings [8] of those broils,

" Of myghty byldyng | alone pereless,
" Was by the kinge called | *Dardanydes*;
" And in storye | lyke as it is founde,
" *Tymbria* | was named the seconde;
" And the thyrde | called *Helyas*,
" The fourthe gate | hyghte also *Cetheas*;
" The fyfthe *Trojana*, | the syxth *Anthonydes*,
" Stronge and mighty | both in werre and pes."
Lond. Empr. by R. Pynson, 1513, fol. b. ii. ch. 11.

The Troye Boke was somewhat modernized, and reduced into regular stanzas, about the beginning of the last century, under the name of, " The Life and Death of Hector—who fought a Hundred mayne Battailes in open Field against the Grecians; wherein there were slaine on both Sides Fourteene Hundred and Sixe Thousand, Fourscore and Sixe Men." Fol. no date. This work, Dr. Fuller, and several other criticks, have erroneously quoted as the *original*; and observe, in consequence, that " if Chaucer's *coin* were of *greater weight* for *deeper learning*, Lydgate's were of a more *refined standard* for *purer language*: so that one might mistake him for a modern writer." FARMER.

On other occasions, in the course of this play, I shall generally insert quotations from the Troye Booke Modernized, as being the most intelligible of the two. STEEVENS.

[6] A prologue arm'd,] I come here to speak the prologue, and come in armour: not defying the audience, in confidence of either the author's or actor's abilities, but merely in a character suited to the subject, in a dress of war, before a warlike play. JOHNSON.

Motteux seems to have borrowed this idea in his Prologue to Farquhar's Twin Rivals:

" With drums and trumpets in this warring age,
" A martial prologue should alarm the stage." STEEVENS.

[7] —the VAUNT —] i. e. the *avant*, what went before. So, in King Lear:

" *Vaunt*-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts." STEEVENS.

'Ginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

The *vaunt* is the *vanguard*, called, in our author's time, the *vaunt*-guard. PERCY.

[8] — firstlings —] A scriptural phrase, signifying *the first produce or offspring*. So, in Genesis, iv. 4: "And Abel, he also brought of the *firstlings* of his flock." STEEVENS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PRIAM, King of Troy:
HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PARIS,
DEIPHOBUS,
HELENUS, } his Sons.
ÆNEAS,
ANTENOR, } Trojan Commanders.
CALCHAS, a Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks,
PANDARUS, Uncle to Cressida.
MARGARELON, a Bastard Son of Priam.

AGAMEMNON, the Grecian General:
MENELAUS, his Brother.
ACHILLES,
AJAX,
ULYSSES,
NESTOR,
DIOMEDES,
PATROCLUS, } Grecian Commanders.
THERSITES, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.
ALEXANDER, Servant to Cressida.
Servant to Troilus; Servant to Paris; Servant to Diomedes.

HELEN, Wife to Menelaus.
ANDROMACHE, Wife to Hector.
CASSANDRA, Daughter to Priam; a Prophetess.
CRESSIDA, Daughter to Calchas.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, Troy, and the Grecian camp before it.

Longman 1773
Birds Nest. Ch 13.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Troy. Before PRIAM'S Palace.

Enter TROILUS *armed, and* PANDARUS.

TRO. Call here my varlet [5]; I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

PAN. Will this geer ne'er be mended [2]?

TRO. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength [3],
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;

[1] — my VARLET,] This word anciently signified a servant or footman to a knight or warrior. So, Holinshed, speaking of the battle of Agincourt: "— diverse were releeved by their *varlets*, and conveied out of the field." Again, in an ancient epitaph in the church-yard of Saint Nicas at Arras:

"Cy gist Hakin et son *varlet*,
"Tout dis-armè et tout di-pret,
"Avec son espé et salloche," &c. STEEVENS.

Concerning the word *varlet*, see Recherches Historiques Sur Les Cartes à Jouer. Lyon, 1757, p. 61. M. C. TUTET.

[2] Will this geer ne'er be mended?] There is somewhat proverbial in this question, which I likewise meet with in the interlude of King Darius, 1565:

"Wyll not yet *this geere be amended*,
"Nor your sinful acts corrected?" STEEVENS.

[3] — skilful TO their strength, &c.] i. e. in addition to their strength. The same phraseology occurs in Macbeth, Act I. Sc. II. STEEVENS.

But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder [4] than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less [5] as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the word—hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench [6] at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor!—when she comes!——When is she thence [7]?

[4] —fonder—] i. e. more weak, or foolish. MALONE.

[5] And SKILL-LESS, &c.] Mr. Dryden, in his alteration of this play, has taken this speech as it stands, except that he has changed *skill-less* to *artless*, not for the better, because *skill-less* refers to *skill* and *skilful*. JOHNSON.

[6] Doth lesser BLENCH—] To *blench* is to *shrink*, *start*, or *fly off*. So, in Hamlet:

"——if he but *blench*,
"I know my course——."

Again, in The Pilgrim, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"——men that will not totter,
"Nor *blench* much at a bullet." STEEVENS.

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain;
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm [8],)
Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile [9];
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's, (well, go to,) there were no more comparison between the women,—But, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her,—But I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit; but—

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, She is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand [1],

[7] —WHEN she comes!——When is she thence?] Both the old copies read—*then* she comes, when *she* is thence. Mr. Rowe corrected the former error, and Mr. Pope the latter. MALONE.

[8] —a STORM,)] Old copies—a *scorn*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

See King Lear, Act III. Sc. I. STEEVENS.

[9] ——in WRINKLE of a SMILE:] So, in Twelfth-Night: "He doth *smile* his face into more *lines* than the new map with the augmentation of the Indies." MALONE.

Again, in The Merchant of Venice:

"With mirth and *laughter* let old *wrinkles* come." STEEVENS.

[1] HANDLEST in thy discourse, O, that her HAND, &c.] *Handlest* is here used metaphorically, with an allusion, at the same time, to its literal meaning; and the jingle between *hand* and *handlest* is perfectly in our author's manner.

The beauty of a female *hand* seems to have made a strong im-

In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach: To whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman [2]! This thou tell'st me,

pression on his mind. Antony cannot endure that the *hand* of Cleopatra should be touched:

" —— To let a fellow that will take rewards,
" And say, *God quit you*, be familiar with
" My playfellow, your *hand*,—this kingly seal,
" And plighter of high hearts."

Again, in Romeo and Juliet:

" ——— they may seize
" On the white wonder of dear Juliet's *hand*."

In the Winter's Tale, Florizel, with equal warmth, and not less poetically, descants on the hand of his mistress:

" —— I take thy *hand;* this *hand*
" As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;
" Or Ethiopian's tooth; or the fann'd snow
" That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er."

This passage has, I think, been wrong pointed in the late editions:

" Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
" Her eyes, her air, her cheek, her gait; her voice
" *Handlest* in thy discourse;—O that her *hand!*
" In whose comparison," &c.

We have the same play of words in Titus Andronicus:

" O *handle* not the theme, to talk of *hands*,
" Lest we remember still, that we have none!" MALONE.

If the derivation of the verb to *handle* were always present to those who employed it, I know not well how Chapman could vindicate the following passage in his version of the 23d Iliad, where the most eloquent of the Greeks (old Nestor) reminds Antilochus that his horses

" —— their slow *feet handle* not."

The intentionally quaint phrase—" *taste* your *legs*," introduced in Twelfth-Night, is not more ridiculous than to talk of horses—" *handling* their *feet*." STEEVENS.

[2] —and SPIRIT of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman!] *In comparison with Cressida's hand*, says he, *the spirit of sense*, the utmost degree, the most exquisite power of sensibility, which implies a soft hand, since the sense of touching, as Scaliger says in his Exercitations, resides chiefly in the fingers, is hard as the callous and insensible palm of the ploughman. Warburton reads:

As true thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her;
But, saying, thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands [3].

Tro. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

"——*spite* of sense."

Hanmer:

"—*to th'* spirit of sense."

It is not proper to make a lover profess to praise his mistress in *spite of sense;* for though he often does it in *spite of the sense* of others, his own senses are subdued to his desires. Johnson.

Spirit of sense is a phrase that occurs again in the third Act of this play:

"—— nor doth the eye itself,
"That most pure *spirit of sense*, behold itself.

Mr. M. Mason (from whom I have borrowed this parallel) recommends Hanmer's emendation as a necessary one. Steevens.

[3] — she has the mends in her own hands —] She may mend her complexion by the assistance of cosmeticks. Johnson.

I believe it rather means—'She may make the best of a bad bargain.' This is a proverbial saying.

So, in Woman's a Weathercock, 1612: "I shall stay here and have my head broke, and then I have *the mends in my own hands.*"

Again, in S. Gosson's School of Abuse, 1579: "— turne him with his back full of stripes, and *his hands loden with his own amendes.*"

Again, in The Wild Goose Chase, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"The *mends are in mine own hands*, or the surgeon's."

Again, in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, edit. 1632, p. 605: "—and if men will be jealous in such cases, *the mends is in their owne hands*, they must thank themselves." Steevens.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore, she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not, an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father[4]; let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[*Exit* Pandarus. *An Alarum.*

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!
Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!

[4] — to stay behind her father;] Calchas, according to Shakspeare's authority, The Destruction of Troy, was "a great learned bishop of Troy," who was sent by Priam to consult the oracle of Delphi concerning the event of the war which was threatened by Agamemnon. As soon as he had made "his oblations and demaunds for them of Troy, Apollo (says the book) aunswered unto him, saying; Calchas, Calchas, beware that thou returne not back again to Troy; but goe thou with Achylles, unto the Greekes, and depart never from them, for the Greekes shall have victorie of the Troyans by the agreement of the Gods." *Hist. of the Destruction of Troy*, translated by Caxton, 5th edit. 4to. 1617.

I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium [5], and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourself, the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.[6]

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not afield [7]?

Tro. Because not there; This woman's answer sorts [8],
For womanish it is to be from thence.

This prudent *bishop* followed the advice of the Oracle, and immediately joined the Greeks. MALONE.

5 — Ilium,] Was the palace of Troy. JOHNSON.

Ilium, properly speaking, is the name of the city; *Troy*, that of the country. STEEVENS.

6 ——————— this sailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.] So, in The Merry Wives of Windsor:

" This punk is one of Cupid's *carriers;*
" Clap on more *sails,*" &c. MALONE.

7 How now, prince TROILUS? wherefore not afield?] Shakspeare, it appears from various lines in this play, pronounced Troilus improperly as a dissyllable; as every *mere* English reader does at this day.

So also, in his Rape of Luerece:

" Here manly Hector faints, here *Troilus* swounds."

It was not so pronounced by Shakspeare alone, or his contemporaries, as Gascoigne:

" And say, as Troylus said, since that I can no more—."

But the same error is found in Pope's translation of Homer's Iliad b. xxiv. line 321-22:

" Mestor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,
" And Troilus dreadful on his rushing car." MALONE.

8 — sorts,] i. e. fits, suits, is congruous. So, in King Henry V.:
" It *sorts* well with thy fierceness." STEEVENS.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?
Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.
Tro. By whom, Æneas?
Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.
Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*
Æne. Hark! what good sport is out of town to-day!
Tro. Better at home, if *would I might*, were *may*.—
But, to the sport abroad;—Are you bound thither?
Æne. In all swift haste.
Tro. Come, go we then together.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. A Street.

Enter Cressida and Alexander.

Cres. Who were those went by?
Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.
Cres. And whither go they?
Alex. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue, fix'd [9], to-day was mov'd:

[9] —— Hector, whose patience
Is, as a VIRTUE, fix'd,] Patience sure was a virtue, and therefore cannot, in propriety of expression, be said to be *like* one. We should read:

"Is as *the virtue* fix'd ——"

i. e. his patience is as fixed as the goddess Patience itself. So we find Troilus a little before saying:

"*Patience herself*, what *goddess* e'er she be,
"Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do."

It is remarkable that Dryden when he altered this play, and found this false reading, altered it with judgment to—

He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war [1],
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light [2],
And to the field goes he; where every flower

" —— *whose patience*
" Is fix'd like that of heaven."

Which he would not have done had he seen the right reading here given, where his thought is so much better and nobler expressed. WARBURTON.

I think the present text may stand. Hector's patience was as a virtue, not variable and accidental, but fixed and constant. If I would alter it, it should be thus:

" —— Hector, whose patience
" Is *all* a virtue fix'd, ——

All, in old English, is the *intensive* or enforcing particle. JOHNSON.

I had once almost persuaded myself that Shakspeare wrote,

" —— whose patience
" Is, as a *statue* fix'd."

So, in The Winter's Tale, sc. ult.:

" The *statue* is but newly *fix'd*."

The same idea occurs also in the celebrated passage in Twelfth-Night:

" —— *sat* like *patience* on *a monument*."

The old adage—Patience is a *virtue*, was perhaps uppermost in the compositor's mind, and he therefore inadvertently substituted the one word for the other. A *virtue fixed* may, however, mean the *stationary image of a virtue*. STEEVENS.

[1] — husbandry in war,] So, in Macbeth:

" There's *husbandry in heaven*." STEEVENS.

Husbandry means economical prudence. Troilus alludes to Hector's early rising. So, in King Henry V.:

" —— our bad neighbours make us *early stirrers*,
" Which is both healthful and good *husbandry*." MALONE.

[2] Before the sun rose, he was harness'd LIGHT,] " Does the poet mean (says Mr. Theobald) that Hector had put on light armour?" Mean! what else could he mean? He goes to fight on foot; and was not that the armour for his purpose? So, Fairfax, in Tasso's Jerusalem:

" The other princes put on *harness light*
" As footmen use —."

Yet, as if this had been the highest absurdity, he goes on, " Or does he mean that Hector was sprightly in his arms even before sunrise? or is a conundrum aimed at, in *sun rose* and *harness'd*

Did, as a prophet, weep[3] what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

light?" Was any thing like it? But, to get out of this perplexity, he tells us, that "a very slight alteration makes all these constructions unnecessary," and so changes it to *harness-dight*. Yet indeed the very slightest alteration will, at any time, let the poet's sense though the critick's fingers: and the Oxford editor very contentedly takes up what is left behind, and reads *harness-dight* too, in order, as Mr. Theobald well expresses it, "to make all construction unnecessary." WARBURTON.

How does it appear that Hector was to fight on foot rather to-day than any other day? It is to be remembered, that the ancient heroes never fought on horseback; nor does their manner of fighting in chariots seem to require less activity than on foot. JOHNSON.

It is true that the heroes of Homer never fought on horseback; yet such of them as make a second appearance in the Æneid, like their antagonists the Rutulians, had cavalry among their troops. Little can be inferred from the manner in which Ascanius and the young nobility of Troy are introduced at the conclusion of the funereal games; as Virgil very probably, at the expence of an anachronism, meant to pay a compliment to the military exercises instituted by Julius Cæsar, and improved by Augustus. It appears from different passages in this play, that Hector fights on horseback; and it should be remembered that Shakspeare was indebted for most of his materials to a book which enumerates Esdras and Pythagoras among the bastard children of King Priamus. Our author, however, might have been led into his mistake by the manner in which Chapman has translated several parts of the Iliad, where the heroes mount their chariots or descend from them. Thus, book vi. speaking of Glaucus and Diomed:

"—— from *horse* then both descend." STEEVENS.

If Dr. Warburton had looked into The Destruction of Troy, already quoted, he would have found, in every page, that the leaders on each side were alternately tumbled from their *horses* by the prowess of their adversaries. MALONE.

I am afraid that the charge, whatever it may amount to, of neglecting the information to be found in the old Destruction of Troy, must fall rather upon Johnson than Warburton. BOSWELL.

[3] —— where every FLOWER

Did, as a prophet, WEEP —] So, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream, vol. v. p. 257:

"And when she weeps, *weeps* every little *flower*,
"Lamenting," &c. STEEVENS.

Cres. What was his cause of anger?
Alex. The noise goes, this: There is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him, Ajax.
Cres. Good; And what of him?
Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*[4],
And stands alone.
Cres. So do all men; unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.
Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions[5]; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crouded humours, that his valour is crushed into folly[6], his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair[7]: He hath the joints of every thing; but every

[4] —*per se,*] So, in Chaucer's Testament of Cresseide:
"Of faire Cresseide the floure and *a per se*
"Of Troi and Greece."
Again, in the old comedy of Wily Beguiled: "In faith, my sweet honeycomb, I'll love thee *a per se a*."
Again in Blurt Master Constable, 1602:
"That is the *a per se* of all, the creame of all." Steevens.

[5] —their particular additions;] Their peculiar and characteristic qualities or denominations. The term in this sense is originally forensick. Malone.
So, in Macbeth:
"—— whereby he doth receive
"*Particular addition*, from the bill
"That writes them all alike." Steevens.

[6] —that his valour is CRUSHED INTO FOLLY,] To be *crushed into folly*, is to be *confused* and mingled with *folly*, so as that they make one mass together. Johnson.
So, in Cymbeline:
"*Crush* him together, rather than unfold
"His measure duly." Steevens.

thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say, he yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin [8]? When were you at Ilium [9]?

[7] —against the hair:] Is a phrase equivalent to another now in use—*against the grain.* The French say— *à contrepoil.*

STEEVENS.

[8] Good morning, cousin Cressid: What do you talk of? Good morrow, ALEXANDER.—How do you, cousin?] *Good morrow, Alexander*, is added, in all the editions, (says Mr. Pope,) very absurdedly, Paris not being on the stage. Wonderful acuteness! But, with submission, this gentleman's note is much more absurd; for it falls out very unluckily for his remark, that though Paris is, for the generality, in Homer called Alexander; yet, in this play, by any one of the characters introduced, he is called nothing but Paris. The truth of the fact is this: Pandarus is of a busy, impertinent, insinuating character; and it is natural for him, so soon as he has given his cousin the good-morrow, to pay his civilities too to her attendant. This is purely ἐν ἤθει, as the grammarians call it; and gives us an admirable touch of Pandarus's character. And why might not *Alexander* be the name of Cressida's man? Paris had no patent, I suppose, for engrossing it to himself. But the late *editor*, perhaps, because we have had Alexander the Great, Pope Alexander, and Alexander Pope,

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was Hector armed, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so: Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there is Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Ay; if ever I saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say: for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

would not have so eminent a name prostituted to a common *varlet*. THEOBALD.

This note is not preserved on account of any intelligence it brings, but as a curious specimen of Mr. Theobald's mode of animadversion on the remarks of Mr. Pope. STEEVENS.

9 — at ILIUM?] *Ilium*, or *Ilion*, (for it is spelt both ways,) was, according to Lydgate, and the author of The Destruction of Troy, the name of Priam's palace, which is said by these writers to have been built upon a high rock. See a note in Act IV. Sc. V. on the words—"Yon towers," &c. MALONE.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he were,——

Cres. So he is.

Pan. —— 'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself.—'Would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above[1]; Time must friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well,—I would, my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit[2] this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities;——

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess,)—Not brown neither.

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then, Troilus should have too much: if

[1] Well, the gods are above;] So, in Othello: "Heaven's above all." Malone.

[2] —his WIT —] Both the old copies have—*will*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief, Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek [3], indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into a compassed window [4],—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetick may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter [5]?

[3] — a merry Greek,] *Græcari*, among the Romans, signified to play the reveller. STEEVENS.

The expression occurs in many old English books. See Act IV. Sc. IV.:

"A woeful Cressid 'mongst the *merry Greeks*." MALONE.

[4] — compassed window.] The *compassed window* is the same as the *bow window*. JOHNSON.

A *compassed* window is a *circular* bow window. In The Taming of the Shrew the same epithet is applied to the cape of a woman's gown: "— a small *compassed* cape." STEEVENS,

A *coved* ceiling is yet in some places called a *compassed* ceiling. MALONE.

[5] — so old a LIFTER?] The word *lifter* is used for a *thief*, by Greene, in his Art of Coneycatching, printed 1591: on this the humour of the passage may be supposed to turn. We still call a person who plunders shops, a *shop-lifter*. Ben Jonson uses the expression in Cynthia's Revels:

"One other peculiar virtue you possess is, *lifting*."

Again, in The Roaring Girl, 1611: "— cheaters, *lifters*, nips, foists, puggards, courbers."

Again, in Holland's Leaguer, 1633: "Broker or pandar, cheater or *lifter*." STEEVENS.

Liftus, in the Gothick language, signifies a *thief*. See Archælog. vol. v. p. 311. BLACKSTONE.

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him;—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,——

Cres. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think, his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then:—But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,——

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i'the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin;—Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But, there was such laughing;—Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones [6].

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was a more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes;—Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

[6] — her eyes ran o'er.
Cres. With MILL-STONES.] So, in King Richard III.:
"Your eyes drop *mill-stones*, when fools' eyes drop tears."
MALONE.

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, *Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. *One and fifty hairs*[7], quoth he, *and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons. Jupiter!* quoth she, *which of these hairs is Paris my husband? The forked one*, quoth he; *pluck it out, and give it him.* But, there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed[8].

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April[9].

7 One *and fifty hairs,*] [Old copies—*Two* and fifty.] I have ventured to substitute—*One and fifty*, I think with some certainty. How else can the number make out Priam and his fifty sons? Theobald.

8 — that it passed.] i. e. that it went beyond bounds. So, in The Merry Wives of Windsor: "Why this *passes*, master Ford." Cressida plays on the word, as used by Pandarus, by employing it herself in its common acceptation. Steevens.

9 — an 'twere a man born in April.] i. e. as if 'twere, &c. So, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream: "I will roar you *an* 'twere any nightingale."

The foregoing thought occurs also in Antony and Cleopatra:

"The April's in her eyes: it is love's spring,
"And these the showers to bring it on." Steevens.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. [*A retreat sounded.*

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

Æneas passes over the Stage.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Æneas; Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you; But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

Antenor passes over.

Pan. That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit[1], I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o'the soundest judgments * in Troy, whosoever,

* First folio, *judgment*.

[1] That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit,]

" Anthenor was———
" Copious in words, and one that much time spent
" To jest, when as he was in companie,
" So driely, that no man could it espie;
" And therewith held his countenaunce so well,
" That every man received great content
" To heare him speake, and pretty jests to tell,
" When he was pleasant, and in merriment:
" For tho' that he most commonly was sad,
" Yet in his speech some jest he always had."

Lydgate, p. 105.

Such, in the hands of a rude English poet, is the grave Antenor, to whose wisdom it was thought necessary that the art of Ulysses should be opposed:

Et moveo Priamum, Priamoque *Antenora* junctum. Steevens.

and a proper man of person:—When comes Troilus?—I'll show you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more [2].

Hector passes over.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; There's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector;—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there's a countenance: Is't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good—Look you what hacks are on his helmet? look you yonder, do you see? look you there! There's no jesting: there's laying on; take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

Paris passes over.

Pan. Swords? any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By god's lid, it does one's heart good:—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece; Is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said, he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now.

[2] —the RICH shall have more.] The allusion is to the word *noddy*, which, as now, did, in our author's time, and long before, signify *a silly fellow*, and may, by its etymology, signify likewise *full of nods*. Cressid means, that a *noddy* shall have more nods. Of such remarks as these is a comment to consist!

JOHNSON.

To *give the nod*, was, I believe, a term in the game at cards called *Noddy*. This game is perpetually alluded to in the old comedies. STEEVENS.

Ha! 'would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who's that?

Helenus passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus,—I marvel, where Troilus is:—That's Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day:—That's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well:—I marvel, where Troilus is!—Hark; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus?—Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus: 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him;—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look you how his sword is bloodied [3], and his helm more hack'd than Hector's [4]; And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot [5].

[3] —how his SWORD IS BLOODIED,] So, Lydgate, describing Troilus, in a couplet that reminds us of Dryden, or Pope:

"He was so ferse they might him not withstand,
"When that he helde his *blody sworde* in hand."

I always quote from the original poem, edit. 1555. MALONE.

[4] —his HELM MORE HACK'D than Hector's;] So, in Chaucer's Troilus and Cresseide, book iii. 640:

"His *helme to hewin* was in twenty places," &c. STEEVENS.

Forces pass over the Stage.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i'the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pye [6],—for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie [7].

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles [8]; upon my secrecy, to

[5] —an EYE to boot.] So, the quarto. The folio, with less force,—Give *money* to boot. JOHNSON.

[6] —no DATE in the pye,] To account for the introduction of this quibble, it should be remembered that *dates* were an ingredient in ancient pastry of almost every kind. So, in Romeo and Juliet:

"They call for *dates* and quinces in the pastry."

Again, in All's Well that Ends Well, Act I.: "—your *date* is better in your *pye* and porridge, than in your cheek." STEEVENS.

[7] —at what WARD you LIE.] A metaphor from the art of defence. So, Falstaff, in King Henry IV. Part I.: "Thou know'st my old *ward;* here I *lay,*" &c. STEEVENS.

defend mine honesty: my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter Troilus' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him[9].

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come: [*Exit Boy.*]
I doubt, he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle,——

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token—you are a bawd.—
[*Exit Pandarus.*

Words, vows, griefs, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize:
But more in Troilus thousand fold I see

[8] — upon my wit, to defend my WILES;] So read both the copies: and yet perhaps the author wrote:

"Upon my wit to defend my *will*."

The terms *wit* and *will* were, in the language of that time, put often in opposition. JOHNSON.

So, in The Rape of Lucrece:

"What *wit* sets down, is blotted straight with *will*."

Again, in King Richard II.:

"Where *will* doth mutiny with *wits* regard."

Yet I think the old copy right. MALONE.

[9] At your own house; THERE HE UNARMS HIM.] These necessary words are added from the quarto edition. POPE.

The words added are only—*there he unarms him*. JOHNSON.

Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing[1]:
That she[2] belov'd knows nought, that knows not this,—
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
That she was never yet, that ever knew
Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech[3]:
Then though[4] my heart's content[5] firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.
[*Exit.*

[1] —joy's soul lies in the doing:] So read both the old editions, for which the later editions have poorly given:

"The *soul's joy* lies in doing." JOHNSON.

It is the reading of the second folio. RITSON.

"Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:

"Things won are done, joy's soul *lies* in the doing:" This is the reading of all the editions; yet it must be erroneous; for the last six words of the passage are totally inconsistent with the rest of Cressida's speech, and the very reverse of the doctrine she professes to teach. I have, therefore, no doubt, that we ought to read:

—— joy's soul *dies* in the doing:

which means, that the fire of passion is extinguished by enjoyment.

The following six lines sufficiently confirm the propriety of this amendment, which is obtained by the change of a single letter:

That *she* belov'd, &c. &c. M. MASON.

[2] That she—] Means, that woman. JOHNSON.

[3] Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:] The meaning of this obscure line seems to be—"Men, after possession, become our commanders; before it, they are our suppliants."

STEEVENS.

[4] THEN though—] The quarto reads—*Then;* the folio and the other modern editions read improperly—*That.* JOHNSON

[5] —my heart's CONTENT—] *Content*, for *capacity*.

WARBURTON.

On considering the context, it appears to me that we ought to read—"my heart's *consent*," not *content*. M. MASON.

"—my heart's *content*." Perhaps means, my heart's satis-

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp. Before AGAMEMNON's Tent.

Trumpets. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, *and Others.*

AGAM. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflúx of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gav't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
And think them shame *, which are, indeed, nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found

* Quarto, *And call them shames.*

faction or joy; my well pleased heart. So, in our author's Dedication of his Venus and Adonis to Lord Southampton: "I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your *heart's content*." This is the reading of the quarto. The folio has—*contents*. MALONE.

My *heart's content*, I believe, signifies—*the acquiescence of my heart*. STEEVENS.

In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd[6] and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad[7] and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat[8],
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words[9]. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast[1], making their way

[6] — affin'd —] i. e. joined by affinity. The same adjective occurs in Othello:

"If partially *affin'd*, or leagu'd in office." STEEVENS.

[7] — broad —] So the quarto. The folio reads—*loud*. JOHNSON.

[8] With due observance of thy GODLIKE seat,] *Goodly* [the reading of the folio] is an epithet that carries no very great compliment with it; and Nestor seems here to be paying deference to Agamemnon's state and pre-eminence. The old books [the quartos] have it—to thy *godly* seat: *godlike*, as I have reformed the text, seems to me the epithet designed; and is very conformable to what Æneas afterwards says of Agamemnon:

"Which is that *god* in office, guiding men?"

So *godlike seat* is here, 'state supreme above all other commanders.' THEOBALD.

This emendation Theobald might have found in the quarto, which has—the *godlike* seat. JOHNSON.

"— thy godlike seat." The throne in which thou sittest, "like a descended god." MALONE.

[9] — Nestor shall APPLY
Thy latest words.] Nestor *applies* the words to another instance. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Nestor means, that he will *attend particularly to*, and consider, Agamemnon's latest words. So, in an ancient interlude, entitled, The Nice Wanton, 1560:

"O ye children, let your time be well spent;
"*Applye* your learning, and your elders obey." MALONE.

[1] — PATIENT breast,] The quarto, not so well—*ancient* breast. JOHNSON.

With those of nobler bulk[2]?
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis[3], and, anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse[4]: Where's then the saucy boat,

[2] With those of nobler bulk?] Statius has the same thought, though more diffusively expressed:

Sic ubi magna novum Phario de littore puppis
Solvit iter, jamque innumeros utrinque rudentes
Lataque veliferi porrexit brachia mali,
Invasitque vias; it eodem angusta phaselus
Æquore, et immensi partem sibi vendicat austri.

Again, in The Sylvæ of the same author, Lib. I. iv. 120:

—— immensæ veluti connexa carinæ
Cymba minor, cum sævit hyems—
———— et eodem volvitur austro.

Mr. Pope has imitated the passage. STEEVENS.

[3] But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis,] So, in Lord Cromwell, 1602: "When I have seen *Boreas* begin to play the *ruffian* with us, then would I down on my knees." MALONE.

[4] Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse:] Mercury, according to the fable, presented Perseus with *talaria*, but we no where hear of his horse. The only flying horse of antiquity was Pegasus; and he was the property, not of Perseus, but Bellerophon. But our poet followed a more modern fabulist, the author of The Destruction of Troy, a book which furnished him with some other circumstances of this play. Of the horse alluded to in the text he found in that book the following account:

"Of the blood that issued out [from Medusa's head] there engendered Pegasus, or the *flying horse*. By the flying horse that was engendered of the blood issued from her head, is understood, that of her riches issuing of that realme he [Perseus] founded and made a *ship* named Pegase,—and *this ship was likened unto an horse flying*," &c.

Again: "By this fashion Perseus conquered the head of Medusa, and did make Pegase, the most swift ship that was in all the world."

In another place the same writer assures us, that this ship, which he always calls Perseus' flying horse, "flew on the sea like unto a bird." *Dest. of Troy*, 4to. 1617, p. 155—164. MALONE.

Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide,
In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize [5],
Than by the tiger: but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade [6], Why, then, the thing
of courage [7],
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent turn'd in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune [8].

The foregoing note is a very curious one; and yet our author perhaps would not have contented himself with merely comparing one ship to another. Unallegorized *Pegasus* might be fairly styled *Perseus' horse*, because the heroism of *Perseus* had given him existence.

So, in the fable of The Hors, the Shepe, and the Ghoos, printed by Caxton:

"The *stede of perseus* was cleped *pigase*
"With swifte wynges," &c.

Whereas, ibid. a ship is called "—an hors of tre."

See University Library, Cambridge, D. 5. 42. STEEVENS.

[5] — by the BRIZE,] The *brize* is the *gad* or *horse-fly*. So, in Monsieur Thomas, 1639:

"—— Have ye got the *brize* there?
"Give me the holy sprinkle."

Again, in Vittoria Corombona, or The White Devil, 1612: "I will put *brize* in his tail, set him a gadding presently."

See note on Antony and Cleopatra, Act III. Sc. VIII. STEEVENS.

[6] And flies fled under shade,] i. e. And flies *are* fled under shade. I have observed similar omissions in the works of many of our author's contemporaries. MALONE.

[7] — the thing of courage,] It is said of the tiger, that in storms and high winds he rages and roars most furiously. HANMER.

[8] RETURNS to CHIDING fortune.] For *returns*, Hanmer reads *replies*, unnecessarily, the sense being the same. The folio and quarto have *retires*, corruptly. JOHNSON.

So, in King Richard II.:

"Northumberland, say—thus the king *returns* ——."

STEEVENS.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,—
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—
[*To Agamemnon.*
And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life,—
[*To Nestor.*
I give to both your speeches, which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air (strong as the axletree [9]
On which heaven rides,) knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienc'd tongue [1],—yet let it please both,—

The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. *Chiding* is *noisy, clamorous*. So, in King Henry VIII. Act III. Sc. II.:

"As doth a rock against the *chiding* flood." Malone.

See also vol. v. p. 297. Steevens.

[9] —axletree—] This word was anciently contracted into a dissyllable. Thus in Beaumont and Fletcher's Bonduca:

"——when the mountain
"Melts under their hot wheels, and from their *ax'trees*
"Huge claps of thunder plough the ground before them."
Steevens.

[1] —— speeches,—which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, HATCH'D IN SILVER,
Should WITH A BOND OF AIR ——
—— knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienc'd tongue,] Ulysses begins his oration with praising those who had spoken before him, and marks the characteristick excellencies of their different eloquence,—strength, and sweetness, which he expresses by the different metals on which he recommends them to be engraven for the instruction of posterity. The speech of Agamemnon is such that it ought to be engraven in

Thou great,—and wise [2],—to hear Ulysses speak.

brass, and the tablet held up by him on the one side, and Greece on the other, to show the union of their opinion. And Nestor ought to be exhibited in silver, uniting all his audience in one mind by his soft and gentle elocution. Brass is the common emblem of strength, and silver of gentleness. We call a soft voice a *silver* voice, and a persuasive tongue a *silver* tongue. I once read for *hand*, the *band* of Greece, but I think the text right. To *hatch* is a term of art for a particular method of *engraving*. *Hacher*, to cut, Fr. JOHNSON.

In the description of Agamemnon's speech, there is a plain allusion to the old custom of *engraving* laws and publick records in *brass*, and hanging up the tables in temples, and other places of general resort. Our author has the same allusion in Measure for Measure, Act V. Sc. I. The Duke, speaking of the merit of Angelo and Escalus, says, that

" —— it deserves *with characters of brass*
" A forted residence, 'gainst the tooth of time
" And razure of oblivion ——."

So far therefore is clear. Why Nestor is said to be *hatch'd in silver*, is much more obscure. I once thought that we ought to read,—*thatch'd in silver*, alluding to his *silver hair;* the same metaphor being used by Timon, Act IV. Sc. IV. to Phryne and Timandra:

" —— *thatch* your poor thin roofs
" With burthens of the dead ——."

But know not whether the present reading may not be understood to convey the same allusion; as I find, that the species of engraving, called *hatching*, was particularly used in the *hilts of swords*. See Cotgrave in v. *Haché; hacked*, &c. also, *Hatched, as the hilt of a sword;* and in v. *Hacher;* to *hacke*, &c. also *to hatch a hilt*. Beaumont and Fletcher's Custom of the Country, vol. ii. p. 90:

" When thine own bloody sword cried out against thee,
" *Hatch'd* in the life of him ——."

As to what follows, if the reader should have no more conception than I have, of

" —— a bond of *air*, strong as the axle-tree
" On which heaven rides ——"

he will perhaps excuse me for hazarding a conjecture, that the true reading may possibly be:

" —— a bond of *awe* ——"

The expression is used by Fairfax, in his 4th Eclogue, Muses Library, p. 368:

" Unty these *bonds of awe* and cords of duty."

After all, the construction of this passage is very harsh and irre-

Agam. Speak[3], prince of Ithaca; and be't of less expect[4]

gular; but with that I meddle not, believing it was left so by the author. Tyrwhitt.

Perhaps no alteration is necessary: *hatch'd in silver*, may mean, "whose white hair and beard make him look like a figure engraved on silver."

The word is metaphorically used by Heywood, in The Iron Age, 1632:

"———————— his face
"Is *hatch'd* with impudency three-fold thick."

And again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Humorous Lieutenant:

"His weapon *hatch'd* in blood."

Again, literally, in The Two Merry Milkmaids, 1620:

"Double and treble gilt,——
"*Hatch'd* and inlaid, not to be worn with time."

Again, more appositely, in Love in a Maze, 1632:

"Thy hair is fine as gold, thy chin is *hatch'd*
"*With silver* ——."

Again, in Chapman's version of the 23d Iliad:

"Shall win this sword, *silver'd and hatch'd*—."

The voice of Nestor, which on all occasions enforced attention, might be, I think, not unpoetically called, *a bond of air*, because its operations were visible, though his voice, like the wind, was unseen. Steevens.

In a newspaper of the day, intitled The Newes published for Satisfaction and Information of the People, Nov. 12, 1663, No. XI. p. 86, is advertized, "Lost, in Scotland Yard, a *broad sword hatcht with silver*." Reed.

The following passage in Fanshawe's translation of the Pastor Fido seems to prove that *hatched* sometimes meant *coloured*:

"Nor ist your study how to pay true love ——
"But how your silver hair with gold to *hatch*."

The original is

"Ma *tinger* d'oro un insensata chioma."

Pastor Fido, Act I. Sc. V. Boswell.

In the following verses in our author's Rape of Lucrece, nearly the same picture of Nestor is given. The fifth line of the first stanza may lead us to the true interpretation of the words *hatch'd in silver*. In a subsequent passage the colour of the old man's beard is again mentioned:

"I'll hide my *silver* beard in a gold beaver."

Dr. Johnson therefore is undoubtedly mistaken in supposing that there is any allusion to the soft voice or *silver tongue* of Nestor.

With respect to the breath or speech of Nestor, here called a *bond of air*, it is so truly Shakspearian, that I have not the small-

That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,

est doubt of the genuineness of the expression. Shakspeare frequently calls words *wind* and *air*. So, in one of his poems:

"——sorrow ebbs, being blown with *wind* of *words*."

Again, in Romeo and Juliet:

"Three civil broils, bred of an *airy* word."

Again, more appositely, in Much Ado About Nothing:

"Charm ache with *air*, and agony with words."

The verses above alluded to are these:

"There pleading you might see grave Nestor stand,
"As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight;
"Making such sober action with his hand,
"That it *beguil'd attention*, charm'd the sight;
"In speech it seem'd, *his beard all silver white*
"Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
"Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky.
"About him were a press of gaping faces,
"Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice,
"All jointly list'ning but with several graces,
"As if some mermaid did their ears entice;
"Some high, some low; the painter was so nice,
"The scalps of many almost hid behind
"To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind."

What is here called 'speech that beguil'd attention,' is in the text a *bond of air*; i. e. *breath*, or words that strongly enforced the attention of his auditors. In the same poem we find a kindred expression:

"Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
"Will *tie* the *hearers* to *attend* each line."

Again, more appositely, in Drayton's Mortimeriados, 4to. no date:

"Torlton, whose *tongue* men's ears in *chains* could *bind*."

The word *knit*, which alone remains to be noticed, is often used by Shakspeare in the same manner. So, in Macbeth:

"—— to the which my duties
"Are with a most indissoluble *tie*
"For ever *knit*."

Again, in Othello: "I have profess'd me thy friend, and I confess me *knit* to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness."

A passage in Puttenham's Arte of English Poesie, 1589, may illustrate that before us: "Whether now persuasions may not be said violent and forcible, especially to simple myndes, in special I refer to all men's judgement that hear the story. At least waies I finde this opinion confirmed by a pretie devise or embleme that Lucianus alleageth he saw in the portrait of Hercules within the citie of

When rank Thersites opes his mastive jaws,
We shall hear musick, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master [5],
But for these instances.
The specialty of rule [6] hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions [7],
When that the general is not like the hive [8],

Marseilles in Provence; where they had figured a lustie *old man with a long chayne tyed by one end at his tong, by the other end at the people's eares*, who stood afar off, and seemed to be *drawen to him by force of that chayne fastened to his tong;* as who would say, by force of his persuasions." Malone.

Thus, in Chapman's version of the 13th Odyssey:

" He said; and silence all their tongues contain'd
" (In admiration) when *with pleasure chain'd*
" *Their ears had long been to him.*" Steevens.

[2] Thou great,—and wise,] This passage is sense as it stands; yet I have little doubt that Shakspeare wrote—

Though great and wise ——. M. Mason.

[3] *Agam.* Speak, &c.] This speech is not in the quarto. Johnson.

[4] — expect —] *Expect* for *expectation*. Thus, in our author's works, we have *suspect* for *suspicion*, &c. Steevens.

[5] — Hector's SWORD HAD LACK'D A MASTER,] So, in Cymbeline:

" ——— gains, or loses,
" Your *sword*, or mine; or *masterless* leaves both —."
Steevens.

[6] The specialty of rule —] The particular rights of supreme authority. Johnson.

[7] Hollow upon this plain, so many HOLLOW factions.] The word *hollow*, at the beginning of the line, injures the metre, without improving the sense, and should probably be struck out.
M. Mason.

I would rather omit the word in the second instance. To *stand empty*, (*hollow*, as Shakspeare calls it,) is a provincial phrase applied to houses which have no tenants. These *factions*, however, were *avowed*, not *hollow*, or insidious. Remove the word *hollow*, at the beginning of the verse, and every tent in sight would become chargeable as the quondam residence of a factious chief; for the plain sense must then be—there are as many hollow factions as there are tents. Steevens.

To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves [9], the planets, and this center [1],
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspécts of planets evil [2],
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad: But, when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander [3],

[8] When that the general is NOT LIKE the hive,] The meaning is,—When the general is not *to the army* like the hive to the bees, the repository of the stock of every individual, that to which each particular resorts with whatever he has collected for the good of the whole, *what honey is expected?* what hope of advantage? The sense is clear, the expression is confused. JOHNSON.

[9] The heavens themselves,] This illustration was probably derived from a passage in Hooker: "If celestial spheres should forget their wonted motion; if the prince of the lights of heaven should begin to stand; if the moon should wander from her beaten way; and the seasons of the year blend themselves; what would become of man?" WARBURTON.

[1] —the planets, and this CENTER,] i. e. the center of the earth, which, according to the Ptolemaic system, then in vogue, is the center of the solar system. WARBURTON.

By *this center*, Ulysses means the earth itself, not the center of the earth. According to the system of Ptolemy, the earth is the center round which the planets move. M. MASON.

[2] Corrects the ill aspécts of planets evil,] So, the folio. The quarto reads:

"Corrects th' influence of evil planets." MALONE.

[3] —But, when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander, &c.] I believe the poet, according to astrological opinions, means, when the planets form malignant configurations, when their aspects are evil towards one another. This he terms *evil mixture*. JOHNSON.

What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?
What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate [4]
The unity and married calm of states [5]

The poet's meaning may be somewhat explained by Spenser, to whom he seems to be indebted for his present allusion:

" For who so liste into the heavens looke,
" And search the courses of the rowling spheres,
" Shall find that from the point where they first tooke
" Their setting forth, in these few thousand yeares
" They all are *wandred* much; that plaine appeares.
" For that same golden fleecy ram, which bore
" Phrixus and Helle from their stepdames feares,
" Hath now forgot where he was plast of yore,
" And shouldred hath the bull which fayre Europa bore.

" And eke the bull hath with his bow-bent horne
" So hardly butted those two twins of Jove,
" That they have crush'd the crab, and quite him borne
" Into the great Nemæan lion's grove.
" So now all *range*, and do *at random rove*
" Out of their proper places far away,
" And all this world with them amisse doe move,
" And all his creatures from their course astray,
" Till they arrive at their last ruinous decay."

Fairy Queen, b. v. c. i. STEEVENS.

The apparent irregular motions of the planets were supposed to portend some disasters to mankind; indeed the planets themselves were not thought formerly to be confined in any fixed orbits of their own, but to wander about *ad libitum*, as the etymology of their names demonstrates. ANONYMOUS.

[4] — deracinate —] i. e. force up by the roots. So again, in King Henry V.:

" ——— the coulter rusts
" That should *deracinate* such savag'ry." STEEVENS.

[5] — MARRIED calm of states —] The epithet—*married*, which is used to denote an intimate union, is employed in the same sense by Milton:

" ——— Lydian airs
" *Married* to immortal verse."

Again:

" —— voice and verse
" *Wed* your divine sounds."

Again, in Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas's Eden:

Quite from their fixture? O, when degree is
shak'd [6],
Which is the ladder of all high designs,
The enterprize [7] is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities [8],
Peaceful commérce from dividable shores [9],
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentick place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy [1]: The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe [2]:

" —— shady groves of noble palm-tree sprays,
" Of amorous myrtles and immortal bays;
" Never unleav'd, but evermore they're new,
" Self-arching, in a thousand arbours grew.
" Birds *marrying* their sweet tunes to the angels' lays,
" Sung Adam's bliss, and their great Maker's praise."

The subject of Milton's larger poem would naturally have led him to read this description in Sylvester. The quotation from him I owe to Dr. Farmer.

Shakspeare calls a harmony of features, *married lineaments*, in Romeo and Juliet, Act I. Sc. III. p. 39. See note on this passage. STEEVENS.

6 — O, when degree is shak'd,] I would read:
—— *So*, when degree is shak'd. JOHNSON.

7 THE enterprize —] Perhaps we should read:
Then enterprize is sick!—— JOHNSON.

8 — brotherhoods in cities,] Corporations, companies, *confraternities*. JOHNSON.

9 — DIVIDABLE shores,] i. e. divided. So, in Antony and Cleopatra, our author uses *corrigible* for *corrected*. Mr. M. Mason has the same observation. STEEVENS.

1 — MERE oppugnancy:] *Mere* is *absolute*. So, in Hamlet:
" —— things rank and gross in nature
" Possess it *merely*." STEEVENS.

2 And make a SOP of all this solid globe:] So, in King Lear:
" —— I'll make a *sop* o'the moonshine of you." STEEVENS.

In a former speech a boat is said to be made a *toast* for Neptune. BLAKEWAY.

Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong,
(Between whose endless jar justice resides,)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.
And this neglection [3] of degree it is,
That by a pace [4] goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb [5]. The general's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation [6]:
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.
Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power [7] is sick.

3 — this NEGLECTION—] This uncommon word occurs again in Pericles, 1609:

" ——— —if *neglection*
" Should therein make me vile—." MALONE.

4 That by a pace—] That goes backward *step by step*. JOHNSON.

5 — with a purpose
It hath to climb.] With a design in each man to aggrandize himself, by slighting his immediate superior. JOHNSON.

Thus the quarto. Folio—*in* a purpose. MALONE.

6 — bloodless emulation:] An emulation not vigorous and active, but malignant and sluggish. JOHNSON.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehand of our host,—
Having his ear full of his airy fame [8],
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and aukward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,)
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation [9] he puts on;
And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage [1],—
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming [2]

7 — our POWER —] i. e. our army. So, in another of our author's plays:

"Who leads his *power?*" STEEVENS.

8 — his AIRY fame,] Verbal elogium; what our author, in Macbeth, has called *mouth honour*. See p. 258, note. MALONE.

9 Thy TOPLESS deputation —] *Topless* is that which has nothing *topping* or *overtopping* it; supreme; sovereign. JOHNSON.

So, in Dr. Faustus, 1604:

"Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
"And burnt the *topless* towers of Ilium?"

Again, in The Blind Beggar of Alexandria, 1598:

"And *topless* honours be bestow'd on thee." STEEVENS.

1 'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the SCAFFOLDAGE,] The galleries of the theatre, in the time of our author, were sometimes termed *the scaffolds*. See The Account of the Ancient Theatres, vol. iii. MALONE.

2 — O'ER-WRESTED seeming —] i. e. wrested beyond the truth; overcharged. Both the old copies, as well as all the modern editions, have—*o'er-rested*, which affords NO meaning.

The same error is found in Look To It for I'l Stabbe You, 1604:

"Lawyers that *rest* the law to your affection." MALONE.

Over-wrested is—wound up too high. A *wrest* was an instru-

He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending [3]; with terms unsquar'd [4],
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries—*Excellent!—'tis Agamemnon just.—*
Now play me Nestor;—hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being 'drest to some oration.
That's done;—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels [5]; as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet good Achilles still cries, *Excellent!*
'Tis Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,
And with a palsy-fumbling [6] on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this sport,
Sir Valour dies; cries, *O!—enough, Patroclus;—*
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all

ment for tuning a harp, by *drawing up* the strings. See Mr. Douce's note on Act III. Sc. III. STEEVENS.

[3] —a chime a mending;] To this comparison the praise of originality must be allowed. He who, like myself, has been in the tower of a church while the chimes were repairing, will never wish a second time to be present at so dissonantly noisy an operation. STEEVENS.

[4] — unsquar'd,] i. e. unadapted to their subject, as stones are unfitted to the purposes of architecture, while they are yet *unsquar'd.* STEEVENS.

[5] —— as near as the extremest ends
Of PARALLELS;] The *parallels* to which the allusion seems to be made, are the parallels on a map. As like as east to west. JOHNSON.

[6] —a palsy-fumbling —] Old copies give this as two distinct words. But it should be written—*palsy-fumbling*, i. e. paralytick fumbling. TYRWHITT.

On seems to be used for—*at*. So, p. 276: "Pointing *on* him." i. e. *at* him. STEEVENS.

In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots [7], orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes [8].

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice,) many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd: and bears his head
In such a rein [9], in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles: keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle: and sets Thersites
(A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint [1],)
To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger [2].

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act

7 All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of GRACE EXACT,
Achievements, plots, &c.] All our good *grace exact*, means our *excellence irreprehensible.* JOHNSON.

8 — to make PARADOXES.] *Paradoxes* may have a meaning, but it is not clear and distinct. I wish the copies had given:
"——— to make *parodies*." JOHNSON.

9 — bears his head
In such a rein,] That is, holds up his head as haughtily. We still say of a girl, *she bridles.* JOHNSON.

1 — whose gall coins slanders like a mint,] i. e. as fast as a mint coins *money.* MALONE.

2 How RANK soever rounded in with danger.] A *rank weed* is a *high weed.* The modern editions silently read:
"How *hard* soever —." JOHNSON.
"— *rounded in* with danger." So, in King Henry V.:
"How dread an army hath *enrounded* him." STEEVENS.

But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on; and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight [3],—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:
They call this—bed-work, mappery, closet-war:
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [*Trumpet sounds.*

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus [4].

Enter Æneas.

Men. From Troy.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this
Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears [5]?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm [6]

[3] —— and know, BY measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,] I think it were better to read:

"—— and know *the* measure,
"*By* their observant toil, *of* the enemies' weight." JOHNSON.

"— by measure —" That is "*by means* of their observant toil." M. MASON.

[4] What trumpet? look, MENELAUS.] Surely, the name of *Menelaus* only serves to destroy the metre, and should therefore be omitted. STEEVENS.

[5] — kingly EARS?] The quarto:

"— kingly *eyes?*" JOHNSON.

[6] — ACHILLES' arm —] So the copies. Perhaps the author wrote:

"— *Alcides'* arm." JOHNSON.

'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.
Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks [7]
Know them from eyes of other mortals?
Agam. How?
Æne. Ay;
I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek [8] be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?
Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.
Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd

[7] A stranger to those most imperial looks —] And yet this was the seventh year of the war. Shakspeare, who so wonderfully preserves character, usually confounds the customs of all nations, and probably supposed that the ancients (like the heroes of chivalry) fought with beavers to their helmets. So, in the fourth Act of this play, Nestor says to Hector:

"But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
"I never saw till now."

Shakspeare might have adopted this error from the wooden cuts to ancient books, or from the illuminators of manuscripts, who never seem to have entertained the least idea of habits, manners, or customs more ancient than their own. There are books in the British Museum of the age of King Henry VI.; and in these the heroes of ancient Greece are represented in the very dresses worn at the time when the books received their decorations. Steevens.

In The Destruction of Troy Shakspeare found all the chieftains of each army termed knights, mounted on stately horses, defended with modern helmets, &c. &c. Malone.

In what edition did these representations occur to Shakspeare? Steevens.

The fifth edition was published in 1617; there was one in 1607, and probably the others were prior to this play. Malone.

[8] — BID the cheek —] So the quarto. The folio has:

"— *on* the cheek —." Johnson.

As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's
accord,
Nothing so full of heart [9]. But peace, Æneas,

9 ——— they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's ACCORD,
Nothing so full of heart.] I have not the smallest doubt that the poet wrote—(as I suggested in my Second Appendix, 8vo. 1783:)

" —— they have galls,
" Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's *a god*
" Nothing so full of heart.

So, in Macbeth:

" Sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and *jovial*
" Among your guests to-night."

Again, in Antony and Cleopatra:

" Cæsar, why he's the *Jupiter* of men."

Again, ibidem:

" Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly *Jove*."

The text, in my apprehension, is unintelligible, though I have not ventured, on my own opinion, to disturb it. In the old copy there is no point after the word *accord*, which adds some support to my conjecture. It also may be observed, that in peace the Trojans have just been compared to *angels;* and here Æneas, in a similar strain of panegyrick, compares them in war to that *God* who was proverbially distinguished for high spirits.

The present punctuation of the text was introduced by Mr. Theobald. The words being pointed thus, he thinks it clear that the meaning is—They have galls, good arms, &c. and *Jove annuente*, nothing *is* so full of heart as they. Had Shakspeare written, " —*with* Jove's accord," and " *Nothing's* so full," &c. such an interpretation might be received; but, as the words stand, it is inadmissible.

The quarto reads:

" —— and *great* Jove's accord," &c. MALONE.

Perhaps we should read:

" —— and Love's a *lord*
" Nothing so full of heart.

The words *Jove* and *Love*, in a future scene of this play, are substituted for each other, by the old blundering printers. In Love's Labour's Lost, Cupid is styled " Lord *of ay-mees;*" and Romeo speaks of his " *bosom's* Lord." In Othello, Love is commanded to " yield up his *hearted* throne." And, yet more appositely, Valentine, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, says,

Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise disdains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth[1]:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame follows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you[2]?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately, that comes from Troy.

"——love's a *mighty* lord—."

The meaning of Æneas will then be obvious. The most confident of all passions is not so daring as we are in the field. So, in Romeo and Juliet:

"And what *Love* can do, that dares *Love* attempt."

Mr. M. Mason would read—"and Jove's *own bird*."

Perhaps, however, the old reading may be the true one, the speaker meaning to say, that, "when they have the accord of Jove on their side, nothing is so courageous as the Trojans." Thus, in Coriolanus:

"The god of soldiers
"(With the *consent* of supreme *Jove*) inform
"Thy thoughts with nobleness—."

Jove's accord, in the present instance, like the *Jove probante* of Horace, may be an ablative absolute, as in Pope's version of the 19th Iliad, 190:

"And, *Jove attesting*, the firm compact made." [Steevens.

[1] The worthiness of praise disdains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:] So, in Coriolanus:

"——power unto itself most commendable,
"Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
"To extol what it hath done." Malone.

[2] What's your affair, I PRAY YOU?] The words—*I pray you*, are an apparent interpolation, and consequently destroy the measure.

"*Æn.* Ay, Greek, that is my name.
"*Agam.* What's your affair?—"

These hemistichs, joined together, form a complete verse.

Steevens.

Æne. Nor I from Troy came not to whisper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind [3];
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;—
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpet sounds.*

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector, (Priam is his father,)
Who in this dull and long-continued truce [4]
Is rusty [5] grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one, among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;

[3] Speak frankly as the wind;] So, Jacques, in As You Like It:

"—— I must have liberty
"Withal as large a charter as *the wind*
"To blow on whom I please ——." Steevens.

[4] —— long-continued truce —] Of this long *truce* there has been no notice taken; in this very Act it is said, that "Ajax coped Hector yesterday in the battle." Johnson.

Here we have another proof of Shakspeare's falling into inconsistencies, by sometimes adhering to, and sometimes deserting, his original: a point, on which some stress has been laid in the Dissertation printed at the end of The Third Part of King Henry VI.

Of this dull and "long-continued truce" (which was agreed upon at the desire of the Trojans, for six months,) Shakspeare found an account in the seventh chapter of the third book of The Destruction of Troy. In the fifteenth chapter of the same book the beautiful daughter of Calchas is first introduced. Malone.

[5] — rusty —] Quarto, *resty*. Johnson.

That loves his mistress more than in confession [6],
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves [7],)
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth
The splinter of a lance [8]. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: But we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
But, if there be not in our Grecian host [9]
One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
To answer for his love, Tell him from me,—
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,

[6] — more than IN CONFESSION,] *Confession* for *profession*. WARBURTON.

[7] — to her own lips he loves,] That is, 'confession made with idle vows to the lips of her whom he loves.' JOHNSON.

[8] — and not worth
The splinter of a lance.] This is the language of romance. Such a challenge would better have suited Palmerin or Amadis, than Hector or Æneas. STEEVENS.

[9] — in our Grecian HOST —] So the quarto. The folio has —Grecian *mould*. MALONE.

And in my vantbrace [2] put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world; His youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood [3].

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but* Ulysses *and* Nestor.

Ulyss. Nestor,——

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape [4].

Nest. What is't?

Ulyss. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The seeded pride [5]

[2] And in my VANTBRACE —] An armour for the arm, *avant-bras*. POPE.

Milton uses the word in his Sampson Agonistes, and Heywood in his Iron Age, 1632:

" —— peruse his armour,
" The dint's still in the *vantbrace*." STEEVENS.

[3] I'll prove this truth with my THREE DROPS OF BLOOD.] So, in Coriolanus, one of the Volcian Guard says to old Menenius, " Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your *half pint of blood*."

Thus the quarto. The folio reads—I'll *pawn* this truth.
MALONE.

[4] Be you my time, &c,] i. e. be you to my present purpose what time is in respect of all other schemes, viz. a ripener and bringer of them to maturity. STEEVENS.

I believe Shakspeare was here thinking of the period of gestation which is sometimes denominated a female's *time*, or reckoning. T. C.

[5] — The seeded pride, &c.] Shakspeare might have taken this idea from Lyte's Herbal, 1578 and 1579. The Oleander tree or

That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery [6] of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how [7] ?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up [8] :

Nerium "hath scarce one good propertie." It may be compared to a Pharisee, "who maketh a glorious and beautiful show, but inwardly is of a corrupt and poisoned nature."—"It is high time, &c. to supplant it (i. e. pharisaism) for it hath already floured, so that I feare it will shortly *seede*, and fill this wholesome soyle full of wicked Nerium." Tollet.

So, in The Rape of Lucrece :

"How will thy shame be *seeded* in thine age,
"When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?" Malone.

[6] — nursery —] Alluding to a plantation called a nursery. Johnson.

[7] Well, and how?] We might complete this defective line by reading :

"Well, and how *then?*"

Sir T. Hanmer reads—how *now?* Steevens.

[8] The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up :] That is, the purpose is as plain as *body* or substance ; and though I have collected this purpose from many minute particulars, as a gross body is made up of small insensible parts, yet the result is as clear and certain as a body thus made up is palpable and visible. This is the thought, though a little obscured in the conciseness of the expression. Warburton,

Substance is *estate*, the value of which is ascertained by the use of small *characters*, i. e. *numerals*. So, in the prologue to King Henry V.:

"——a crooked figure may
"Attest, in little place, a million."

The *gross sum* is a term used in The Merchant of Venice. *Grossness* has the same meaning in this instance. Steevens.

And, in the publication, make no strain [9],
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will, with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes,
It is most meet: Whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring those honours [1] off,
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: And trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action: for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling [2]
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks [3]
To their subséquent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass

[9] And, in the publication, make no strain,] Nestor goes on to say, make no difficulty, no doubt, when this duel comes to be proclaimed, but that Achilles, dull as he is, will discover the drift of it. This is the meaning of the line. So afterwards, in this play, Ulysses says:

"I do not *strain* at the position."

i. e. I do not hesitate at, I make no difficulty of it. THEOBALD.

[1] — THOSE honours —] Folio—*his* honour. MALONE.

[2] — scantling —] That is, a *measure*, *proportion*. The carpenter cuts his wood to a certain *scantling*. JOHNSON.

So, in John Florio's translation of Montaigne's Essays, folio, 1603: "When the lion's skin will not suffice, we must add a *scantling* of the fox's." MALONE.

[3] — small pricks —] Small *points compared* with the volumes. JOHNSON.

Indexes were, in Shakspeare's time, often *prefixed* to books. MALONE.

Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; Who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd [4], limbs are his instruments [5],
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech;—
Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not [6],
The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By showing the worse first [7]. Do not consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes; what are they?

[4] Which entertain'd, &c.] These two lines [and the concluding hemistich] are not in the quarto. Johnson.

[5] — limbs are his instruments,] The folio reads:

"—— limbs are *in* his instruments."

I have omitted the impertinent preposition. Steevens.

[6] — if not,] I suppose, for the sake of metre, we should read:

"—— if *they do* not." Steevens.

[7] The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By showing the worse first.] The folio reads:

"The lustre of the better, *yet to show*,
"*Shall show the better.*"

I once thought that the alteration was made by the author; but a more diligent comparison of the quartos and the first folio has convinced me that some arbitrary alterations were made in the latter copy by its editor. The quarto copy of this play is in general more correct than the folio. Malone.

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share [8] with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Africk sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair: If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion [9] crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax [1] draw

[8] — share —] So the quarto. The folio—*wear*. JOHNSON.

[9] — our main opinion —] Is, our general estimation or character. See Henry IV. Part I. Act V. Sc. IV. *Opinion* has already been used in this scene in the same sense. MALONE.

[1] — blockish Ajax —] Shakspeare, on this occasion has deserted Lydgate, who gives a very different character of Ajax:

"Another Ajax (surnamed Telamon)
"There was, a man that *learning did adore*," &c.
"Who did so much in *eloquence* abound,
"That in his time the like could not be found."

Again:

"And one that *hated pride and flattery*," &c.

Our author appears to have drawn his portrait of the Grecian chief from the invectives thrown out against him by Ulysses in the thirteenth book of Ovid's Metamorphosis, translated by Golding, 1587; or from the prologue to Harrington's Metamorphosis of Ajax, 1596, in which he is represented as "strong, heady, boisterous, and a terrible fighting fellow, but neither wise, learned, staide, nor pollitícke." STEEVENS.

I suspect that Shakspeare confounded Ajax Telamonius with Ajax *Oileus*. The characters of each of them are given by Lydgate. Shakspeare knew that one of the Ajaxes was Hector's nephew, the son of his sister; but perhaps did not know that he was Ajax Telamonius, and in consequence of not attending to this circumstance has attributed to the person whom he has introduced in this play part of the character which Lydgate had drawn for Ajax Oileus:

"Oileus Ajax was right corpulent;
"To be well cladde he set all his entent.
"In rich aray he was full curyous,
"Although he were of body corsyous.
"Of armes great, with shoulders square and brode;
"It was of him almost a horse-lode.
"High of stature, and boystrous in a pres,
"*And of his speech rude, and rechles.*

The sort [2] to fight with Hector: Among ourselves,
Give him allowance for the better man,

" *Full many worde in ydel hym asterte,*
" And but a coward was he of his herte."

Ajax Telamonius he thus describes:

" An other Ajax Thelamonyius
" There was also, *dyscrete* and *virtuous;*
" Wonder faire and semely to behold,
" Whose heyr was black and upward ay gan folde,
" In compas wise round as any sphere;
" And of musyke was there none his pere.
" —— yet had he good practike
" In armes eke, and was a noble knight.
" No man more orped, nor hardyer for to fight,
" Nor desirous for to have victorye;
" Devoyde of pomp, hating all vayn glorye,
" All ydle laud spent and blowne in vayne."

Lydgate's *Auncient Historie*, &c. 1555.

There is not the smallest ground in Lydgate for what the author of the Rifacimento of this poem, published in 1614, has introduced, concerning his *eloquence* and *adoring learning*. See Mr. Steevens's note.

Perhaps, however, The Destruction of Troy led Shakspeare to give this representation; for the author of that book, describing these two persons, improperly calls Ajax Oileus, simply *Ajax*, as the more eminent of the two:

" *Ajax* was of a huge stature, great and large in the shoulders, great armes, and always was well clothed, and very richly; and was of no great enterprise, and spake very quicke. *Thelamon Ajax* was a marvellous faire knight; he had black hayres, and he hadde great pleasure in musicke, and he sang him selfe very well: he was of greate prowesse, and a valiant man of warre, and without pompe." MALONE.

Mr. Malone observes, that "there is not the smallest ground, &c. concerning his *eloquence and adoring* learning." But may we ask what interpretation this gentleman would give to the epithets

" —— *diserte* and *virtuous?*"

By the first word, (formed from the Latin *disertus,*) *eloquence* must have been designed; and by the latter, the *artes ingenuæ*, which in the age of Lydgate were often called the *virtuous arts*.

STEEVENS.

If Mr. Steevens had consulted the original from which I quoted, he would have found that *diserte* was merely an error of the press, and that it stood in Lydgate as it did in my MS. *dyscrete*, and so I have now corrected it. MALONE.

[2] — The SORT —] i. e. the *lot*. STEEVENS.

For that will physick the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices: If he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion [3] still
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,
Now I begin to relish thy advice [4];
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other; Pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on [5], as 'twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II [6]. SCENE I.

Another Part of the Grecian Camp.

Enter Ajax and Thersites.

Ajax. Thersites,——

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full, all over, generally?

So, in Lydgate's Auncient Historie, &c:

"Calchas had experience
"Especially of calculation;
"Of *sorte* also, and divynation." Malone.

[3] — under our OPINION —] Here again *opinion* means *character*. Malone.

[4] — Ulysses,
Now I begin, &c.] The quarto and folio have—*Now, Ulysses*, I begin, &c. The transposition was made by Mr. Steevens. Malone.

[5] Must TARRE the mastiffs on,] *Tarre*, an old English word, signifying to provoke or urge on. See King John, Act IV. Sc. I.:

"——— like a dog,
"Snatch at his master that doth *tarre* him on." Pope.

Ajax. Thersites,——

Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog,——

Ther. Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel then. [*Strikes him.*

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee[7], thou mongrel beef-witted lord[8]!

[6] Act II.] This play is not divided into Acts in any of the original editions. JOHNSON.

[7] The PLAGUE OF GREECE upon thee,] Alluding perhaps to the plague sent by Apollo on the Grecian army. JOHNSON.

The following lines of Lydgate's Auncient Historie of the Warres between the Trojans and the Grecians, 1555, were probably here in our author's thoughts:

" And in this whyle a great mortalyte,
" Both of sworde and of *pestilence*,
" *Among Greekes*, by fatal influence
" Of noyous hete and of corrupt eyre,
" Engendred was, that tho in great dispayre
" Of theyr life in the fyelde they leye,
" For day by day sodaynly they deye,
" Whereby theyr nombre fast gan dyscrece;
" And whan they sawe that it ne wolde sece,
" By theyr advyse the kyng Agamemnowne
" For a trewse sent unto the towne,
" For thirty dayes, and Priamus the kinge
" Without abode graunted his axynge." MALONE.

Our author may as well be supposed to have caught this circumstance, relative to the *plague*, from the first book of Hall's or Chapman's version of the Iliad. STEEVENS.

[8] —thou MONGREL BEEF-WITTED lord!] So, in Twelfth-Night: " —I am a great eater of *beef*, and I believe that does harm to my *wit*." STEEVENS.

He calls Ajax *mongrel* on account of his father's being a *Grecian* and his mother a *Trojan*. See Hector's speech to Ajax, in Act IV. Sc. V.:

" Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son," &c.
MALONE.

Ajax. Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak[9]: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o'thy jade's tricks[1]!

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou strikest me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation,—

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece[2]. When

Immediately after

9 Speak then, thou UNSALTED leaven, speak:] *Unsalted* leaven means *sour* without *salt*, malignity without wit. Shakspeare wrote first *unsalted*; but recollecting that want of *salt* was no fault in leaven, changed it to *vinew'd*. JOHNSON.

The want of salt is no fault in leaven; but leaven without the *addition* of salt will not make good bread: hence Shakspeare used it as a term of reproach. MALONE.

Unsalted is the reading of both the quartos. Francis Beaumont, in his letter to Speght on his edition of Chaucer's works, 1602, says: "Many of Chaucer's words are become as it were *vinew'd* and hoarie with over long lying."

Again, in Tho. Newton's Herbal to the Bible, 8vo. 1587:

"For being long kept they grow hore and *vinewed*."

STEEVENS.

In the Preface to James the First's Bible, the translators speak of *fenowed* (i. e. vinewed or mouldy) traditions. BLACKSTONE.

The folio has—thou *whinid'st* leaven; a corruption undoubtedly of *vinnewdst* or *vinniedst*: that is, thou most *mouldy* leaven. In Dorsetshire they at this day call cheese that is become mouldy, *vinny* cheese. MALONE.

[1] —a red murrain, &c.] A similar imprecation is found in The Tempest: "—The *red plague* rid you!" STEEVENS.

[2] —in Greece.] [Thus far the folio.] The quarto adds—

thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,——

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him [3].

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou shouldest strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf [4]!

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers [5] with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch [6]!

" when thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another." JOHNSON.

[3] — AY, that thou barkest at him.] I read,—*O* that thou *barkedst* at him. JOHNSON.

The old reading is *I*, which, if changed at all, should have been changed into *ay*. TYRWHITT.

[4] Cobloaf!] A crusty, uneven, gibbous loaf, is in some counties called by this name. STEEVENS.

A *cob-loaf*, says Minsheu, in his Dictionary, 1616, is "a bunne. It is a little loaf made with a round head, such as cob-irons which support the fire. G. *Bignet*, a *bigne*, a knob or lump risen after a knock or blow." The word *Bignet* Cotgrave, in his Dictionary, 1611, renders thus: " Little round loaves or lumps, made of fine meale, oyle, or butter, and reasons: bunnes, lenten loaves."

Cob-loaf ought, perhaps, to be rather written *cop-loaf*. MALONE.

[5] — PUN thee into SHIVERS —] *Pun* is in the midland counties the vulgar and colloquial word for—*pound*. JOHNSON.

It is used by P. Holland, in his translation of Pliny's Natural History, book xxviii. ch. xii.: " —*punned* altogether and reduced into a liniment." Again, book xxix. ch. iv.: " The gall of these lizards *punned* and dissolved in water." STEEVENS.

Cole, in his Dictionary, renders it by the Latin words *contero, contundo*. Mr. Pope, who altered whatever he did not understand, reads—*pound*, and was followed by three subsequent editors. MALONE.

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego[7] may tutor thee: Thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here put to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold[8] among those of any wit, like

[6] Thou stool for a witch!] In one way of trying a *witch* they used to place her on a chair or stool, with her legs tied across, that all the weight of her body might rest upon her seat; and by that means, after some time, the circulation of the blood would be much stopped, and her sitting would be as painful as the wooden horse. GREY.

[7] — an ASSINEGO —] I am not very certain what the idea conveyed by this word was meant to be. *Asinaio* is Italian, says Sir T. Hanmer, for an *ass-driver*: but, in Mirza, a tragedy, by Rob. Baron, Act III. the following passage occurs, with a note annexed to it:

" —— the stout trusty blade,
" That at one blow has cut an *asinego*
" Asunder like a thread——"

" This (says the author) is the usual trial of the Persian sham-sheers, or cemiters, which are crooked like a crescent of so good metal, that they prefer them before any other, and so sharp as any razor."

I hope, for the credit of the prince, that the experiment was rather made on an *ass*, than an *ass-driver*. From the following passage I should suppose *asinego* to be merely a cant term for a foolish fellow, an idiot: " They appalled me as you see, made a fool, or an *asinego* of me." See The Antiquary, a comedy, by S. Marmion, 1641. Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady: " — all this would be forsworn, and I again *an asinego*, as your sister left me." STEEVENS.

Baron certainly used *asinego* for an *ass*, as in a note on the fourth act of his play, he cites the very passage from Herbert which Mr. Ritson has quoted below. BOSWELL.

Asinego is Portuguese for a *little ass*. MUSGRAVE.

And Dr. Musgrave might have added, that, in his native county, it is the vulgar name for an *ass* at present. HENLEY.

The same term, as I am informed, is also current among the lower rank of people in Norfolk. STEEVENS.

An *asinego* is a *he ass*. " A souldiers wife abounding with more lust than love, complaines to the king, her husband did not satisfie her, whereas he makes her to be coupled to an *asinego*, whose villainy and lust took away her life."

Herbert's Travels, 1634, p. 98. RITSON.

a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me [9], I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus?

How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* [1] is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow.

[8] —thou art bought and sold —] This was a proverbial expression. Malone.

So, in King Richard III.:

"For Dickon thy master is *bought and sold*."

Again, in King Henry VI. Part I.:

"From *bought and sold* lord Talbot." Steevens.

[9] If thou use to beat me,] i. e. if thou continue to beat me, or make a practice of beating me. Steevens.

[1] —his pia mater, &c.] So, in Twelfth-Night: "—here

This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.

ACHIL. What?

THER. I say, this Ajax——

ACHIL. Nay, good Ajax.

[*AJAX offers to strike him, ACHILLES interposes.*

THER. Has not so much wit——

ACHIL. Nay, I must hold you.

THER. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

ACHIL. Peace, fool!

THER. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he, look you there.

AJAX. O thou damned cur! I shall——

ACHIL. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

THER. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

PATR. Good words, Thersites.

ACHIL. What's the quarrel?

AJAX. I bade the vile owl, go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

THER. I serve thee not.

AJAX. Well, go to, go to.

THER. I serve here voluntary.

ACHIL. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary[2]; Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

THER. Even so?—a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of

comes one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater*." The *pia mater* is a membrane that protects the substance of the brain. STEEVENS.

[2] — is beaten VOLUNTARY:] i. e. voluntarily. Shakspeare often uses adjectives adverbially. See Henry IV. Part I. Act I. Sc. II. MALONE.

your brains [3]; 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses, and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails [4] on their toes,—yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth: To, Achilles! to Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me [5], shall I?

[3] Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; &c.] The same thought occurs in Cymbeline:

"———— not Hercules
"Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none."

STEEVENS.

[4] —Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere YOUR grandsires had nails—] [Old copies—*their* grandsires.] This is one of these editors' wise riddles. What! was Nestor's wit mouldy before his grandsire's toes had nails? Preposterous nonsense! and yet so easy a change as one poor pronoun for another, sets all right and clear. THEOBALD.

[5] —when Achilles' BRACH bids me,] The folio and quarto read—Achilles *brooch*. *Brooch* is an appendant ornament. The meaning may be, equivalent to one of Achilles' *hangers-on*.

JOHNSON.

Brach I believe to be the true reading. He calls Patroclus, in contempt, Achilles's dog. So, in Timon of Athens:

"When thou art *Timon's dog*," &c.

A *brooch* was a cluster of gems affixed to a pin, and anciently worn in the hats of people of distinction. See the portrait of Sir Christopher Hatton. STEEVENS.

I believe *brache* [which was suggested by Mr. Rowe] to be the true reading. It certainly means a *bitch*, and not a *dog*, which renders the expression more abusive and offensive. Thersites

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaimed through all our host:

That Hector, by the first [6] hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare
Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash: Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwise, He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you:—I'll go learn more of it. [*Exeunt.*

calls Patroclus Achilles' *brache*, for the same reason that he afterwards calls him his *male harlot*, and his *masculine whore*.

M. Mason.

I have little doubt of *broch* being the true reading, as a term of contempt.

The meaning of *broche* is well ascertained—a spit—a *bodkin*; which being formerly used in the ladies' dress, was adorned with jewels, and gold and silver ornaments. Hence in old lists of jewels are found *brotchets*.

I have a very magnificent one, which is figured and described by Pennant, in the second volume of his Tour to Scotland, in 1772, p. 14, in which the spit or bodkin forms but a very small part of the whole. Lort.

I have sometimes thought that the word intended might have been Achilles's *brock*, i. e. that over-weening conceited coxcomb, who attends upon Achilles. Our author has used this term of contempt in Twelfth-Night: "Marry, hang thee, *brock!*" So, in The Jests of George Peele, quarto, 1657: "This self-conceited *brock* had George invited," &c. Malone.

A *brock*, literally means—a *badger*. Steevens.

It is a common term of reproach in Scotland. Boswell.

[6] —the FIRST —] So the quarto. Folio—the *fifth*. Malone.

SCENE II.

Troy. A Room in PRIAM's Palace.

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, *and* HELENUS.

PRI. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks;
Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—
Shall be struck off:—Hector, what say you to't?

HECT. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
As far as toucheth my particular, yet,
Dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spungy [7] to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out—*Who knows what follows* [8]*?*
Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes [9],
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:

[7] —spungy—] So, in Macbeth:
"——his *spungy* officers." STEEVENS.

[8] —*Who knows what follows?*] Who knows what *ill* consequences may follow from pursuing this or that course? MALONE.

[9] —many thousand DISMES,] *Disme*, Fr. is the tithe, the tenth. So, in the Prologue to Gower's Confessio Amantis, 1554:
"The *disme* goeth to the battaile."
Again, in Holinshed's Reign of Richard II.: "—so that there was levied, what of the *disme*, and by the devotion of the people," &c. STEEVENS.

If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours; not worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reason, which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fye, fye, my brother
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite [1]?
And buckle-in a waist most fathomless,
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fye, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons [2],
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:
You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set

[1] The PAST-proportion of his infinite?] Thus read both the copies. The meaning is, "that greatness to which no measure bears any proportion." The modern editors silently give:

"The *vast* proportion—." JOHNSON.

[2] —though you BITE so sharp at REASONS, &c.] Here is a wretched quibble between *reasons* and *raisins*, which, in Shakspeare's time, were, I believe, pronounced alike. Dogberry, in Much Ado About Nothing, plays upon the same words: "If Justice cannot tame you, she shall never weigh more *reasons* in her balance." MALONE.

The present suspicion of a quibble on the word—*reason*, is not, in my opinion, sufficiently warranted by the context. STEEVENS.

The very wings of reason to his heels;
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star dis-orb'd [3]?—Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and ho-
nour
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their
thoughts
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject [4].

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth
cost
The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is attributive [5]
To what infectiously itself affects,

[3] And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star dis-orb'd?] These two lines are misplaced in all the folio editions. Pope.

[4] — reason and RESPECT
Make livers pale, &c.] *Respect* is caution, a regard to consequences. So, in our author's Rape of Lucrece:
"Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating die!
"*Respect* and reason wait on wrinkled age!—
"Sad pause and deep regard beseem the sage."
Again, in Timon of Athens:
"—— and never learn'd
"The icy precepts of *respect*, but follow'd
"The sugar'd game before thee." Malone.

[5] And the will dotes, that is ATTRIBUTIVE —] So the quarto. The folio reads—*inclinable*, which Mr. Pope says "is better." Malone.
I think the first reading better; "the will dotes that attributes" or gives "the qualities which it affects:" that first causes excellence, and then admires it. Johnson.

Without some image of the affected merit [6].
Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will [7];
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment: How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench [8] from this, and to stand firm by honour:
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd them [9]; nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve [1],

[6] Without some image of the AFFECTED merit:] We should read:

" ——— the *affected's* merit."

i. e. without some mark of merit in the thing affected.

WARBURTON.

The present reading is right. The will *affects* an object for some supposed *merit*, which Hector says is censurable, unless the *merit* so *affected* be really there. JOHNSON.

[7] —in the CONDUCT of my will;] i. e. under the guidance of my will. MALONE.

[8] —blench —] See p. 230, n. 6. STEEVENS.

[9] —SOIL'D them;] So reads the quarto. The folio:

" —— *spoil'd* them." JOHNSON.

[1] —unrespective SIEVE,] That is, unto a *common voider*. *Sieve* is in the quarto. The folio reads:

" —— unrespective *same*;"

for which the second folio and modern editions have silently printed:

" —— unrespective *place*." JOHNSON.

It is well known that *sieves* and half-*sieves* are baskets to be met with in every quarter of Covent Garden market; and that, in some families, baskets lined with tin are still employed as voiders. With the former of these senses *sieve* is used in The Wits, by Sir W. D'Avenant:

" ——— apple-wives
" That wrangle for a *sieve*."

Dr. Farmer adds, that, in several counties of England, the baskets used for carrying out dirt, &c. are called *sieves*. The

Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath with full consent [2] bellied his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
And, for an old aunt [3], whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning [4].
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went,
(As you must needs, for you all cry'd—*Go, go,*)
If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cry'd—*Inestimable!*) why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
And do a deed that fortune never did [5],

correction, therefore, in the second folio, appears to have been unnecessary. STEEVENS.

[2] Your breath with full CONSENT—] Your breaths all blowing together; your unanimous approbation. Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*of* full consent. MALONE.

[3] And, for an old aunt,] Priam's sister, Hesione, whom Hercules, being enraged at Priam's breach of faith, gave to Telamon, who by her had Ajax. MALONE.

This circumstance is also found in Lydgate, book ii. where Priam says:

"My sister eke, called Exiona
"Out of this regyon ye have ladde away," &c. STEEVENS.

[4] —makes PALE the morning.] So the quarto. The folio and modern editors—

"——makes *stale* the morning." JOHNSON.

[5] And do a deed that fortune NEVER did,] If I understand this passage, the meaning is, "Why do you, by censuring the determination of your own wisdoms, degrade Helen, whom fortune hath not yet deprived of her value, or against whom, as the

Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
But, thieves [6], unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, *raving* [7].

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetick tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders [8],

wife of Paris, fortune has not in this war so declared, as to make us value her less?" This is very harsh, and much strained. JOHNSON.

The meaning, I believe, is: "Act with more inconstancy and caprice than ever did fortune." HENLEY.

Fortune was never so unjust and mutable as to rate a thing on one day above all price, and on the next to set no estimation whatsoever upon it. You are now going to do what fortune never did. Such, I think, is the meaning. MALONE.

[6] BUT, thieves,] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*Base* thieves—. JOHNSON.

That did, in the next line, means—that *which* in their country did. MALONE.

[7] *Enter* CASSANDRA, *raving*.] This circumstance also is from the third book of Lydgate's Auncient Historie, &c. 1555:

"This was the noise and the pyteous crye
"Of *Cassandra* that so dredefully
"She gan to make aboute in euery strete
"Through ye towne," &c. STEEVENS.

[8] —wrinkled ELDERS,] So the quarto. Folio—wrinkled *old*. MALONE.

Elders, the erroneous reading of the quarto, would seem to

Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand [9];
Our fire-brand brother [1], Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra's mad; her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste [2] the goodness of a quarrel,

have been properly corrected in the copy whence the first folio was printed; but it is a rule with printers, whenever they meet with a strange word in a manuscript, to give the nearest word to it they are acquainted with; a liberty which has been not very sparingly exercised in all the old editions of our author's plays. There cannot be a question that he wrote:

"—— mid-age and wrinkled *eld*."

So, in The Merry Wives of Windsor:

"The superstitious idle-headed *eld*."

Again, in Measure for Measure:

"Doth beg the alms of palsied *eld*." Ritson.

[9] Troy MUST NOT BE, nor goodly ILION stand;] See p. 235, n. 5, and p. 240, n. 9. This line unavoidably reminds us of another in the second book of the Æneid:

Trojaque *nunc stares*, Priamique arx alta *maneres*. Steevens.

[1] Our FIRE-BRAND brother,] Hecuba, when pregnant with Paris, dreamed she should be delivered of a burning torch.

—— et face prægnans
Cisseïs regina Parin creat. *Æneid* X. 705. Steevens.

[2] — distaste —] Corrupt; change to a worse state. Johnson.

Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious [3]. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity [4]
As well my undertakings, as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent [5]
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape [6]

[3] To make it gracious.] i. e. to set it off; to show it to advantage. So, in Marston's Malcontent, 1604: "— he is most exquisite, &c. in sleeking of skinnes, blushing of cheeks, &c. that ever *made an ould lady gracious* by torch-light." Steevens.

[4] — convince of levity —] This word, which our author frequently employs in the obsolete sense of—to *overpower*, *subdue*, seems, in the present instance, to signify—*convict*, or subject to the charge of levity. Steevens.

[5] — your full consent —] Your unanimous approbation. See p. 293, n. 2. Malone.

[6] — her fair rape —] *Rape*, in our author's time, commonly signified *the carrying away* of a female. Malone.

It has always borne that, as one of its significations; *raptus*

Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,
That so degenerate a strain as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have gloz'd [7],—but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle [8] thought

Helenæ (without any idea of personal violence) being constantly rendered—the *rape* of Helen. Steevens.

7 Have GLOZ'D,] So, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, book iii. viii. 14:

"——could well his *glozing* speeches frame."

To *gloze*, in this instance, means to *insinuate*; but, in Shakspeare, to *comment*. So, in K. Henry V.:

"Which Salique land the French unjustly *gloze*
"To be the realm of France." Steevens.

8 —Aristotle—] Let it be remembered, as often as Shakspeare's anachronisms occur, that errors in computing time were very frequent in those ancient romances which seem to have formed the greater part of his library. I may add, that even classick authors are not exempt from such mistakes. In the fifth book of Statius's Thebaid, Amphiaraus talks of the fates of Nestor and Priam, neither of whom died till long after him. If on this occasion, somewhat should be attributed to his augural profession, yet if he could so freely mention, nay, even quote as examples to the whole army, things that would not happen till the next age, they must all have been prophets as well as himself, or they could not have understood him.

Hector's mention of Aristotle, however, (during our ancient

Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
The reasons, you allege, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; For pleasure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders [9] to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners; Now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the husband? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection;
And that great minds, of partial indulgence [1]
To their benumbed wills [2], resist the same;
There is a law [3] in each well-order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—
As it is known she is,—these moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd: Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth [4]: yet, ne'ertheless,

propensity to quote the authorities of the learned on every occasion) is not more absurd than the following circumstance in The Dialogues of Creatures Moralysed, bl. l. no date, (a book which Shakspeare might have seen,) where we find God Almighty quoting Cato. See Dial. IV. I may add, on this subject, that during an altercation between Noah and his Wife, in one of the Chester Whitsun Playes, the Lady swears by—Christ and Saint John.

STEEVENS.

[9] — more deaf than adders —] See Henry VI. P. II. Act III. Sc. II. STEEVENS.

[1] — OF partial indulgence —] i. e. *through* partial indulgence. M. MASON.

[2] — benumbed wills,] That is, inflexible, immoveable, no longer obedient to superior direction. JOHNSON.

[3] There is a law —] What the law does in every nation between individuals, justice ought to do between nations. JOHNSON.

[4] Is this, in way of truth: —] Though considering *truth* and

My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens [5],
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonize us [6]:
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:
I was advértis'd, their great general slept,
Whilst emulation [7] in the army crept;
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

justice in this question, this is my opinion; yet as a question of honour, I think on it as you. JOHNSON.

[5] —the performance of our heaving spleens,] The execution of spirit and resentment. JOHNSON.

[6] — CANONIZE us:] The hope of being *registered as a saint*, is rather out of its place at so early a period, as this is of the Trojan war. STEEVENS.

[7] — emulation —] That is, envy, factious contention. JOHNSON.

Emulation is now never used in an ill sense; but Shakspeare meant to employ it so. He has used the same with more propriety in a former scene, by adding epithets that ascertain its meaning:

" ——— so every step,
" Exampled by the first pace that is sick

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp. Before ACHILLES' Tent.

Enter THERSITES.

THER. How now, Thersites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! 'would, it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a rare engineer[8]. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*[9]; if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons[1], and cutting the web. After this, the venge-

" Of his superior, grows to an *envious* fever
" Of *pale* and *bloodless emulation*." MALONE.

[8] —a rare engineer.] The old copies have—*enginer*, which was the old spelling of *engineer*. So, *truncheoner*, *pioner*, *mutiner*, *sonneter*, &c. MALONE.

[9] —the SERPENTINE craft of thy CADUCEUS;] The wand of Mercury is wreathed with *serpents*. So Martial, lib. vii. epig. lxxiv.:

Cyllenes cœlique decus! facunde minister,
Aurea cui torto virga *dracone* viret. STEEVENS.

[1] —without drawing their massy irons,] That is, *without drawing their swords to cut the web*. They use no means but those of violence. JOHNSON.

Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*the* massy irons. In the late editions *iron* has been substituted for *irons*, the word found in the old copies, and certainly the true reading. So, in King Richard III.:

ance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache [2]! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket [3]. I have said my prayers; and devil, envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

PATR. Who's there? Thersites? Good Thersites, come in and rail.

THER. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldest not have slipped out of my contemplation [4]: but it is no matter; Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction [5] till thy death!

" Put in their hands thy bruising *irons* of wrath,
" That they may crush down with a heavy fall
" The usurping helmets of our adversaries." MALONE.

Bruising irons, in this quotation, as Mr. Henley has well observed *in loco*, signify—*maces*, weapons formerly used by our English cavalry. See Grose on ancient Armour, p. 53. STEEVENS.

[2] — the bone-ache!] In the quarto—the *Neapolitan* bone-ache! JOHNSON.

So, in Much Ado About Nothing:

" —— Beauty is a witch,
" Against whose charms faith melteth into *blood*."

So also, in Measure for Measure:

" —— *Blood*, thou still art *blood*:
" Let's write *good angel* on the devil's horn,
" 'Tis not the devil's crest."

[4] If I could have remembered a GILT COUNTERFEIT, thou wouldest not have SLIPPED out of my contemplation:] Here is a plain allusion to the counterfeit piece of money called a *slip*, which occurs again in Romeo and Juliet, Act II. Sc. IV. and which has been happily illustrated by Mr. Reed, in a note on that passage. There is the same allusion in Every Man in his Humour, Act II. Sc. V. WHALLEY.

[5] Let thy BLOOD be thy direction —] *Thy blood* means, thy passions; thy natural propensities. MALONE.

So, in The Yorkshire Tragedy: " — for 'tis our *blood* to love

then if she, that lays thee out, says—thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

PATR. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

THER. Ay; The heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

ACHIL. Who's there?

PATR. Thersites, my lord.

ACHIL. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon?

THER. Thy commander, Achilles;—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

PATR. Thy lord, Thersites; Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

THER. Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

PATR. Thou mayest tell, that knowest.

ACHIL. O tell, tell.

THER. I'll decline the whole question[6]. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool[7].

PATR. You rascal!

THER. Peace, fool; I have not done.

ACHIL. He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

THER. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool;

what we are forbidden." This word has the same sense in Timon of Athens and Cymbeline. STEEVENS.

[6] — DECLINE the whole question.] Deduce the question from the first case to the last. JOHNSON.

[7] — Patroclus is a fool.] The four next speeches are not in the quarto. JOHNSON.

Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this: come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles: Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive [8].

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover [9].—It suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, and Ajax.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody:—Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is, a cuckold, and a whore; A good quarrel, to draw emulous factions [1], and bleed to death upon. Now the dry *serpigo* on the subject [2]! and war, and lechery, confound all! [*Exit.*

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here.

[8] —a fool POSITIVE.] The poet is still thinking of his grammar; the first degree of comparison being here in his thoughts. MALONE.

[9] — of the prover.] So the quarto. JOHNSON.
The folio profanely reads—*to thy Creator*. STEEVENS.

[1] — to draw EMULOUS factions,] i. e. envious, contending factions. See p. 299:

" I was advértis'd, their great general slept,
" Whilst *emulation* in the army crept." MALONE.

And the note on that passage:

Why not *rival* factions, factions jealous of each other? STEEVENS.

[2] Now the dry SERPIGO, &c.] This is added in the folio. JOHNSON.

The *serpigo* is a kind of ~~fetter~~ fistula. The term occurs also in Measure for Measure. STEEVENS.

He shent our messengers [3]; and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

PATR. I shall say so to him.

[*Exit.*

ULYSS. We saw him at the opening of his tent; He is not sick.

AJAX. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: But why, why? let him show us a cause.—A word, my lord.

[*Takes* AGAMEMNON *aside.*

NEST. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

ULYSS. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

NEST. Who? Thersites?

ULYSS. He.

NEST. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

[3] He SHENT our messengers;] i. e. rebuked, rated. WARBURTON.

This word is used in common by all our ancient writers. So, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, book iv. c. vi.:

"Yet for no bidding, not for being *shent*,
"Would he restrained be from his attendement."

Again, ibid.:

"He for such baseness shamefully him *shent*."

Again, in the ancient metrical romance of The Sowdon of Babyloyne, p. 41:

"——— hastowe no mynde
"How the cursed Sowdan Laban
"All *messengeris he doth shende*." STEEVENS.

The quarto reads—*sate;* the folio—*sent*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. Sir T. Hanmer reads—He sent *us* messengers. I have great doubts concerning the emendation now adopted, though I have nothing satisfactory to propose. Though *sent* might easily have been misprinted for *shent*, how could *sate* (the reading of the original copy) and *shent* have been confounded? MALONE.

Ulyss. No you see, he is his argument, that has his argument; Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish, than their faction: But it was a strong composure [4], a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter Patroclus.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints [5], but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry,
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness, and this noble state [6],
To call upon him; he hopes, it is no other,

[4] — composure,] So reads the quarto very properly; but the folio, which the moderns have followed, has, 'it was a strong *counsel*.' Johnson.

[5] The elephant hath joints, &c.] So, in All's Lost by Lust, 1633:

"——— Is she pliant?
"Stubborn as an *elephant's leg*, *no bending* in her."

Again, in All Fools, 1605:

"I hope you are no *elephant*, you have *joints*."

In The Dialogues of Creatures Moralysed, &c. bl. l. is mention of "the *olefawnte* that *bowyth not the kneys*;" a curious specimen of our early Natural History. Steevens.

[6] — noble state,] Person of high dignity; spoken of Agamemnon. Johnson.

Noble state rather means 'the stately train of attending nobles whom you bring with you.' Patroclus had already addressed Agamemnon by the title of "your greatness." Steevens.

State was formerly applied to a single person. So, in Wits, Fits, and Fancies, 1614: "The archbishop of Grenada saying to the archbishop of Toledo, that he much marvelled, he being so great a *state*, would visit hospitals —."

Again, in Harrington's translation of Ariosto, 1591:

"The Greek demands her, whither she was going,
"And which of these two great *estates* her keeps."

Yet Mr. Steevens's interpretation appears to me to agree better with the context here. Malone.

But, for your health and your digestion sake,
An after-dinner's breath [7].

AGAM. Hear you, Patroclus :—
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath; and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,—
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,—
Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak with him: And you shall not sin,
If you do say—we think him over-proud,
And under-honest; in self-assumption greater,
Than in the note of judgment [8]; and worthier than
himself
Here tend the savage strangeness [9] he puts on;
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite [1] in an observing kind [2]
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His pettish lunes [3], his ebbs, his flows, as if

7 — breath.] *Breath*, in the present instance, stands for—*breathing*, i. e. exercise. So, in Hamlet: "—it is the *breathing* time of day with me." STEEVENS.

8 Than IN THE note, &c.] Surely the two unnecessary words—*in the*, which spoil the metre, should be omitted. STEEVENS.

9 — TEND the savage STRANGENESS —] i. e. shyness, distant behaviour. So, in Venus and Adonis:

"Measure my *strangeness* with my unripe years."

Again, in Romeo and Juliet:

"—— I'll prove more true,
"Than those that have more cunning to be *strange*."

To *tend* is to *attend upon*. MALONE.

1 — underwrite —] To *subscribe*, in Shakspeare, is to *obey*. JOHNSON.

So, in King Lear: "You owe me no *subscription*." STEEVENS.

2 — in an OBSERVING kind —] i. e. in a mode religiously attentive. So, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream:

"To do *observance* to a morn of May." STEEVENS.

The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add,
That, if he overhold his price so much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report—
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give [4]
Before a sleeping giant:—Tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,
We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter [5].

[*Exit Ulysses.*

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think, he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say—he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

[3] His pettish lunes,] This is Sir T. Hanmer's emendation of his pettish *lines*. The old quarto reads:

"His *course and time*."

This speech is unfaithfully printed in modern editions. Johnson.

The quarto reads:

"His *course and time*, his ebbs and flows, *and* if
"The passage and whole *stream of his commencement*
"Rode on his tide.——

His [*his* commencement] was probably misprinted for *this*, as it is in a subsequent passage in this scene in the quarto copy:

"And how his silence drinks up *his* applause." Malone.

[4] —allowance give—] *Allowance* is *approbation*. So, in King Lear:

"—— if your sweet sway
"*Allow* obedience." Steevens.

[5] —enter.] Old copies, regardless of metre,—enter *you*. Steevens.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud, eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise [6].

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads [7].

Nest. And yet he loves himself: Is it not strange? [*Aside.*

Re-enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important: Possess'd he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages [8],

[6] — whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.] So, in Coriolanus:

" —— power, unto itself most commendable,
" Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
" To extol what it hath done." Malone.

[7] — the engendering of toads.] Whoever wishes to comprehend the whole force of this allusion, may consult the late Dr. Goldsmith's History of the Earth, and Animated Nature, vol. vii. p. 92, 93. Steevens.

And batters down himself * : What should I say ?
He is so plaguy proud [9], that the death tokens of it [1]
Cry—*No recovery.*

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam [2];
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve

* So quarto; first folio, *'gainst itself.*

[8] Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,] So, in Julius Cæsar:

" The genius and the mortal instruments
" Are then in council; and the state of man,
" Like to a little *kingdom*, suffers then
" The nature of an insurrection." Malone.

[9] He is so plaguy proud, &c.] I cannot help regarding the vulgar epithet—*plaguy*, which extends the verse beyond its proper length, as the wretched interpolation of some foolish player.
Steevens.

Mr. Steevens would expunge from the text the very word which explains what follows, the death tokens found on those infected with the *plague*. Malone.

[1] —the death-tokens of it —] Alluding to the decisive spots appearing on those infected by the plague. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Valentinian:

" Now, like the fearful *tokens* of the plague,
" Are mere fore-runners of their ends." Steevens.

Dr. Hodges, in his Treatise on the Plague, says: " Spots of a dark complexion, usually called *tokens*, and looked on as the pledges or forewarnings of *death*, are minute and distinct blasts, which have their original from within, and rise up with a little pyramidal protuberance, the pestilential poison chiefly collected at their bases, tainting the neighbouring parts, and reaching to the surface." Reed.

[2] —with his own seam;] *Swine-seam*, in the North, is *hog's-lard*. Ritson.

See Sherwood's English and French Dictionary, folio, 1650.
Malone.

And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles:
That were to enlard his fat-already pride[3];
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion[4].
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;
And say in thunder—*Achilles, go to him.*

Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.
[*Aside.*

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!
[*Aside.*

Ajax. If I go to him, with my arm'd fist I'll pash him
Over the face[5].

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride[6]:
Let me go to him.

[3] That were to enlard, &c.] This is only the well-known proverb—*Grease a fat sow*, &c. in a more stately dress. Steevens.

[4] — to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.] *Cancer* is the *Crab*, a sign in the zodiack.

The same thought is more clearly expressed by Thomson, whose words, on this occasion, are a sufficient illustration of our author's:

"And *Cancer* reddens with *the solar blaze*." Steevens.

[5] — I'll pash him
Over the face.] i. e. strike him with violence. So, in The Virgin Martyr, by Massinger, 1623:

"—— when the batt'ring ram
"Were fetching his career backward, *to pash*
"Me with his horns to pieces."

Again, in Churchyard's Challenge, 1596, p. 91: "—the pot which goeth often to the water comes home with a knock, or at length is *pashed* all to pieces." Reed.

[6] — pheeze his pride:] To *pheeze* is to *comb* or *curry*.
Johnson.

Ulyss. Not for the worth [7] that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow,——

—*Nest.* How he describes Himself? [*Aside.*

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. The raven Chides blackness. [*Aside.*

Ajax. I will let his humours * blood [8].

Agam. He will be the physician [9], that should be the patient. [*Aside.*

Ajax. An all men Were o'my mind,——

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion. [*Aside.*

Ajax. He should not bear it so,
He should eat swords first: Shall pride carry it?

* So first folio: quarto, *humorous*.

Mr. Steevens has explained the word *feaze*, as Dr. Johnson does, to mean the untwisting or unravelling a knotted skain of silk or thread. I recollect no authority for this use of it. To *feize* is to drive away; and the expression—*I'll feize* his pride, may signify, I'll humble or lower his pride. See vol. v. p. 357, n. 1. Whalley.

To *comb* or *curry*, undoubtedly, is the meaning of the word here. Kersey, in his Dictionary, 1708, says that it is a sea-term, and that it signifies, to separate a cable by untwisting the ends; and Dr. Johnson gives a similar account of its original meaning. [See the reference at the end of the foregoing note.] But whatever may have been the origin of the expression, it undoubtedly signified, in our author's time, to beat, knock, strike, or whip. Cole, in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, renders it, *flagellare, virgis cædere*, as he does to *feage*, of which the modern school-boy term, to *fag*, is a corruption. Malone.

7 Not for the worth —] Not for the value of all for which we are fighting. Johnson.

8 I will LET HIS HUMOURS BLOOD.] In the year 1600 a collection of Epigrams and Satires was published with this quaint title: "The Letting of Humours Blood *in the Head-vaine*." Malone.

9 He'll be physician,] Old copies—*the* physician. Steevens.

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*
Ulyss. He'd have ten shares.
[*Aside.*
Ajax. I'll knead him, I will make him supple:—
Nest. He's not yet thorough warm: force him with praises [1]:
Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. [*Aside.*
Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike. [*To Agamemnon.*
Nest. O noble general, do not do so.
Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.
Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.
Here is a man—But 'tis before his face;
I will be silent.
Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous [2], as Achilles is.
Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

[1] I'll knead him, &c.] Old copy:

"*Ajax.* He'd have ten shares. I'll knead him, I'll make him supple, *he's not yet thorough warm.*

"*Nest.* ——force him with praises:" &c.

The latter part of Ajax's speech is certainly got out of place, and ought to be assigned to Nestor, as I have ventured to transpose it. Ajax is feeding on his vanity, and boasting what he will do to Achilles; he'll pash him o'er the face, he'll make him eat swords, he'll knead him, he'll supple him," &c. Nestor and Ulysses slily labour to keep him up in this vein; and to this end Nestor craftily hints that Ajax is not warm yet, but must be crammed with more flattery. Theobald.

Nestor was of the same opinion with Dr. Johnson, who, speaking of a metaphysical Scotch writer, said, that he thought there was "as much charity in helping a man *down hill* as up hill, if his tendency be downwards." See Boswell's Tour to the Hebrides, third edit. p. 245. Malone.

"—force him—" i. e. stuff him. *Farcir*, Fr. So, again, in this play: "—malice *forced* with wit." Steevens.

[2] He is not emulous,] *Emulous* is here used, in an ill sense, for *envious*. See p. 299, n. 7. Malone.

Emulous, in this instance, and perhaps in some others, may well enough be supposed to signify—*jealous of higher authority*. Steevens.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter[3] thus with us!
I would, he were a Trojan!
Nest. What a vice
Were it in Ajax now——
Ulyss. If he were proud?
Dio. Or covetous of praise?
Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne?
Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?
Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck[4]:
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition[5]:
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and, for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield[6]

[3] —that shall PALTER —] That shall juggle with us, or fly from his engagements. So, in Julius Cæsar:

" —— what other band
" Than secret Romans, who have spoke the word,
" And will not *palter?*" MALONE.

[4] — she that gave thee suck:] This is from St. Luke, xi. 27: " Blessed is the womb that bare thee, and the paps that thou hast sucked." STEEVENS.

[5] — beyond all erudition:] Thus the folio. The quartos, erroneously:

" —beyond all *thy* erudition." STEEVENS.

I think the quarto, if we correct the punctuation, affords the best reading: " — above all, thy erudition." To praise Ajax for his learning corresponds with the rest of this speech, which is intended to feed the vanity of this " beef-witted lord;" while at the same time he is turned into ridicule. BOSWELL.

[6] Bull-bearing Milo his ADDITION yield—] i. e. yield his *titles*, his celebrity for strength. *Addition*, in legal language, is the title given to each party, showing his degree, occupation, &c. as esquire, gentleman, yeoman, merchant, &c.

Our author here, as usual, pays no regard to chronology. Milo of Croton lived long after the Trojan war. MALONE.

To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn [7], a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor,—
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;—
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Nest. Ay, my good son [8].

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart
Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war;
Fresh kings are come to Troy [9]: To-morrow,
We must with all our main of power stand fast:
And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

7 —like a BOURN,] A *bourn* is a boundary, and sometimes a rivulet, dividing one place from another. So in King Lear, Act III. Sc. VI.:

"Come o'er the *bourn*, Bessy, to me."

See note on this passage. STEEVENS.

8 *Ajax.* Shall I call you father?

Nest. Ay, my good son.] In the folio and in the modern editions Ajax desires to give the title of *father* to Ulysses; in the quarto, more naturally, to Nestor. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare had a custom prevalent about his own time in his thoughts. Ben Jonson had many who called themselves his *sons*.

Mr. Vaillant adds, that Cotton dedicated his Treatise on Fishing to his *father Walton;* and that Ashmole, in his Diary, observes—"April 3. Mr. William Backhouse, of Swallowfield, in com. Berks, caused me to call him *father* thenceforward." STEEVENS.

9 Fresh kings are come to Troy, &c.] We might complete his imperfect verse by reading:

"Fresh kings are come to *succour* Troy," &c.

So, Spenser:

"To *succour* the weak state of sad afflicted Troy."

STEEVENS.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats sail * swift, though greater hulks †
draw deep [1]. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Troy. A Room in Priam's Palace.

Enter Pandarus and a Servant.

Pan. Friend! you! pray you, a word: Do not you follow the young lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. 'Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope, I shall know your honour better [2].

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace.

[*Musick within.*

* First folio, *may sail.* † First folio, *bulks.*

[1] —draw deep.] So, in the prologue to this play:
"——— the *deep-drawing* barks." Steevens.

[2] I hope, I shall KNOW YOUR HONOUR BETTER.] The servant means to quibble. He hopes that Pandarus will become a better man than he is at present. In his next speech he chooses to understand Pandarus as if he had said he wished to grow better, and hence the servant affirms that he is in the state of *grace*. The second of these speeches has been pointed, in the late editions, as if he had asked, of what *rank* Pandarus was. Malone.

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles:—What musick is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir: it is musick in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love musick.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, sir: Marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul[3],——

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen; Could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimental assault upon him, for my business seeths.

Serv. Sodden business! there's a stewed phrase[4], indeed!

Enter Paris and Helen, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair

[3] —love's INVISIBLE soul,] May mean, the *soul of love* invisible every where else. JOHNSON.

[4] SODDEN business! there's a STEWED phrase,] The quibbling speaker seems to mean that *sodden* is a phrase fit only for the *stews*. Thus, says the Bawd in Pericles: "The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully *sodden*. STEEVENS.

company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—Fair prince, here is good broken musick.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance:—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir,——

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits [5].

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen:—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But (marry) thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody; If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i'faith.

[5] —in FITS,] i. e. now and then, by fits; or perhaps a quibble is intended. A *fit* was a part or division of a song, sometimes a strain in musick, and sometimes a measure in dancing. The reader will find it sufficiently illustrated in the two former senses by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his Reliques of Ancient English Poetry: in the third of these significations it occurs in All for Money, a tragedy, by T. Lupton, 1578:

"*Satan.* Upon these chearful words I needs must dance a *fitte*." STEEVENS.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words: no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you [6], that, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,——

Pan. What says my sweet queen,—my very very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,——

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups [7].

[6] And, my lord, he desires you,] Here I think the speech of Pandarus should begin, and the rest of it should be added to that of Helen, but I have followed the copies. Johnson.

Mr. Rowe had disposed these speeches in this manner. Hanmer annexes the words, "And to make a sweet lady," &c. to the preceding speech of Pandarus, and in the rest follows Rowe. Malone.

[7] You must not know where he sups, &c.] These words are in the quarto given to *Helen*, and the editor of the folio did not perceive the error. In like manner, in Act II. Sc. I. p. 283, four speeches belonging to different persons are all in the quarto assigned to Ajax. "Cobloaf! He would pun thee," &c. and in the last scene of the same Act, words that evidently belong to *Nestor*, are given to *Ajax*, [see p. 312, n. 1,] both in the quarto and folio. I have not therefore hesitated to add the words, "You must not know where he sups," to the speech of Pandarus. Mr. Steevens proposes to assign the next speech, "I'll lay my life," &c. to *Helen* instead of *Paris*. This arrangement appeared to me so plausible, that I once regulated the text accordingly. But it is observable that through the whole of the dialogue Helen steadily perseveres in soliciting Pandarus to sing: "My lord Pandarus,"—"Nay, but my lord,"—&c. I do not therefore believe that Shakspeare intended she should join in the present inquiry. Mr. M. Mason's objection also to such an arrangement is very

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.
Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide [8]; come, your disposer is sick.

weighty. "Pandarus, (he observes,) in his next speech but one, clearly addresses *Paris*, and in that speech he calls Cressida his *disposer*." In what sense, however, Paris can call Cressida his *disposer*, I am altogether ignorant. Mr. M. Mason supposes that "Paris means to call Cressida his *governor* or *director*, as it appears, from what Helen says afterwards, that *they had been good friends*."

Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—*despiser*. What Pandarus says afterwards, that "Paris and Cressida are *twain*," supports this conjecture.

I do not believe that *deposer* (a reading suggested below) was our author's word; for Cressida had not deposed Helen in the affections of Troilus. A speech in a former scene, in which Pandarus says, "Helen loves Troilus more than Paris," (which is insisted on by an anonymous Remarker,) [Mr. Ritson,] proves nothing. Had he said that Troilus once loved Helen better than Cressida, and afterwards preferred Cressida to her, the observation might deserve some attention.

The words,—"I'll lay my life"—are omitted in the folio. The words,—"You must not know where he sups,"—I find Sir Thomas Hanmer had assigned to Pandarus. MALONE.

I believe, with Sir Thomas Hanmer, that—"You must not know where he sups," should be added to the speech of Pandarus; and that the following one of Paris should be given to Helen. That Cressida wanted to separate Paris from Helen, or that the beauty of Cressida had any power over Paris, are circumstances not evident from the play. The one is the opinion of Dr. Warburton, the other a conjecture of Mr. Heath's. By giving, however, this line,—"I'll lay my life with my disposer Cressida," to Helen, and by changing the word *disposer* into *deposer*, some meaning may be obtained. She addresses herself, I suppose, to Pandarus, and, by her *deposer*, means—she who thinks her beauty (or, whose beauty you suppose) to be superior to mine. But the passage in question (as Arthur says of himself in King John,) is "not worth the coil that is made for it."

The word—*disposer*, however, occurs in The Epistle Dedicatorie to Chapman's Homer:

"Nor let her poore *disposer* (learning) lie
"Still bed-rid." STEEVENS.

The dialogue should perhaps be regulated thus:

"*Par.* Where sups he to-night?
"*Helen.* Nay, but my lord,—

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say—Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy[9].

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three[1].

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord[2], thou hast a fine forehead[3].

" *Pan.* What says my sweet queen?
" *Par.* My cousin will fall out with you. [*To Helen.*
" *Pan.* You must not know where he sups. [*To Paris.*
" *Helen.* I'll lay my life with my deposer Cressida."

She calls Cressida her *deposer*, because she had *deposed* her in the affections of Troilus, whom Pandarus, in a preceding scene, is ready to swear she *loved more than Paris*. RITSON.

[8] — you are WIDE;] i. e. *wide* of your mark; a common exclamation when an archer missed his aim. So, in Spenser's State of Ireland: "Surely he shoots *wide* on the bow-hand, and very far from the mark." STEEVENS.

[9] *Par.* I spy.] This is the usual exclamation at a childish game called *Hie, spy, hie*. STEEVENS.

[1] Falling in, after falling out, &c.] i. e. the reconciliation and wanton dalliance of two lovers after a quarrel, may produce a child, and so make three of two. TOLLET.

[2] — sweet LORD,] In the quarto—sweet *lad*. JOHNSON.

[3] — a FINE forehead.] Perhaps, considering the character of Pandarus, Helen means that he has a forehead illuminated by eruptions. To these Falstaff has already given the splendid names of—*brooches*, *pearls*, and *ouches*. See notes on King Henry IV. Part II. Act II. Sc. IV. STEEVENS.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!
For, oh, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe:
The shaft confounds[4],
Not that it wounds[5]
But tickles still the sore.
These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still[6]:

[4] *The shaft* CONFOUNDS—] To *confound*, it has already been observed, formerly meant to *destroy*. MALONE.

[5] — *that it wounds,*] i. e. that *which* it wounds. MUSGRAVE.

Both Malone and Musgrave have mistaken the sense of this passage. Pandarus means to say, that "the shaft confounds," not because the wounds it gives are severe, but because "it tickles still the sore."

To *confound* does not signify here to *destroy*, but to *annoy* or *perplex*; and "that it wounds" does not mean "that *which* it wounds," but *in* that it wounds, or because it wounds. M. MASON.

[6] *These lovers cry—Oh! Oh! they die!*
Yet that which seems THE WOUND TO KILL,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still:] So, in our author's Venus and Adonis:

"For I have heard, it [love] is a *life* in *death*,
"That *laughs* and *weeps*, and all but in a breath!"

MALONE.

"The wound to kill" may mean 'the wound that seems mortal.'

JOHNSON.

"The wound to kill" is the 'killing wound.' M. MASON.

A passage in Massinger's Fatal Dowry may prove the aptest comment on the third line of this despicable ditty:

"*Beaumelle.* [*Within.*] Ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers [7]? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day [8]?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-night, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarus.

" *Charalois.* How's this? It is my lady's *laugh*—
" When first I pleas'd her, in this *merry language*
" She gave me thanks." Steevens.

[7] — a generation of vipers?] Here is an apparent allusion to the whimsical physiology of Shakspeare's age. Thus, says Thomas Lupton, in The Seventh Booke of Notable Thinges, 4to. bl. l.: " The female vyper doth open her mouth to receyve ye generative &c. of the male vyper, which receyved, she doth byte off his head. This is the maner of the froward *generating of vypers*. And, after that, the young vipers that springs of the same, do eate or gnaw asunder their mother's belly, therby comming or bursting forth. And so they (being revengers of theyr father's injurye) do kyll theyr owne mother. You may see, they were a towardly kynde of people, that were called the *generation of vipers*." St. Matthew, iii. 7, &c. Steevens.

[8] *Pan.* Is this the generation of love? &c.——Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?] However *Pan.* may have got shuffled to the head of this speech, no more of it, I am confident, than the last five or six words belongs to that character. The rest is clearly *Helen's*. Ritson.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit.*

[*A Retreat sounded.*

Par. They are come from field: let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris:
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty,
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have;
Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee [9]. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. Pandarus' Orchard.

Enter Pandarus and a Servant, meeting.

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

9 — ABOVE THOUGHT I love thee.] So in Antony and Cleopatra:

"She's cunning *past man's thought.*" STEEVENS.

These words are given in the folio as the conclusion of *Helen's* speech: in the quarto to *Paris*, but with this variation: "Sweet, above thought I love *her*." BOSWELL.

Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Servant.*

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i'the orchard, I'll bring her straight. [*Exit Pandarus.*

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense; What will it be,
When that the watry palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp [1] in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys [2];
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come

[1] — TUN'D too sharp —] So the quarto, and more accurately than the folio, which has—*and* too sharp. JOHNSON.

The quarto has *to* instead of *too*. MALONE.

[2] That I shall lose DISTINCTION IN MY JOYS;] Thus, in Sappho's Epistle to Phaon:

—— ubi jam amborum fuerat *confusa voluptas*.

STEEVENS.

straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed [3] with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain:—she fetches her breath as short * as a new-ta'en sparrow. [*Exit* PANDARUS.

TRO. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom [4]:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty [5].

Enter PANDARUS *and* CRESSIDA.

PAN. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame [6], must you? Come your ways,

* Thus the quarto; first folio, *so short*.

[3] — frayed —] i. e. frighted. So, in Chapman's version of the 21st Iliad:

" ——— all the massacres
" Left for the Greeks, could put on looks of no more overthrow
" Than now *fray'd* life." STEEVENS.

[4] Even such a PASSION doth EMBRACE my bosom:] So, in The Merchant of Venice:

" —— rash-*embraced* despair." MALONE.

[5] Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty.] Mr. Rowe seems to have imitated this passage in his Ambitious Stepmother, Act I.:

" Well may the ignoble herd
" Start, if with heedless steps they unawares
" Tread on the lion's walk: a prince's genius
" Awes with superior greatness all beneath him."
STEEVENS.

[6] — you must be WATCHED ere you be made tame,] Alluding to the manner of taming hawks. So, in The Taming of the Shrew:

" —— to *watch* her as we watch these *kites*." STEEVENS.

come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i'the fills [7].—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture [8]. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress [9]. How now, a kiss in fee-

Hawks were tamed by being *kept from sleep*, and thus Pandarus means that Cressida should be tamed. MALONE.

7 — i'the FILLS.] That is, in the shafts. *Fill* is a provincial word used in some counties for *thills*, the shafts of a cart or waggon. See vol. v. p. 43, n. 9.

The editor of the second folio, for *fills*, the reading of the first folio, substituted *files*, which has been adopted in all the modern editions. The quarto has *filles*, which is only the more ancient spelling of *fills*. The words "*draw* backward" show that the original is the true reading. MALONE.

Sir T. Hanmer supports the reading of the second folio, by saying—*put you in the files*, "alludes to the custom of putting men suspected of cowardice [i. e. of *drawing backward*,] in the middle places." Thus, Homer, Iliad IV. 299:

—— *κακὸς δ' ἐς μέσσον ἔλασσεν,*
Ὄφρα καὶ ἂν ἐθέλων τις ἀναΓκαίη πολεμίζοι. STEEVENS.

The word *files* does not mean the *middle places*, but the *ranks*. The common soldiers of an army are called the *rank* and *file*; and when the serjeants or corporals misbehave, it is usual to punish them by reducing them to *the files*, that is, to the rank of private men. To *draw backward*, is merely to *fall back*, and has no reference to drawing in a carriage. M. MASON.

8 Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture.] It should seem, from these words, that Cressida, like Olivia in Twelfth-Night, was intended to come in veiled. Pandarus however had, as usual, a double meaning. MALONE.

9 So, so; rub on, and KISS the MISTRESS.] The allusion is to *bowling*. What we now call *the jack*, seems, in Shakspeare's time, to have been termed the *mistress*. A bowl that kisses *the jack* or *mistress*, is in the most advantageous situation. *Rub on* is a term at the same game. So, in No Wit Like a Woman's, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657:

"—— So, a fair riddance;
"There's three *rubs* gone; I've a clear way to the *mistress*."

Again, in Decker's Satiromastix, 1602:

"*Mini.* Since he hath hit *the mistress* so often in the fore-game, we'll even play out the rubbers.

"*Sir Vaugh.* Play out your rubbers in God's name; by Jesu I'll never *bowl* in your alley." MALONE.

farm [1]! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet [2]. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i'the river [3]: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's

An instance to the same effect was long ago suggested in a note on Cymbeline, Act II. Sc. I. STEEVENS.

[1] —a kiss in FEE-FARM!] Is a kiss of a duration that has no bounds; a fee-farm being a grant of lands in fee, that is, for ever, reserving a certain rent. MALONE.

How much more poetically is the same idea expressed in Coriolanus, when the jargon of law was absent from our author's thoughts!

" ——— O, a kiss,
" Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!" STEEVENS.

[2] —build there, carpenter; the air is sweet.] So, in Macbeth:

" ——— does approve
" By his lov'd mansionry, that heaven's breath
" Smells wooingly here." STEEVENS.

[3] The falcon AS the tercel, for all the ducks i'the river:] Pandarus means, that he'll match his niece against her lover for any bett. The *tercel* is the *male* hawk; by the *falcon* we generally understand the *female*. THEOBALD.

I think we should rather read:—*at* the tercel—. TYRWHITT.

In Chaucer's Troilus and Cresseide, l. iv. 410, is the following stanza, from which Shakspeare may have caught a glimpse of meaning, though he has not very clearly expressed it. Pandarus is the speaker:

" What? God forbid, alway that eche plesaunce
" In o thing were, and in non othir wight;
" If one can singe, anothir can wel daunce,
" If this be godely, she is glad and light,
" And this is faire, and that can gode aright;
" Eche for his vertue holdin is full dere,
" *Both heroner and faucon for rivere.*"

Again, in Fenton's Tragicall Discourses, bl. l. 4to. 1567: " — how is that possible to make a froward kite a forward *hawke to the ryver?*" P. 159, b.

Mr. M. Mason observes, that the meaning of this difficult passage is, " I will back the falcon against the tiercel, I will wager that the falcon is *equal* to the tiercel." STEEVENS.

—*In witness whereof the parties interchangeably*[4]—
Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire.

[*Exit* PANDARUS.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus?

Cres. Wished my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes[5].

Tro. Fears make devils cherubins; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster[6].

[4] —*the parties interchangeably* —] have set their hands and *seals*. So afterwards: "Go to, a bargain made: *seal* it, *seal* it." Shakspeare appears to have had here an idea in his thoughts that he has often expressed. So, in Measure for Measure:

"But my *kisses* bring again,
"*Seals* of love, but seal'd in vain."

Again, in his Venus and Adonis:

"Pure lips, sweet *seals* in my soft lips imprinted,
"What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?"

So, in King John:

"Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
"As *seal* to the indenture of my love."

So also, in Greene's Arcadia:

"Even with that kiss, as once my father did,
"I *seal* the sweet indentures of delight." MALONE.

[5] —if my FEARS have eyes.] The old copies have—*tears*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[6] —no FEAR: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.] From this passage, however, a *Fear* appears to have been a personage in other pageants; or perhaps in our ancient morali-

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers [7]; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, till merit crown it [8]: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert, before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble [9]. Few words to fair faith:

ties. To this circumstance Aspatia alludes in The Maid's Tragedy:

"——— and then a *Fear:*
"Do that *Fear* bravely, wench."

See also Antony and Cleopatra, Act II. Sc. II. Steevens.

7 — weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers;] Here we have, not a Trojan prince talking to his mistress, but Orlando Furioso vowing that he will endure every calamity that can be imagined; boasting that he will achieve more than ever *knight* performed. Malone.

8 — our head shall go bare, till merit crown it:] I cannot forbear to observe, that the quarto reads thus: "Our head shall go bare, till merit *louer part no affection*, in reversion," &c. Had there been no other copy, how could this have been corrected? The true reading is in the folio. Johnson.

9 — his ADDITION shall be humble.] We will give him no high or pompous titles. Johnson.

Addition is still the term used by conveyancers in describing the quality and condition of the parties to deeds, &c. Reed.

Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth [1]; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown [2].

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:—

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won: but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—Pardon me;—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;

[1] —what ENVY can say worst, shall be a MOCK FOR HIS TRUTH;] i. e. shall be *only* a mock for his truth. Even malice (for such is the meaning of the word *envy*) shall not be able to impeach his truth, or attack him in any other way, except by ridiculing him for his constancy. See vol. v. p. 108. Malone.

[2] —they'll stick where they are thrown.] This allusion has already occurred in Measure for Measure:

"Nay, friar, I am a kind of *bur*, I shall stick." Steevens.

My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness [3], from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet musick issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:
I am asham'd;—O heavens! what have I done?—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,——

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun
Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try [4]:
I have a kind of self resides with you [5];

[3] Cunning in dumbness,] The quarto and folio read—*Coming* in dumbness. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[4] Let me go and try:] This verse being imperfect, I suppose our author to have originally written:

"Let me go *in, my lord*, and try." Steevens.

[5] I have a kind of self resides with you;] So, in our author's 123d Sonnet:

"—— for I, being pent in thee,
"Perforce am thine, and all that is in me." Malone.

But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone:—
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak [6].

Tro. Well know they what they speak, that speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love;
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: But you are wise;
Or else you love not; For to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above [7].

A similar thought occurs in Antony and Cleopatra:

"That thou, *residing here*, go'st yet with me," &c.

STEEVENS.

[6] — I would be gone:—
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.] Thus the quartos. The folio reads:

"To be another's fool. Where is my wit?
"I would be gone. I speak I know not what." MALONE.

[7] — But YOU ARE wise;
Or else YOU love not; For to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; &c.] I read:

"—— but *we're not* wise,
"Or else *we* love not; to be wise, and love,
"Exceeds man's might;——"

Cressida, in return to the praise given by Troilus to her wisdom, replies: "That lovers are never wise; that it is beyond the power of man to bring love and wisdom to an union." JOHNSON.

I don't think that this passage requires any amendment. Cressida's meaning is this: "Perchance I fell too roundly to confession, in order to angle for your thoughts; but you are not so easily taken in; you are too wise, or too indifferent; for to be wise and love, exceeds man's might."

"— to be wise and love,
"Exceeds man's might." This is from Spenser, Shepherd's Calendar, March:

"To be wise, and eke to love,
"Is granted scarce to gods above." TYRWHITT.

This thought originally belongs to Publius Syrus, among whose sentences we find this:

Amare et sapere vix Deo conceditur.

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you,)
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love [8];
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays [9]!
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match [1] and weight

Marston, in the Dutch Courtezan, 1605, has the same thought, and the line is printed as a quotation:

"But raging lust my fate all strong doth move;
"*The gods themselves cannot be wise, and love.*"

Cressida's argument is certainly inconsequential: "But you are wise, or *else* you are *not* in love; for no one who *is* in love can be wise." I do not, however, believe there is any corruption, as our author sometimes entangles himself in inextricable difficulties of this kind. One of the commentators has endeavoured to extort sense from the words as they stand, and thinks there is no difficulty. In these cases, the surest way to prove the inaccuracy, is, to omit the word that embarrasses the sentence. Thus, if, for a moment, we read:

"—— But you are wise;
"Or else *you love;* for to be wise, and love,
"Exceeds man's might;" &c.

the inference is clear, by the omission of the word *not:* which is not a word of so little importance that a sentence shall have just the same meaning whether a negative is contained in it or taken from it. But for all inaccuracies of this kind our poet himself is undoubtedly answerable.—Sir T. Hanmer, to obtain some sense, arbitrarily reads:

"*A sign* you love not." MALONE.

[8] To feed for AYE her LAMP, &c.] Troilus alludes to the perpetual lamps which were supposed to illuminate sepulchres:

"——— lasting flames, that burn
"To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn."

See my note on Pericles, Act III. Sc. I. STEEVENS.

[9] —swifter than BLOOD decays!] *Blood*, in Shakspeare, frequently means *desire, appetite.* MALONE.

In the present instance, the word *blood* has its common signification. So, in Much Ado About Nothing:

"Time hath not yet so *dry'd* this *blood*—." STEEVENS.

[1] Might be AFFRONTED with the match —] I wish "my in-

Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth[2].

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare[3],
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration[4],—
As true as steel[5], as plantage to the moon[6],

tegrity might be met and matched with such equality and force of pure unmingled love." JOHNSON.

So, in Hamlet:

" —— that he, as 'twere by accident, may here
" *Affront* Ophelia." STEEVENS.

[2] And simpler than the infancy of truth,] This is fine; and means, "Ere truth, to defend itself against deceit in the commerce of the world, had, out of necessity, learned worldly policy." WARBURTON.

[3] — compare,] i. e. comparison. So Milton, Paradise Lost, b. iii.:

" Beyond *compare* the son of God was seen—." STEEVENS.

[4] True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big *compare*,
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,—] The metre, as well as the sense, of the last verse, will be improved, I think, by reading:

" Want similes *of* truth, tir'd with iteration—."

So, a little lower in the same speech:

" Yet after all *comparisons of truth*." TYRWHITT.

This is a very probable conjecture. *Truth* at present has no verb to which it can relate. MALONE.

[5] As true as STEEL,] *As true as steel* is an ancient proverbial simile. I find it in Lydgate's Troy Book, where he speaks of Troilus, l. ii. c. xvi.:

" Thereto in love *trewe as any stele*."

Virgil, Æneid vii. 640, applies a similar epithet to a sword:

——*fidoque* accingitur ense."

i. e. a weapon in the metal of which he could confide: a *trusty*

As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant [7], as earth to the center,—

blade. It should be observed, however, that Geo. Gascoigne, in his Steele Glass, 1576, bestows the same character on his Mirrour:

"——this poore glass which is of *trustie* steele."

Again:

"——that steele both *trusty* was and *true*." STEEVENS.

Mirrors formerly being made of steel, I once thought the meaning might be, "as true as the mirror, which faithfully exhibits every image that is presented before it." But I now think with Mr. Steevens, that "As true as steel" was merely a proverbial expression, without any such allusion. A passage in an old piece entitled The Pleasures of Poetry, no date, but printed in the time of Queen Elizabeth, will admit either interpretation:

"Behold in her the lively glasse,
"The pattern, *true as steel*." MALONE.

[6] —as plantage TO the moon,] Alluding to the common opinion of the influence the moon has over what is *planted* or sown, which was therefore done in the increase:

Rite Latonæ puerum canentes,
Rite crescentem face noctilucam,
Prosperam frugum——. *Hor.* Lib. iv. Od. vi.

WARBURTON.

Plantage is not, I believe, a general term, but the herb which we now call *plantain*, in Latin, *plantago*, which was, I suppose, imagined to be under the peculiar influence of the moon.

JOHNSON.

Shakspeare speaks of *plantain* by its common appellation in Romeo and Juliet; and yet, in Sapho and Phao, 1591, *Mandrake* is called *Mandrage*:

"Sow next thy vines *mandrage*."

From a book entitled The Profitable Art of Gardening, &c. by Tho. Hill, Londoner, the third edition, printed in 1579, I learn, that neither sowing, planting, nor grafting, were ever undertaken without a scrupulous attention to the increase or waning of the moon.—Dryden does not appear to have understood the passage, and has therefore altered it thus:

"As true as *flowing tides* are to the moon." STEEVENS.

This may be fully illustrated by a quotation from Scott's Discoverie of Witchcraft: "The poore husbandman perceiveth that the increase of the *moone* maketh *plants* frutefull: so as in the *full moone* they are in the best strength; decaieing in the *wane*; and in the *conjunction* do utterlie wither and vade." FARMER.

[7] An iron to adamant,] So, in Greene's Tu Quoque, 1614:

"As *true* to thee as *steel to adamant*." MALONE.

Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentick author to be cited [8],
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse [9],
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up [1],
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid [2].

[8] As TRUTH'S AUTHENTICK AUTHOR to be cited,] Troilus shall *crown the verse*, as a man "to be cited as the authentick author of truth;" as one whose protestations were true to a proverb. JOHNSON.

[9] — CROWN up the verse,] i. e. conclude it. *Finis coronat opus*. So, in Chapman's version of the second Iliad:

"We flie, not putting on the *crowne* of our so long-held warre." STEEVENS.

[1] And BLIND OBLIVION SWALLOW'd cities up,] So, in King Richard III. quarto, 1598:

"And almost shoulder'd in this *swallowing* gulph
"Of *blind forgetfulness* and dark *oblivion*." MALONE.

[2] *Tro.* —— when their rhymes,—
Want similes—
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse—
Cres. ————
Yea, let them say—
As false as Cressid.] This antithesis of praise and censure appears to have found an imitator in Edmund Smith, the author of Phædra and Hippolytus:

"*Theseus.* ————
"And when aspiring bards, in daring strains,

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness.—Here I hold your hand; here, my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all—Pandars; let all constant men [3] be Troiluses, all

"Shall raise some matron to the heavenly powers,
"They'll say, she's great, she's true, she's chaste as Phædra.
"*Phædra.* ———
"And when th' avenging muse with pointed rage,
"Would sink some impious woman down to hell,
"They'll say, she's false, she's base, she's foul as Phædra."
Act V. STEEVENS.

[3] —CONSTANT men —] Though Sir T. Hanmer's emendation [*inconstant*] be plausible, I believe Shakspeare wrote—*constant*. He seems to have been less attentive to make Pandar talk consequentially, than to account for the ideas *actually annexed* to the three names. Now it is certain that, in his time, *a Troilus* was as clear an expression for *a constant lover*, as *a Cressida* and *a Pandar* were for *a jilt* and *a pimp*. TYRWHITT.

I entirely agree with Mr. Tyrwhitt, and am happy to have his opinion in support of the reading of the old copy, from which, in my apprehension, we ought not to deviate, except in cases of extreme necessity. Of the assertion in the latter part of his note, relative to the constancy of Troilus, various proofs are furnished by our old poets. So, in A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions, &c. 4to. 1578:

"But if thou me forsake,
"As Cressid that forgot
"*True Troilus*, her make," &c.

Again, ibid.:

"As *Troilus' truth* shall be my shield,
"To kepe my pen from blame,
"So Cressid's crafte shall kepe the field,
"For to resound thy shame."

Mr. M. Mason objects, that *constant* cannot be the true reading, because Pandarus has already supposed that they should *both* prove *false* to each other, and it would therefore be absurd for him to say that *Troilus* should be quoted as an example of *constancy*. But to this the answer is, that Shakspeare himself knew what the event of the story was, and who the person was that did prove false; that many expressions in his plays have

false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber and a bed[4], which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this geer!

[*Exeunt.*

dropped from him, in consequence of that knowledge, that are improper in the mouth of the speaker; and that, in his licentious mode of writing, the words, "if ever you prove false to one another," may mean, not, if you *both* prove false, but, "if it should happen that any falsehood or breach of faith should disunite you, who are now thus attached to each other." This might and did happen, by *one* of the parties proving false, and breaking her engagement.

The modern editions read—if ever you prove false *to one another;* but the reading of the text is that of the quarto and folio, and was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. MALONE.

It is clearly the intention of the poet that this imprecation should be such a one as was verified by the event, as it is in part to this very day. But neither was Troilus ever used to denote an *inconstant* lover, nor, if we believe the story, did he ever deserve the character, as both the others did in truth deserve that shame here imprecated upon them. Besides, Pandarus seems to adjust his imprecation to those of the other two preceding, just as they dropped from their lips; as *false as Cressid*, and, consequently, *as true* (or *as constant*) *as Troilus*. HEATH.

[4] —— and a bed,] These words are not in the old copy, but what follows shows that they were inadvertently omitted. MALONE.

This deficiency was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. He reads, however, "— a chamber *with* a bed; which bed, because" &c. STEEVENS.

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp.

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, *and* CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind [5],
That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove [6]
I have abandon'd Troy [7], left my possession,

[5] — Appear it to your MIND,] Sir Thomas Hanmer, very properly in my opinion, reduces this line to measure, by reading:
" —— Appear it to you—." STEEVENS.

[6] — through the sight I bear in things, to JOVE, &c.] This passage, in all the modern editions, is silently depraved, and printed thus:
" —— through the sight I bear in things to *come*,—"
The word is so printed that nothing but the sense can determine whether it be *love* or *Jove*. I believe that the editors read it as *love*, and therefore made the alteration to obtain some meaning.
JOHNSON.

I do not perceive why *love*, the clear and evident reading of both the quartos and folios, should be passed over without some attempt to explain it. In my opinion it may signify—" No longer assisting Troy with my advice, I have left it to the dominion of *love*, to the consequences of the amour of Paris and Helen." STEEVENS.

[7] That, through the sight I bear in things, to JOVE
I have abandon'd Troy, &c.] This reasoning perplexes Mr. Theobald: " He foresaw his country was undone; he ran over to the Greeks; and this he makes a merit of (says the editor). I own (continues he) the motives of his oratory seem to be somewhat perverse and unnatural. Nor do I know how to reconcile it, unless our poet purposely intended to make Calchas act the part of a *true priest*, and so from motives of self-interest insinuate the merit of service." The editor did not know how to reconcile this. Nor I neither. For I do not know what he means by " the motives of his oratory," or, " from motives of self-interest to insinuate merit." But if he would insinuate, that it was the poet's

Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,

design to make his priest self-interested, and to represent to the Greeks that what he did for his own preservation, was done for their service, he is mistaken. Shakspeare thought of nothing so silly, as it would be to draw his priest a *knave*, in order to make him talk like a *fool*. Though that be the fate which generally attends their abusers. But Shakspeare was no such; and consequently wanted not this cover for dulness. The *perverseness* is all the editor's own, who interprets,

" ——through the sight I have in things to *come*,
" I have abandon'd Troy, ——"

to signify, " by my power of prescience finding my country must be ruined, I have therefore abandoned it to seek refuge with you;" whereas the true sense is, " Be it known unto you, that on account of a gift or faculty I have of seeing things to come, which faculty I suppose would be esteemed by you as acceptable and useful, I have abandoned Troy my native country." That he could not mean what the editor supposes, appears from these considerations: First, if he had represented himself as running from a falling city, he could never have said:

" I have——expos'd myself,
" From *certain* and possess'd conveniencies,
" To *doubtful* fortunes ——."

Secondly, the absolute knowledge of the fall of Troy was a secret hid from the inferior gods themselves; as appears from the poetical history of that war. It depended on many contigencies, whose existence they did not foresee. All that they knew was, that if such and such things happened, Troy would fall. And this secret they communicated to Cassandra only, but along with it, the fate not to be believed. Several others knew each a several part of the secret; *one*, that Troy could not be taken unless Achilles went to the war; another, that it could not fall while it had the *palladium*; and so on. But the secret, that it was absolutely to fall, was known to none.—The sense here given will admit of no dispute among those who know how acceptable a *seer* was amongst the Greeks. So that this Calchas, *like a true priest*, if it needs must be so, went where he could exercise his profession with most advantage. For it being much less common amongst the Greeks than the Asiaticks, there would be a greater demand for it. WARBURTON.

I am afraid, that after all the learned commentator's efforts to clear the argument of Calchas, it will still appear liable to objection; nor do I discover more to be urged in his defence, than that though his skill in divination determined him to leave Troy, yet that he joined himself to Agamemnon and his army by un-

To doubtful fortunes; séquest'ring from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,

constrained good-will; and though he came as a fugitive escaping from destruction, yet his services after his reception, being voluntary and important, deserved reward. This argument is not regularly and distinctly deduced, but this is, I think, the best explication that it will yet admit. JOHNSON.

In p. 234, n. 4, an account has been given of the motives which induced Calchas to abandon Troy. The *services* to which he alludes, a short quotation from Lydgate will sufficiently explain. Auncient Hist. &c. 1555:

" He entred into the oratorye,—
" And besily gan to knele and praye,
" And his things devoutly for to saye,
" And to the god crye and call full stronge;
" And for Apollo would not tho prolonge,
" Sodaynly his answere gan attame,
" And sayd *Calchas* twies by his name;
" Be right well 'ware thou ne tourne agayne
" To Troy towne, for that were but in vayne,
" For finally lerne this thynge of me,
" In shorte tyme it shall destroyed be:
" This is in sooth, whych may not be denied.
" Wherefore I will that thou be alyed
" With the Greekes, and with Achilles go
" To them anone; my will is, it be so:—
" For *thou to them shall be necessary*,
" *In counseling and in giving rede*,
" *And be right helping to their good spede*."

Mr. Theobald thinks it strange that Calchas should claim any merit for having joined the Greeks after he had said that he knew his country was undone; but there is no inconsistency: he had left, from whatever cause, what was dear to him, his country, friends, children, &c. and, having joined and *served* the Greeks, was entitled to protection and reward.

On the phrase—" As new *into* the world," (for so the old copy reads,) I must observe, that it appears from a great number of passages in our old writers, the word *into* was formerly often used in the sense of *unto*, as it evidently is here. In proof of this assertion the following passages may be adduced:

" It was a pretty part in the old church-playes when the nimble Vice would skip up nimbly like a jackanapes *into* the devil's necke, and ride the devil a course." *Harsnet's Declaration of Popish Impostures*, 4to. 1602.

Again, in a letter written by J. Paston, July 8, 1468; Paston

Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, and become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

AGAM. What would'st thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Letters, vol. ii. p. 5: "— and they that have justed with him *into* this day, have been as richly beseen," &c.

Again, in Laneham's Account of the Entertainment at Kenelworth, 1575: "— what time it pleased her to ryde forth *into* the chase, to hunt the hart of fors; which found, anon," &c.

Chase, indeed, may mean here, the place in which the Queen hunted; but I believe it is employed in the more ordinary sense.

Again, in Daniel's Civil Warres, b. iv. st. 72, edit. 1602:

"She doth conspire to have him made away,—
"Thrust *thereinto* not only with her pride,
"But by her father's counsell and consent."

Again, in our author's All's Well that Ends Well:

"—— I'll stay at home,
"And pray God's blessing *into* thy attempt." MALONE.

The folio reads—

"——— in things to *love*,"

which appears to me to have no meaning, unless we adopt the explanation of Mr. Steevens, which would make sense of it. The present reading, though supported by Johnson and Malone, is little better than nonsense, and there is this objection to it, that it was *Juno*, not *Jove*, that persecuted the Trojans. *Jove* wished them well; and though we may abandon a man to his enemies, we cannot, with propriety, say, that we abandon him to his friends. Let me add, that the speech of Calchas would have been incomplete, if he had said that he abandoned Troy, from the sight he *bore of things*, without explaining it by adding the words—*to come*. I should, therefore, adhere to that reading, which I consider as one of those happy amendments which do not require any authority to support them.

The merit of Calchas did not merely consist in his having come over to the Greeks; he also revealed to them the fate of Troy, which depended on their conveying away the palladium, and the horses of Rhesus, before they should drink of the river Xanthus. M. MASON.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor[8],
Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you, (often have you thanks therefore,)
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied: But this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs [9],

[8] — Antenor,] Very few particulars respecting this Trojan are preserved by Homer. But as Professor Heyne, in his seventh Excursus to the first Æneid, observes, "Fuit *Antenor* inter eos, in quorum rebus ornandis ii maxime scriptores laborarunt, qui narrationes Homericas novis commentis de suo onerarunt; non aliter ac si delectatio a mere fabulosis et temeré effusis figmentis proficisceretur." Steevens.

[9] — such a wrest in their affairs,] According to Dr. Johnson, who quotes this line in his Dictionary, the meaning is, that the *loss* of Antenor is such a *violent distortion* of their affairs, &c. But as in a former scene (p. 265—see n. 2,) we had *o'er-rested* for *o'er-wrested*, so here I strongly suspect *wrest* has been printed instead of *rest*. Antenor is such a *stay* or support of their affairs, &c. All the ancient English muskets had *rests* by which they were supported. The subsequent words—*wanting his manage*, appear to me to confirm the emendation. To say that Antenor *himself* (for so the passage runs, not the *loss* of Antenor,) is a violent distortion of the Trojan negociations, is little better than nonsense. Malone.

I have been informed that a *wrest* anciently signified a sort of tuning-hammer, by which the strings of some musical instruments were screwed or *wrested* up to their proper degree of tension. Antenor's advice might be supposed to produce a congenial effect on the Trojan councils, which otherwise

"———— must *slack*,
"Wanting his manage——." Steevens.

Wrest is not misprinted for *rest*, as Mr. Malone supposes, in his correction of Dr. Johnson, who has certainly mistaken the sense of this word. It means an instrument for tuning the harp by *drawing up* the strings. Laneham, in his Letter from Kenilworth, p. 50, describing a minstrel, says, "his harp in good grace dependaunt before him; his *wreast* tyed to a green lace and hanging by." And again, in Wynne's History of the Gwedir Family: "And setting forth very early before day, unwittingly carried upon his finger the *wrest of his cosen's harpe*." To *wrest*, is to *wind*. See Minsheu's Dictionary. The form of the *wrest* may be seen in some of the illuminated service books, wherein David is represented playing on his harp; in the second part of Mersenna's Harmonies, p. 69: and in the Syntagmata of Prætorius, vol. ii. fig. xix. Douce.

That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain [1].

AGAM. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word—if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

DIO. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt* DIOMEDES *and* CALCHAS.

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS, *before their Tent.*

ULYSS. Achilles stands i'the entrance of his tent:—
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last. 'Tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him [2]:
If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,

[1] In most accepted PAIN.] Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him, read:

"In most accepted *pay*."

They do not seem to understand the construction of the passage. *Her presence*, says Calchas, *shall strike off*, or recompense *the service I have done*, even in those *labours* which were *most accepted*.

[2] Why such unplausive eyes are bent, WHY TURN'D on him:] If the eyes were *bent* on him, they were *turn'd* on him. This tautology, therefore, together with the redundancy of the line, plainly show that we ought to read, with Sir Thomas Hanmer;

"Why such unplausive eyes are bent on him.——"

STEEVENS.

Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along;—
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better.

[*Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor.*

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

[*Exit Menelaus.*

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow[3].

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too.

[*Exit Ajax.*

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

[3] Good morrow.] Perhaps, in this repetition of the salute, we should read, as in the preceding instance,—Good morrow, *Ajax;* or, with more colloquial spirit,—*I say,* good morrow. Otherwise the metre is defective. Steevens.

PATR. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

ACHIL. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings, but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour[4] for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, and favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading.—
How now, Ulysses?

ULYSS. Now, great Thetis' son?

ACHIL. What are you reading?

ULYSS. A strange fellow here
Writes me, That man—how dearly ever parted[5],

[4] —but honour—] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—but *honour'd*. MALONE.

[5] — how dearly ever PARTED,] *However excellently endowed*, with however *dear* or precious *parts* enriched or adorned. JOHNSON.

Johnson's explanation of the word *parted* is just. So, in Ben

How much in having, or without, or in,—
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining * upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself [6]
(That most pure spirit [7] of sense,) behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself [8],
Till it hath travell'd, and is married there
Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:

* Quarto, *ayming*.

Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour, he describes Macilente as a man well *parted;* and in Massinger's Great Duke of Florence, Sanazarro says of Lydia:

"And I, my lord, chose rather
"To deliver her better *parted* than she is,
"Than to take from her." M. Mason.

So, in a subsequent passage:

"——no man is the lord of any thing,
"(Though in and of him there is much consisting,)
"Till he communicate his *parts* to others." Malone.

[6] —nor doth the eye itself, &c.] So, in Julius Cæsar:

"No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
"But by reflexion, by some other things." Steevens.

[7] To others' eyes:——
(That most pure spirit, &c.] These two lines are totally omitted in all the editions but the first quarto. Pope.

[8] For SPECULATION turns not, &c.] *Speculation* has here the same meaning as in Macbeth:

"Thou hast no *speculation* in those eyes
"Which thou dost glare with." Malone.

Who, in his circumstance [9], expressly proves—
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there be much consisting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught)
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended; which, like [1] an arch, reverberates
The voice again; or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun [2], receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax [3].
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,
Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd [4]. O heavens, what some men do,

9 — in his circumstance,] In the detail or circumduction of his argument. JOHNSON.

1 — WHICH, like —] Old copies—*who*, like —. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

The folio and quarto concur in reading "*who* like an arch *reverberate*;" i. e. They who applaud reverberate. This elliptick mode of expression is in our author's manner. BOSWELL.

2 — a gate of steel
Fronting the sun,] This idea appears to have been caught from some of our ancient romances, which often describe gates of similar materials and effulgence. STEEVENS.

3 The unknown Ajax.] Ajax, who has abilities, which were never brought into view or use. JOHNSON.

4 — Now shall we see to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd.] I once thought that we ought to read *renown*. But by considering the middle line as parenthetical, the passage is sufficiently clear. MALONE.

While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall [5],
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting [6] in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrieking [7].

By placing a break after *him*, the construction will be:—'Now we shall see to-morrow an act that very chance doth throw upon him—[we shall see] *Ajax renown'd.*' HENLEY.

5 How some men CREEP in skittish fortune's hall,] To *creep* is to *keep out of sight* from whatever motive. Some men *keep out of notice in the hall of fortune*, while others, though they but *play the idiot*, are always *in her eye*, in the way of distinction. JOHNSON.

I cannot think that *creep*, used without any explanatory word, can mean to *keep out of sight*. While some men, says Ulysses, remain *tamely inactive* in fortune's hall, without any effort to excite her attention, others, &c. Such, I think, is the meaning. MALONE.

6 —fasting —] Quarto. The folio has *feasting*. Either word may bear a good sense. JOHNSON.

I have preferred *fasting*, the reading of the quarto, to *feasting*, which we find in the folio, not only because the quarto copies are in general preferable to the folio, but because the original reading furnishes that kind of antithesis of which our poet was so fond. One man eats, while another fasts. Achilles is he who fasts; who capriciously abstains from those active exertions which would furnish new food for his pride. MALONE.

7 And great Troy SHRIEKING.] Thus the quarto. The folio has, less poetically,—*shrinking*. The following passage in the subsequent scene supports the reading of the quarto:

" Hark, how *Troy roars;* how Hecuba cries out;
" How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth;
" And all cry—Hector, Hector's dead." MALONE.

I prefer the reading of the folio. That the collective body of martial Trojans should *shrink* at sight of their hero's danger, is surely more natural to be supposed, than that, like frighted women, they would unite in a general *shriek*.

As to what Cassandra says, in the preceding note,—it is the fate of that lady's evidence—never to be received. STEEVENS.

Cassandra's prophecies were not believed, but they were nevertheless true. MALONE.

ACHIL. I do believe it: for they pass'd by me,
As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me,
Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds forgot?
ULYSS. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back [8],
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past: which are de-
vour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: Perséverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;—
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear [9],
O'er-run [1] and trampled on: Then what they do in
present,

[8] Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,] This speech is printed in all the modern editions with such deviations from the old copy, as exceed the lawful power of an editor. JOHNSON.

This image is literally from Spenser:

"And eeke *this wallet at your backe* arreare—
"— — — — — —
"And in this bag, which I behinde me don,
"I *put* repentaunce for *things past and gone.*"

Fairy Queen, b. vi. c. viii. st. 24. BOADEN.

[9] —to the abject REAR,] So Hanmer. All the editors before him read—to the abject, *near.* JOHNSON.

[1] O'er-run, &c.] The quarto wholly omits the simile of the horse, and reads thus:

"And leave you hindmost, then what they do at present —."

The folio seems to have some omission, for the simile begins,

"*Or*, like a gallant horse ——." JOHNSON.

Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours:
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps-in the comer: Welcome ever smiles [2],
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue
seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit [3],
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted [4].

The construction is, 'Or, like a gallant horse, &c. *you* lie there for pavement —;' the personal pronoun of a preceding line being understood here. There are many other passages in these plays in which a similar ellipsis is found. So, in this play, p. 347: "—but commends itself," instead of "but *it* commends itself." MALONE.

[2] — Welcome ever smiles,] The compositor inadvertently repeated the word *the*, which has just occurred, and printed—*the* welcome, &c. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[3] For beauty, wit, &c.] The modern editors read:

"For beauty, wit, high birth, desert in service," &c.

I do not deny but the changes produce a more easy lapse of numbers, but they do not exhibit the work of Shakspeare. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson might have said,—the work of Shakspeare, as mangled by theatres, ignorant transcribers, and unskilful printers. He has somewhere else observed, that perhaps we have not received one of our author's plays as it was originally written. STEEVENS.

[4] And GIVE to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than GILT o'er-dusted.] [The old copies—*goe to* dust.] In this mangled condition do we find this truly fine observation transmitted. Mr. Pope saw it was corrupt, and therefore, as I presume, threw it out of the text; because he would not *indulge his private sense* in attempting to make sense of it. I owe

The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and cómplete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee [5],
And still it might; and yet it may again,
If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions [6] 'mongst the gods themselves,

the foundation of the amendment, which I have given in the text, to the sagacity of the ingenious Dr. Thirlby. I read:

" And GIVE to dust, that is a little gilt,
" More laud than *they will give to gold*, o'er-dusted."

THEOBALD.

This emendation has been adopted by the succeeding editors, but recedes too far from the copy. There is no other corruption than such as Shakspeare's incorrectness often resembles. He has omitted the article—*to* in the second line: he should have written:

" More laud than *to* gilt o'er-dusted." JOHNSON.

Gilt, in the second line, is a substantive. See Coriolanus, Act I. Sc. III.

Dust a little gilt means, ordinary performances ostentatiously displayed and magnified by the favour of friends and that admiration of novelty which prefers " new-born gawds" to " things past." *Gilt o'er-dusted* means, splendid actions of preceding ages, the remembrance of which is weakened by time.

The poet seems to have been thinking either of those monuments which he has mentioned in All's Well that Ends Well:

" Where *dust* and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
" Of honour'd bones indeed;——"

or of the *gilded* armour, trophies, banners, &c. often hung up in churches in " monumental mockery." MALONE.

[5] — went ONCE on thee,] So the quarto. The folio—went *out* on thee. MALONE.

[6] Made emulous MISSIONS —] The meaning of *mission* seems to be *dispatches* of the gods *from heaven* about mortal business, such as often happened at the siege of Troy. JOHNSON.

It means the descent of deities to combat on either side; an idea which Shakspeare very probably adopted from Chapman's translation of Homer. In the fifth book, Diomed wounds Mars,

And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical:
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters[7].

Achil. Ha! known[8]?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful state,
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold[9];
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
Keeps place with thought[1], and almost, like the gods,

who on his return to heaven is rated by Jupiter for having interfered in the battle. This disobedience is the *faction* which I suppose Ulysses would describe. Steevens.

7 —one of Priam's daughters.] Polyxena, in the act of marrying whom, he was afterwards killed by Paris. Steevens.

8 Ha! known?] I must suppose that, in the present instance, some word, wanting to the metre, has been omitted. Perhaps the poet wrote—Ha! *is't* known? Steevens.

9 Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;] For this elegant line the quarto has only:

"Knows almost every *thing*." Johnson.

The old copy has—*Pluto's* gold; but, I think, we should read—*of Plutus' gold*. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Philaster, Act IV.:

"'Tis not the wealth of *Plutus*, nor the gold
"Lock'd in the heart of earth ——." Steevens.

The correction of this obvious error of the press, needs no justification, though it was not admitted by Mr. Steevens in his own edition. The same error is found in Julius Cæsar, Act IV. Sc. III. where it has been properly corrected:

"——— within, a heart,
"Dearer than *Pluto's* mine, richer than gold."

So, in this play, Act IV. Sc. I. we find in the quarto—to *Calcho's* house, instead of, to *Calchas'* house. Malone.

1 Keeps place with thought,] i. e. there is in the providence of a state, as in the providence of the universe, a kind of *ubiquity*. The expression is exquisitely fine; yet the Oxford editor alters it to—"Keeps *pace*," and so destroys all its beauty. Warburton.

Is there not here some allusion to that sublime description of the Divine Omnipresence in the 139th Psalm? Henley.

Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles[2].
There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle[3]) in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to:
All the commérce[4] that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much,
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump;
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.
[*Exit.*

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you:
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;

[2] Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.] It is clear, from the defect of the metre, that some word of two syllables was omitted by the carelessness of the transcriber or compositor. Shakspeare perhaps wrote:

"Does thoughts *themselves* unveil in their dumb cradles."

Or,

"Does *infant* thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles."

So, in King Richard III.:

"And turn his *infant* morn to aged night."

In Timon of Athens, we have the same allusion:

"Joy had the like *conception* in my *brain*,
"And at that instant, *like a babe sprung up*." Malone.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

"Does *even our* thoughts," &c. Steevens.

[3] — (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) —] There is a secret administration of affairs, which no *history* was ever able to discover. Johnson.

[4] All the commérce —] Thus also is the word accented by Chapman, in his version of the fourth book cf Homer's Odyssey:

"To labour's taste, nor the *commérce* of men." Steevens.

They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air[5].

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd[6].

Patr. O, then beware;
Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves:
Omission to do what is necessary[7]
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd!

Enter Thersites.

Ther. A wonder!

5 — to air.] So the quarto. The folio—*ayrie* air. Johnson.

6 My fame is shrewdly GOR'D.] So, in our author's 110th Sonnet:

"Alas, 'tis true; I have gone here and there,—
"*Gor'd* mine own thoughts——." Malone.

So also in Hamlet, vol. vii. p. 507:

"To keep thy name *ungor'd*—." Boswell.

7 Omission to do, &c.] By *neglecting* our duty we *commission* or enable that danger of *dishonour*, which could not reach us before, to lay hold upon us. Johnson.

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock; a stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an hostess, that hath no arithmetick but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politick regard [8], as who should say—there were wit in this head, an 'twould out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking [9]. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i'the combat, he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said, *Good-morrow, Ajax;* and he replies, *Thanks, Agamemnon.* What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He is grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms [1]. I will put on his

[8] — with a politick regard,] With a *sly look.* JOHNSON.

[9] — it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking.] So, in Julius Cæsar:

"That carries anger, *as the flint bears fire;*
"Who, *much enforced,* shows a hasty spark,
"And straight is *cold* again." STEEVENS.

[1] — he wears his TONGUE in his ARMS.] So, in Macbeth:

"My *voice* is in my *sword.*" STEEVENS.

presence; let Patroclus make demands * to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax.

Ther. Humph!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,——

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you, to invite Hector to his tent!——

Ther. Humph!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus. What musick will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure, none; un-

* First folio, *his demands*.

[2] — to make CATLINGS on.] It has been already observed that a *catling* signifies a small lute-string made of *catgut*. One of the musicians in Romeo and Juliet is called Simon *Catling*. STEEVENS.

less the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on [2].

ACHIL. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

THER. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature [3].

ACHIL. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;
And I myself see not the bottom of it [4].

[*Exeunt ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.*

THER. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Troy. A Street.

Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant, with a Torch; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and Others, with Torches.

PAR. See, ho! who's that there?
DEI. 'Tis the lord Æneas.
ÆNE. Is the prince there in person?—
Had I so good occasion to lie long,

[3] —the more CAPABLE creature.] The more *intelligent* creature. So, in King Richard III.:

"Bold, forward, quick, ingenious, *capable*."

See also Henry VIII. Act V. Sc. II. MALONE.

[4] And I myself SEE NOT THE BOTTOM of it.] This is an image frequently introduced by our author. So, in King Henry IV. Part II.: "I *see the bottom* of Justice Shallow." Again, in King Henry VI. Part II.:

"—— we then should *see the bottom*
"Of all our fortunes." STEEVENS.

As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told—how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir[5],
During all question of the gentle truce[6]:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health;
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear[7],
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

[5] — VALIANT sir,] The epithet—*valiant*, appears to have been caught by the compositor from the preceding speech, and is introduced here only to spoil the metre. STEEVENS.

[6] During all QUESTION of the gentle truce:] I once thought to read:

"During all *quiet* of the gentle truce:"

But I think *question* means *intercourse, interchange of conversation*. JOHNSON.

See Measure for Measure, Act II. Sc. IV. "Question of the gentle truce" is, 'conversation while the gentle truce lasts.' MALONE.

[7] — By Venus' hand I swear,] This oath was used to insinuate his resentment for Diomedes' wounding his mother in the hand. WARBURTON.

I believe Shakspeare had no such allusion in his thoughts. He would hardly have made Æneas civil and uncivil in the same breath. STEEVENS.

He swears first by the life of his father, and then by the hand of his mother. BLAKEWAY.

Dio. We sympathize :—Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand cómplete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despiteful* gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you[8]; 'Twas to bring this Greek,
To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid:
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us: I constantly do think,
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,)
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore †: I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you;
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all. [*Exit.*

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—

* First folio, *despightful'st.* † First folio, *whereof.*

[8] His purpose meets you;] I bring you his meaning and his orders. JOHNSON.

Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself, or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike:
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her soilure,)
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour,)
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece [9];
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;
But he as he, the heavier for a whore [1].

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

9 —a flat TAMED piece;] i. e. a piece of wine out of which the spirit is all flown. WARBURTON.

This word, with a somewhat similar sense, occurs in Coriolanus:

"His remedies are *tame* i'the present peace —." STEEVENS.

1 Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;
But he as he, THE heavier for a whore.] I read:

"But he as he, *each* heavier for a whore?"

Heavy is taken both from *weighty*, and for *sad*, or *miserable*. The quarto reads:

"But he as he, *the* heavier for a whore."

I know not whether the thought is not that of a wager. It must then be read thus:

"But he as he. *Which* heavier, for a whore?"

That is, "for a whore *staked down*, which is the heavier?"

JOHNSON.

As the quarto reads,

"——*the* heavier for a whore,"

I think all new pointing or alteration unnecessary. The sense appears to be this: the merits of either are sunk in value, because the contest between them is only for a strumpet. STEEVENS.

The merits of each, whatever they may be, being weighed one against the other, are exactly equal; in each of the scales, however, in which their merits are to be weighed, a harlot must be placed, since each of them has been equally attached to one. This is the reading of the quarto. The folio reads,

"——*which* heavier for a whore." MALONE.

Dio. She's bitter to her country: Hear me, Paris,—
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
We'll not commend what we intend to sell [2].
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

[2] We'll not COMMEND what we intend TO sell.] I believe the meaning is only this: 'though you practise the buyer's art, we will not practise the seller's. We intend to sell Helen dear, yet will not commend her.' JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton would read—*not* sell. STEEVENS.

The sense, I think, requires we should read—*condemn*.
TYRWHITT.

When Dr. Johnson says, they meant "to sell Helen dear," he evidently does not mean that they really intended to sell her at all, (as he has been understood,) but that the Greeks should pay very dear for her, if they had her. We'll not commend what we intend to make you *pay* very dear for, *if you have her*. So, Ajax says, in a former scene: "— however, he shall pay for me, ere he has me."

Commend is, I think, the true reading, our author having introduced a similar sentiment in two other places. In Love's Labour's Lost, we have —

"To things of *sale* a seller's *praise* belongs."

Again, in his 21st Sonnet:

"I will not *praise* that purpose *not* to *sell*."

This passage favours Dr. Warburton's emendation; but *intend not sell* sounds very harsh. However, many very harsh combinations may be found in these plays, where rhymes are introduced.
MALONE.

Surely Dr. Warburton's reading is the true one:

"We'll not *commend* what we *intend not sell*,"

is evidently opposed to —

"*Dispraise* the thing that you *desire to buy*:"

in the same speech.

Of such elliptical phraseology as is introduced by Dr. Warbur-

SCENE II.

The Same. Court before the House of PANDARUS.

Enter TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

TRO. Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold.
CRES. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.
TRO. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: Sleep kill [3] those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought [4]!
CRES. Good morrow then.
TRO. Pr'ythee now, to bed.
CRES. Are you aweary of me?
TRO. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows [5],
And dreaming night will hide our joys [6] no longer,
I would not from thee.
CRES. Night hath been too brief.
TRO. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights [7] she stays,
As tediously [8] as hell; but flies the grasps of love,

ton's emendation, our author's plays will afford numerous examples. STEEVENS.

[3] — Sleep KILL—] So the old copies. The moderns have—"Sleep *seal*." JOHNSON.

Seal was one of the numerous innovations introduced by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[4] And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As INFANTS' EMPTY OF ALL THOUGHT!] So, in The Merry Wives of Windsor:
"Sleep she as sound *as careless infancy*." STEEVENS.

[5] — RIBALD crows,] See note on Antony and Cleopatra, Act III. Sc. VIII. HARRIS.

[6] — hide our JOYS —] Thus the quarto. The folio has—"hide our *eyes*." MALONE.

[7] — VENOMOUS wights —] i. e. *venifici;* those who practise nocturnal sorcery. STEEVENS.

With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Pr'ythee, tarry;—
You men will never tarry.——
O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's one up.

Pan. [*Within.*] What, are all the doors open here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter PANDARUS[8].

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life,——

Pan. How now, how now? how go maidenheads?
—Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do[9], and then you flout me too.

7 As TEDIOUSLY —] The folio has:

"As *hideously* as hell." JOHNSON.

Sir T. Hanmer, for the sake of metre, with great probability, reads:

"*Tedious* as hell," &c. STEEVENS.

8 Enter PANDARUS.] The hint for the following short conversation between Pandarus and Cressida is taken from Chaucer's Troilus and Cresseide, book iii. v. 1561:

"Pandare, a morowe which that commen was
"Unto his necè, gan her faire to grete,
"And saied all this night so rained it alas!
"That all my drede is, that ye, necè swete,
"Have little leisir had to slepe and mete,
"All night (quod he) hath rain so do me wake,
"That some of us I trowe their heddis ake,
"Cresseide answerde, nevir the bet for you,
"Foxe that ye ben, God yeve your hertè care,
"God help me so, ye causid all this fare," &c.

STEEVENS.

9 — to DO,] To *do* is here used in a wanton sense. So, in The Taming of The Shrew, Petruchio says: "I would fain be *doing*."

Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what: what have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er be good,
Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchio[1]!—hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

[*Knocking.*

Cres. Did I not tell you?—'would he were knock'd o'the head!—
Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—
My lord, come you again into my chamber:
You smile, and mock me, as if[2] I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.— [*Knocking.*
How earnestly they knock!—pray you, come in;
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt Troilus and Cressida.*

Pan. [*Going to the door.*] Who's there? what's

Again, in All's Well that Ends Well, Lafeu declares that he is "past *doing*." Collins.

The following speech of Pandarus shows clearly that there is not the least ground for Collins's (i. e. Mr. Steevens's) observation. Boswell.

[1] — a poor CAPOCCHIO!] Pandarus would say, I think, in English—"Poor *innocent!* Poor *fool!* hast not slept to-night?" These appellations are very well answered by the Italian word *capocchio:* for *capocchio* signifies the thick head of a club; and thence metaphorically, a head of not much brain, a sot, dullard, heavy gull. Theobald.

The word in the old copy is *chipochia*, for which Mr. Theobald substituted *capocchio*, which he has rightly explained.

In Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598, we find "*Capocchio*, a doult, a loggerhead, a foolish pate, a shallow skonce." Malone.

[2] — as IF —] Here, I believe, a common ellipsis has been destroyed by a playhouse interpolation: *As*, in ancient language, has frequently the power of—as *if*. I would therefore omit the latter conjunction, which encumbers the line without enforcing the sense. Thus, in Spenser's Fairy Queen:

"That with the noise it shook *as* it would fall." Steevens.

the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter Æneas.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth, I knew you not: what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him; it doth import him much, to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn:—For my own part, I came in late: What should he do here?

Æne. Who!—nay, then:—Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware: You'll be so true to him, to be false to him: Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch [3] him hither; Go.

As Pandarus is going out, enter Troilus.

Tro. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash [4]: There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us [5]; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,

[3] — yet go fetch, &c.] Old copy redundantly—but *yet*, &c. Steevens.

Mr. Steevens printed this speech as verse. Boswell.

[4] — matter is so RASH:] My business is so *hasty* and so abrupt. Johnson.

So, in King Henry IV. Part II.:

"——— aconitum, or *rash* gunpowder." Steevens.

Again, in Romeo and Juliet:

"It is too *rash*, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
"Too like the lightning," &c. Malone.

[5] Deliver'd to us, &c.] So the folio. The quarto thus:

"Delivered to *him*, and forthwith." Johnson.

We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy:
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me[6]!
I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here[7].

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity[8].

[*Exeunt Troilus and Æneas.*

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad.

[6] How my achievements MOCK me!] So, in Antony and Cleopatra:

"And *mock* our eyes with air." STEEVENS.

[7] We met by chance; you did not find me here.] So, in Antony and Cleopatra:

"See where he is, who's with him, what he does:
"*I did not send you.*" MALONE.

[8] — the SECRETS OF NATURE
Have not more gift in taciturnity.] This is the reading of both the elder folios; but the first verse manifestly halts, and betrays its being defective. Mr. Pope substitutes:

"—— the secrets of *neighbour* Pandar."

If this be a reading *ex fide codicum* (as he professes all his various readings to be) it is founded on the credit of such copies as it has not been my fortune to meet with. I have ventured to make out the verse thus:

"The *secre'st things* of nature," &c.

i. e. the *arcana naturæ*, the mysteries of nature, of occult philosophy, or of religious ceremonies. Our poet has allusions of this sort in several other passages. THEOBALD.

Mr. Pope's reading is in the old quarto. So great is the necessity of collation. JOHNSON.

I suppose the editor of the folio meant—the *secretest* of nature, and that *secrets* was an error of the press. So, in Macbeth:

"The *secret'st* man of blood." MALONE.

I suppose our author to have written—*secrecies*.

A similar thought occurs in Antony and Cleopatra:

"In *nature's* infinite book of *secrecy*——."

Wherever there is redundant metre, as in the reading of the quarto, corruption may always be suspected. STEEVENS.

A plague upon Antenor! I would, they had broke's neck!

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now? What is the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord gone?
Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cres. O the gods!—what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'Would thou had'st ne'er been born! I knew, thou would'st be his death:—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees, I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity [9];
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood [1],
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,

9 I know no TOUCH of consanguinity;] So, in Macbeth:
"He wants the natural *touch*."
Touch of consanguinity is *sense or feeling of relationship*.
MALONE.

1 —the very CROWN of falsehood,] So, in Cymbeline:
"—— my supreme *crown* of grief."
Again, in The Winter's Tale:
"—— the *crown* and comfort of my life." MALONE.
See page 336, n. 9. STEEVENS.

Do to this body what extremes * you can;
But the strong base and building of my love [2]
Is as the very center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep;—

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks;
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy [3].

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. Before Pandarus' House.

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning [4]; and the hour prefix'd
Of † her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon [5]:—Good my brother Troilus,

* First folio, *extremitie*. † So folio; quarto, *For*.

[2] —the strong base and building of my love—] So, in our author's 119th Sonnet:

"And ruin'd *love*, when it is *built anew*——."

Again, in Antony and Cleopatra:

"Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
"Betwixt us as the cement of our *love*,
"To keep it *builded*, be the ram to batter
"The fortress of it."

So, in the Comedy of Errors:

"Shall love in *building* grow so ruinate?" Malone.

[3] —I will not go from Troy.] I believe the verb—*go* (which roughens this line) should be left out, in conformity to the ancient elliptical mode of writing, which, in like instances, omits it as unnecessary to sense. Thus, in p. 363, we find—

"I would not from thee;"

i. e. I would not *go* from thee. Steevens.

[4] —great morning;] *Grand jour;* a Gallicism. Steevens.

[5] Comes fast upon:] Though *fast upon*, only signifies—fast *on*, I must suppose, with Sir T. Hanmer, we ought to read:

Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.
Tro. Walk into her house[6];
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*
Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
Please you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Same. A Room in PANDARUS' House.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.
Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it[7]: How can I moderate it?

"Comes fast upon *us*:——"
The metre, as it stands at present, is obviously defective.
STEEVENS.

[6] WALK in to her house;] Here, I believe, we have an interpolation similar to those in p. 365 and in the preceding page. In elliptical language the word—*walk* (which in the present instance destroys the measure) is frequently omitted. So, in King Henry IV. Part I.:

"*I'll in* and haste the writer."

i. e. I'll *walk*, or *go* in. Again, in The Merry Wives of Windsor: "*I'll in, I'll in:* follow your friend's advice; *I'll in.*" *In*, therefore, in the speech of Troilus, will signify *walk* or *go* in, the omitted verb being understood. STEEVENS.

[7] The grief, &c.] The folio reads:

"The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
"And *no less* in a sense as strong
"As that which causeth it——."

The quarto otherwise:

If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross:
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah sweet ducks!

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him.*

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too: *O heart*,—as the goodly saying is,——

——— *o heart, o heavy heart*[8],
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,
By friendship nor by speaking.

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?

" The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
" And *violenteth* in a sense as strong
" As that which causeth it——."

Violenteth is a word with which I am not acquainted, yet perhaps it may be right. The reading of the text is without authority.

JOHNSON.

I have followed the quarto. *Violenceth* is used by Ben Jonson, in The Devil is an Ass:

" Nor nature *violenceth* in both these."

And Mr. Tollet has since furnished me with this verb as spelt in the play of Shakspeare: " His former adversaries *violented* any thing against him." *Fuller's Worthies in Anglesea.*

Dr. Farmer likewise adds the following instance from Latimer, p. 71: " Maister Pole *violentes* the text for the maintenance of the bishop of Rome."

The modern and unauthorized reading was:

" And in its sense is no less strong, than that
" Which causeth it——." STEEVENS.

[8] —*o heavy heart,*] *O*, which is not in the old copy, was added, for the sake of the metre, by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd [9] a purity,
That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.
Cres. Have the gods envy?
Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.
Cres. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?
Tro. A hateful truth.
Cres. What, and from Troilus too?
Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.
Cres. Is it possible?
Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other [1], must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them [2],
He fumbles up into a loose adieu;

9 — strain'd —] So the quarto. The folio and all the moderns have—*strange*. JOHNSON.

1 Did BUY each other,] So, in our author's Venus and Adonis:
" A thousand kisses *buys* my heart from me,
" And pay them at thy leisure, one by one." MALONE.

2 With distinct breath and CONSIGN'D KISSES to them,] *Consign'd* means *sealed;* from *consigno*, Lat. So, in King Henry V.: " It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to *consign* to." Our author has the same image in many other places. So, in Measure for Measure:
" But my *kisses* bring again,
" *Seals* of love, but seal'd in vain."
Again, in his Venus and Adonis:
" Pure lips, sweet *seals* in my soft lips imprinted." MALONE.

And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears [3].

Æne. [*Within.*] My lord! is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius so *
Cries, *Come!* to him that instantly must die [4].—
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind [5],
or my heart will be blown up by the root [6]!

[*Exit Pandarus.*

* First folio omits *so*.

[3] Distasted with the salt of broken tears.] i. e. of tears to which we are not permitted to give full vent, being interrupted and suddenly torn from each other. The poet was probably thinking of *broken* sobs, or *broken* slumbers. This is the reading of the quarto. The folio has—*distasting*. Malone.

Broken tears is sufficiently explained by—*interrupted* tears. So, in King Henry VIII.: "You have now a *broken* banquet;" i. e. an *interrupted* one. Steevens.

[4] Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius so
Cries, Come! to him that instantly must die.] An obscure poet (Flatman) has borrowed this thought:

"My soul just now about to take her flight,
"Into the regions of eternal night,
"Methinks I hear some gentle *spirit* say,
"Be not fearful, *come away!*"

After whom, Pope:

"Hark! they whisper; angels say
"Sister spirit, *come away.*" Malone.

Again, in Eloisa to Abelard:

"*Come*, sister, *come!* (it said, or seem'd to say,)
"Thy place is here, sad sister, *come away!*" Steevens.

[5] Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind,] So, in Macbeth:

"That *tears* will drown the *wind*."

Perhaps, "rain, to lay this wind!" is an optative, and as if he had said—O for tears, &c.! and so I have pointed it. Steevens.

So, in The Rape of Lucrece:

"This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
"Holds back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
"At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er." Malone.

[6] —by the root!] So the folio. Quarto—by *my throat*. Malone.

Cres. I must then to the Greeks?
Tro. No remedy.
Cres. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks[7]!
When shall we see again?
Tro. Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of heart,——
Cres. I true! how now? what wicked deem is this[8]?
Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:
I speak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove to death[9] himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart:
But, *be thou true*, say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation; be thou true,
And I will see thee.
Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.
Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.
Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?
Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet, be true.
Cres. O heavens!—be true, again?
Tro. Hear why I speak it, love;
The Grecian youths are full of quality;

7 A woeful Cressid 'mongst the MERRY GREEKS!] So, in A Mad World my Masters, 1608, a man gives the watchmen some money, and when they have received it he says: "the *merry Greeks* understand me." STEEVENS.

See p. 243, n. 3. MALONE.

8 — what wicked DEEM is this?] *Deem* (a word now obsolete) signifies, *opinion*, *surmise*. STEEVENS.

9 For I will throw my glove to death —] That is, I will *challenge* death himself in defence of thy fidelity. JOHNSON.

They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature
flowing [1],
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelty may move, and parts with person [2],
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,)
Makes me afeard.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain then!
In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt [3], nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and preg-
nant:
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly [4]: but be not tempted.

[1] They're loving, &c.] This line is not in the quarto. The folio reads—*Their* loving. This slight correction I proposed some time ago, and I have lately perceived it was made by Mr. Pope. It also has *gift* of nature. That emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. In the preceding line "*full* of quality," means, I think, absolute, perfect, in their dispositions. So, in Pericles, Prince of Tyre:

"So buxom, blithe, and *full* of face,
"As heaven had lent her all his grace." Malone.

The irregularity of metre in this speech, (unless the epithet—*loving* be considered as an interpolation,) together with the obscure phrase—full of *quality*, induce me to suspect the loss of some words which are now irretrievable. *Full of quality*, however, may mean *highly accomplished*. So, in Chapman's version of the fourteenth Iliad:

"—— Besides all this, he was well *qualitied*."

The construction, indeed, may be—*of full quality*. Thus, in the same translator's version of the third Iliad, "full of size" is apparently used for—*of full size*. Steevens.

[2] — with person,] Thus the folio. The quarto reads— with *portion*. Steevens.

[3] — the high lavolt,] The *lavolta* was a dance. See Henry V. Act III. Sc. V. Steevens.

Cres. Do you think, I will?
Tro. No.
But something may be done, that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.
Æne. [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord,——
Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.
Par. [*Within.*] Brother Troilus!
Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.
Cres. My lord, will you be true?
Tro. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity [5];
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is—plain, and true [6],—there's all the reach of it.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, Deiphobus, and Diomedes.

Welcome, sir Diomed! here is the lady,
Which for Antenor we deliver you:

[4] There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly:] This passage may chance to remind the reader of another in Othello:
"For here's a young and sweating devil here,
"That commonly rebels." Steevens.

[5] — catch mere simplicity;] The meaning, I think, is, *while others*, by their art, gain high estimation, I, by honesty, obtain a plain simple approbation. Johnson.

[6] — the MORAL of my wit
Is—plain, and true,] *Moral*, in this instance, has the same meaning as in Much Ado About Nothing, Act III. Sc. IV.:
"Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some *moral* in this Benedictus."
Again, in The Taming of the Shrew, Act IV. Sc. IV.:
"—— he has left me here behind to expound the *meaning or moral* of his signs and tokens." Tollet.

At the port [7], lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
And, by the way, possess thee what she is [8].
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads you fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
In praising her [9]: I tell thee, lord of Greece,

[7] At the PORT,] The *port* is the *gate*. So, in King Henry IV. Part II.:

"That keeps the *ports* of slumber open wide." STEEVENS.

[8] — POSSESS thee what she is.] I will *make thee fully understand*. This sense of the word *possess* is frequent in our author. JOHNSON.

So, in The Merchant of Venice:

"—— Is he yet *possess'd*
"How much you would?" STEEVENS.

[9] To shame the ZEAL of my petition TO thee,
IN praising her:] [Old copies—the *seal*.] To *shame* the *seal* of a petition is nonsense. Shakspeare wrote:

"To shame the *zeal* ——"

and the sense is this: Grecian, you use me discourteously; you see I am a *passionate* lover by my petition to you; and therefore you should not shame the *zeal* of it, by promising to do what I require of you, for the sake of her *beauty*: when, if you had good manners, or a sense of a *lover's* delicacy, you would have promised to do it in compassion to his *pangs* and *sufferings*. WARBURTON.

Troilus, I suppose, means to say, that Diomede does not use him courteously by addressing himself to Cressida, and assuring her that she shall be well treated for her own sake, and on account of her singular beauty, instead of making a direct answer to that *warm* request which Troilus had just made to him to "entreat her fair." The subsequent words fully support this interpretation:

She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises [1],
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus:
Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message,
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust [2]: And know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: To her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say—be't so,
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

Tro. Come, to the port.—I tell thee [3], Diomed,

" I charge thee, use her well, *even for my charge.*"
MALONE.

[1] She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,] So, in The Tempest:
" —— she will outstrip all praise —." STEEVENS.

[2] — my LUST :] *List*, I think, is right, though both the old copies read *lust*. JOHNSON.
Lust is *inclination, will.* HENLEY.
So, in Exodus, xv. 9: " I will divide the spoil; my *lust* shall be satisfied upon them."
In many of our ancient writers, *lust* and *list* are synonymously employed. So, in Chapman's version of the seventeenth Iliad:
" —— Sarpedon, guest and friend
" To thee, (and most deservedly) thou flew'st from in his end,
" And left'st to all the *lust* of Greece."
" I'll answer to my lust," means—I'll follow my inclination.
STEEVENS.
Lust was used formerly as synonymous to *pleasure*. So, in The Rape of Lucrece:
" —— the eyes of men through loopholes thrust,
" Gazing upon the Greeks with little *lust*." MALONE.

[3] I tell thee,] Old copies, *I'll* tell thee; for this emendation I am answerable. The same words occur in the preceding speech of Troilus. MALONE.
" —— I'll tell thee." This phraseology (instead of—" *I* tell thee") occurs almost too frequently in our author to need exemplification. One instance of it, however, shall be given from King John, Act V. Sc. VI.:

This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS, CRESSIDA, *and* DIOMED.

[*Trumpet heard.*

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field with him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight [4].

" *I'll* tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night
" Passing these flats are taken by the tide."

Again, in the first line of King Henry V.:

" My lord, *I'll* tell you, that self bill is urg'd —."

Mr. Malone, conceiving this mode of speech to be merely a printer's error, reads, in the former instance—" *I* tell thee," though, in the two passages just cited, he retains the ancient, and perhaps the true reading. STEEVENS.

[4] *Dei.* Let us make ready straight, &c.] These five lines are not in the quarto, being probably added at the revision. JOHNSON.

To the first of these lines, " Let us make ready straight," is prefixed in the folio, where alone the passage is found, *Dio.*

I suspect these five lines were an injudicious addition by the actors, for the sake of concluding the scene with a couplet; to which (if there be no corruption) they were more attentive than to the country of Diomed, or the particular commission he was entrusted with by the Greeks. The line in question, however, as has been suggested, may belong to *Deiphobus*. From Æneas's second speech, in p. 366, and the stage-direction in the quarto and folio prefixed to the third scene of this Act, Deiphobus appears to be now on the stage; and *Dio.* and *Dei.* might have been easily confounded. As this slight change removes the absurdity, I have adopted it. It was undoubtedly intended by Shakspeare that Diomed should make his *exit* with Troilus and Cressida. MALONE.

But why should *Diomed* say—Let *us* make ready straight? Was HE *to tend* with them on *Hector's heels?* Certainly not. *Dio.* has therefore crept in by mistake; the line either is part of Paris's speech, or belongs to *Deiphobus*, who is in company. As to *Diomed*, he neither goes along with them, nor has any thing

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.

Enter Ajax, *armed;* Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, *and others.*

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair [5],
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek [6]

to get ready:—he is now walking with Troilus and Cressida, towards the gate, on his way to the Grecian camp. Ritson.

This last speech cannot possibly belong to *Diomede*, who was a Grecian, and could not have addressed Paris and Æneas, as if they were going on the same party. This is, in truth, a continuation of the speech of *Paris*, and the preceding stage direction should run thus: "*Exeunt Troilus, Cressida, and Diomed who had the charge of Cressida.*" M. Mason.

5 — in appointment fresh and fair,] *Appointment* is *preparation*. So, in Measure for Measure:

"Therefore your best *appointment* make with speed."

Again, in King Henry V. Part I.:

"What well-*appointed* leader fronts us here?"

i. e. what leader well prepared with arms and accoutrements? Steevens.

On the other hand, in Hamlet:

"Unhousell'd, *disappointed*, unanel'd." Malone.

Out-swell the colick of puff'd Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomed, *with* Cressida.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid?

Dio. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better, she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—
So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now:
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment;
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

[6] — bias cheek —] Swelling out like the bias of a bowl. Johnson.

So, in Vittoria Corombona, or The White Devil, 1612:

" —— 'Faith his cheek
" Has a most excellent *bias* —."

The idea is taken from the puffy cheeks of the winds, as represented in ancient prints, maps, &c. Steevens.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this, mine:
Patroclus kisses you.
Men. O, this is trim!
Patr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.
Men. I'll have my kiss, sir:—Lady, by your leave.
Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive[7]?
Patr. Both take and give[8].
Cres. I'll make my match to live[9].
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.
Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.
Cres. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.
Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.
Cres. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.
Men. You fillip me o'the head.
Cres. No, I'll be sworn.
Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?
Cres. You may.
Ulyss. I do desire it.
Cres. Why, beg then[1].

[7] In kissing, do you RENDER, or RECEIVE?] Thus, Bassanio, in The Merchant of Venice, when he kisses Portia:

"——Fair lady, by your leave,
"I come by note, to *give*, and to *receive*." STEEVENS.

[8] *Patr.* Both take and give.] This speech should rather be given to Menelaus. TYRWHITT.

[9] I'll make my match to live,] I will make such *bargains* as I may live by, *such as may bring me profit*, therefore will not take a worse kiss than I give. JOHNSON.

I believe this only means—*I'll lay my life*. TYRWHITT.

[1] Why, beg THEN.] For the sake of rhyme we should read:

"Why beg *two*."

If you think kisses worth begging, beg more than one. JOHNSON.

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.
Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.
Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you [2].
Dio. Lady, a word;—I'll bring you to your father. [*Diomed leads out Cressida.*
Nest. A woman of quick sense.
Ulyss. Fye, fye upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks [3]; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body [4].
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes [5],

[2] Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.] I once gave both these lines to Cressida. She bids Ulysses beg a kiss; he asks that he may have it,

"When Helen is a maid again—."

She tells him that then he shall have it,—When Helen is a maid again:

"*Cres.* I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.
"*Ulyss.* Never's my day, and then a kiss *for* you."

But I rather think Ulysses means to slight her, and that the present reading is right. Johnson.

[3] There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; &c.] One would almost think that Shakspeare had, on this occasion, been reading St. Chrysostom, who says—"Non loquuta es lingua, sed loquuta es gressu; non loquuta es voce, sed oculis loquuta es clarius quam voce;" i. e. "They say nothing with their mouthes, they speake in their gate, they speake with their eyes, they speake in the carriage of their bodies." I have borrowed this invective against a wanton, as well as the translation of it, from Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, Part III. Sect. II. Memb. 2. Subs. 3. Steevens.

[4] — motive of her body.] *Motive*, for *part that contributes to motion*. Johnson.

This word is also employed, with some singularity, in All's Well that Ends Well:

"As it hath fated her to be my *motive*
"And helper to a husband." Steevens.

[5] O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,] Ere what comes? As this passage stands, the pronoun *it* has no antecedent. Johnson says, *a coasting* means an *amorous address*, *courtship*, but

And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity [5],
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter Hector, *armed*; Æneas, Troilus, *and other Trojans, with Attendants.*

Æne. Hail, all the state * of Greece! what shall be done

* First folio, *you state.*

he has given no example to prove it, or shown how the word can possibly bear that meaning. I have no doubt but we should read:

"And give *accosting* welcome ere it come." M. Mason.

Mr. M. Mason's conjecture is plausible and ingenious; and yet, without some hesitation, it cannot be admitted into the text.

A *coasting welcome* may mean a *side-long glance of invitation.* Ere *it* comes, may signify, *before such an overture has reached her.* Perhaps, therefore, the plain sense of the passage may be, that Cressida is one of those females who "throw out their lure, before any like signal has been made to them by our sex."

I always advance with reluctance what I cannot prove by examples; and yet, perhaps, I may be allowed to add, that in some old book of voyages which I have formerly read, I remember that the phrase, a *coasting salute*, was used to express a salute of guns from a ship passing by a fortified place at which the navigator did not design to stop, though the salute was instantly returned. So, in Othello:

"They do discharge their shot of courtesy;
"Our friends, at least."

Again:

"They give this greeting to the citadel:
"This likewise is a friend."

Cressida may therefore resemble a fortress which salutes before it has been saluted. Steevens.

A *coasting welcome* is a conciliatory welcome: that makes silent *advances* before the tongue has uttered a word. So, in our author's Venus and Adonis:

"Anon she hears them chaunt it lustily,
"And all in haste she *coasteth* to the cry." Malone.

[5] —sluttish spoils of opportunity,] Corrupt wenches, of whose chastity every opportunity may make a prey. Johnson.

To him that victory commands[6]? Or do you purpose,
A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity[7]
Pursue each other; or shall they * be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done[8],

* First folio omits *they*.

[6] — WHAT SHALL BE DONE

To him that victory commands?] This praise is scriptural, and signifies—"what honour shall he receive?" So, in Samuel I. xvii. 26: "*What shall be done to* the man that killeth this Philistine?" Steevens.

[7] —to the edge of all extremity—] So, in All's Well that Ends Well: "To the extreme edge of hazard." Steevens.

[8] 'Tis done like Hector, but SECURELY DONE,] This speech, in the old copies, is given to Agamemnon. Malone.

It seems absurd to me, that Agamemnon should make a remark to the disparagement of Hector for pride, and that Æneas should immediately say—

"If not Achilles, sir, what is your name?"

To Achilles I have ventured to place it; and consulting Mr. Dryden's alteration of this play, I was not a little pleased to find, that I had but seconded the opinion of that great man in this point. Theobald.

Though all the old copies agree in giving this speech to Agamemnon, I have no doubt but Theobald is right in restoring it to Achilles. It is this very speech, so much in character, that makes Æneas immediately recognize Achilles, and say in reply—

"If not Achilles, sir, what is your name?"

And it is to Achilles he afterwards addresses himself in reply to this speech; on which he answers the observation it contains on Hector's conduct, by giving his just character, and clearing himself from the charge of pride.—I have already observed that the copies of this play are uncommonly faulty with respect to the distribution of the speeches to the proper persons. M. Mason.

"—*securely* done." In the sense of the Latin, *securus*—"securus admodum de bello, animi securi homo." A negligent security arising from a contempt of the object opposed. Warburton.

Dr. Warburton truly observes, that the word *securely* is here used in the Latin sense: and Mr. Warner, in his ingenious letter

A little proudly, and great deal misprizing *
The knight oppos'd.
Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?
Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.
Æne. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know this;—
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector [9];
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood [1]:
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;

* First folio, *disprizing*.

to Mr. Garrick, thinks the sense peculiar to Shakspeare; "for (says he) I have not been able to trace it elsewhere." This gentleman has treated me with so much civility, that I am bound in honour to remove his difficulty.

It is to be found in the last act of The Spanish Tragedy:

"O damned devil, how *secure* he is."

In my Lord Bacon's Essay on Tumults, "—neither let any prince or state be *secure* concerning discontents." And besides these, in Drayton, Fletcher, and the vulgar translation of the Bible.

Mr. Warner had as little success in his researches for the word *religion* in its Latin acceptation. I meet with it however in Hoby's translation of Castilio, 1561: "Some be so scrupulous, as it were, with a *religion* of this their Tuscane tung."

Ben Jonson more than once uses both the *substantive* and the *adjective* in this sense.

As to the word *Cavalero*, with the Spanish termination, it is to be found in Heywood, Withers, Davies, Taylor, and many other writers. Farmer.

9 Valour and pride EXCEL themselves in Hector;] Shakspeare's thought is not exactly deduced. Nicety of expression is not his character. The meaning is plain: "Valour (says Æneas) is in Hector greater than valour in other men, and pride in Hector is less than pride in other men. So that Hector is distinguished by the excellence of having pride less than other pride, and valour more than other valour." Johnson.

1 This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:] Ajax and Hector were cousin-germans. Malone.

Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek [2].

Achil. A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter Diomed.

Agam. Here is sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath [3]: the combatants being kin,
Half stints [4] their strife before their strokes begin.

[*Ajax and Hector enter the lists.*

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue [5];
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought [6] with breath:

[2] — half Trojan, and half Greek.] Hence Thersites, in a former scene, called Ajax a *mongrel*. See p. 281, n. 8. Malone.

[3] — a BREATH:] i. e. a breathing, a slight exercise of arms. See p. 306, n. 7. Steevens.

[4] — stints —] i. e. stops. So, in Timon of Athens:

"—— make peace, *stint* war ——." Steevens.

[5] — deedless in his tongue;] i. e. no boaster of his own deeds. Steevens.

[6] — an IMPAIR thought —] A thought unsuitable to the dignity of his character. This word I should have changed to *impure*, were I not overpowered by the unanimity of the editors, and concurrence of the old copies. Johnson.

So, in Chapman's preface to his translation of the Shield of Homer, 1598: "— nor is it more *impaire* to an honest and absolute man," &c. Steevens.

Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects [7]; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love:
They call him Troilus; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me [8].

[*Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.*

Agam. They are in action.
Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!
Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st;
Awake thee!
Agam. His blows are well dispos'd:—there, Ajax!
Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*
Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.
Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.
Dio. As Hector pleases.
Hect. Why then, will I no more:—
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,
That thou could'st say—*This hand is Grecian all,*
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister

[7] —Hector,——subscribes
To tender objects;] That is, *yields, gives way.* JOHNSON.
So, in King Lear: "—*subscrib'd* his power;" i. e. submitted.
STEEVENS.

[8] — thus translate him to me.] Thus *explain his character.*
JOHNSON.

So, in Hamlet:
"There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves;
"You must *translate*." STEEVENS.

Bounds-in my father's ; by Jove multipotent,
Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish mem-
ber
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud : But the just gods gainsay,
That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
My sacred aunt [9], should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd ! Let me embrace thee, Ajax :
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms ;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus :
Cousin, all honour to thee !

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector :
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man :
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition [1] earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable
(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes
Cries, *This is he,*) could promise to himself [2]

9 My SACRED aunt,] It is remarkable that the Greeks give to the uncle the title of Sacred, θειος. Patruus avunculus ὁ πρὸς πατρος θεὶος, Gaz. de Senec. patruus ὅ πρὸς μητρός θειος, avunculus, Budæi Lexic.—θειος is also used absolutely for ὁ πρὸς πατρος θειος, Euripid. Iphigen. Taurid. l. 930 :

Ιφι. Ἤ που νοσοῦντας θεῖος ὕβρισεν δόμους.

And Xenoph. Κυρου παὶδ. lib. i. passim. VAILLANT.

This circumstance may tend to establish an opinion I have elsewhere expressed, that this play was not the entire composition of Shakspeare, to whom the Grecism before us was probably unknown. STEEVENS.

1 A great ADDITION —] i. e. denomination. See p. 239, n. 5. STEEVENS.

2 Not Neoptolemus SO MIRABLE
(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes
Cries, THIS IS HE,) could promise to himself, &c.] Dr. Warburton observes, that " the sense and spirit of Hector's speech requires that the most celebrated of his adversaries should be picked out to be defied, and this was Achilles himself, not his son Neoptolemus, who was yet but an apprentice in warfare." In the rage of correction therefore he reads :

" Not Neoptolemus's *sire irascible.*"

Such a licentious conjecture deserves no attention. MALONE.

A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it[3];
The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,

My opinion is, that by Neoptolemus the author meant Achilles himself; and remembering that the son was Pyrrhus Neoptolemus, considered Neoptolemus as the *nomen gentilitium*, and thought the father was likewise Achilles Neoptolemus. Johnson.

Shakspeare might have used Neoptolemus for Achilles. Wilfride Holme, the author of a poem called The Fall and Evil Successe of Rebellion, &c. 1537, had made the same mistake before him, as the following stanza will show:

" Also the triumphant Troyans victorious,
" By Anthenor and Æneas false confederacie,
" Sending Polidamus to *Neoptolemus*,
" Who was vanquished and subdued by their conspiracie.
" O dolorous fortune, and fatal miserie!
" For multitude of people was there mortificate
" With condigne Priamus and all his progenie,
" And flagrant Polixene, that lady delicate."

In Lydgate, however, Achilles, *Neoptolemus*, and Pyrrhus, are distinct characters. *Neoptolemus* is enumerated among the Grecian princes who first embarked to revenge the rape of Helen:

" The valiant Grecian called *Neoptolemus*,
" That had his haire as blacke as any jet," &c. p. 102.

and Pyrrhus, very properly, is not heard of till after the death of his father:

" Sith that *Achilles* in such traiterous wise
" Is slaine, that we a messenger should send
" To fetch his son yong *Pyrrhus*, to the end
" He may revenge his father's death," &c. p. 237. Steevens.

I agree with Dr. Johnson and Mr. Steevens, in thinking that Shakspeare supposed Neoptolemus was the *nomen gentilitium*: an error into which he might have been led by some book of the time. That by *Neoptolemus* he meant Achilles, and not Pyrrhus, may be inferred from a former passage in p. 354, by which it appears that he knew Pyrrhus had not yet engaged in the siege of Troy:

" But it must grieve young Pyrrhus, *now at home*," &c.
Malone.

[3] We'll answer it;] That is, answer the *expectance*. Johnson.

(As seld I have the chance,) I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish: and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights[4].

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms[5]! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: Understand more clear,
What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity[6],

4 —your KNIGHTS.] The word *knight*, as often as it occurs, is sure to bring with it the idea of chivalry, and revives the memory of Amadis and his fantastick followers, rather than that of the mighty confederates who fought on either side in the Trojan war. I wish that *eques* and *armiger* could have been rendered by any other words than *knight* and *'squire*. Mr. Pope, in his translation of the Iliad, is very liberal of the latter. STEEVENS.

These knights, to the amount of about *two hundred thousand*, (for there were not less in both armies,) Shakspeare found, with all the appendages of chivalry, in The Three Destructions of Troy. MALONE.

5 Worthy OF arms!] Folio. "Worthy *all* arms!" quarto. The quarto has only the first, second, and the last line of this salutation; the intermediate verses seem added on a revision. JOHNSON.

6 —DIVINE integrity,] i. e. integrity like that of heaven. STEEVENS.

From heart of very heart [7], great Hector, welcome.
Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon [8].
Agam. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you. [*To Troilus.*
Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Whom must we answer?
Men. The noble Menelaus [9].
Hect. O you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath [1];
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.
Hect. O, pardon; I offend.
Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth [2]: and I have seen thee,

7 — heart of very heart,] So, in Hamlet:
" In my heart's core, ay in my *heart of heart*." Steevens.

8 — most IMPERIOUS Agamemnon.] *Imperious* and *imperial* had formerly the same signification. So, in our author's Venus and Adonis:
" *Imperious* supreme of all mortal things." Malone.
Again, in Titus Andronicus:
" King, be thy thoughts *imperious*, like thy name."
Steevens.

9 *Men.* The noble Menelaus.] Mr. Ritson supposes this speech to belong to Æneas. Reed.
As I cannot suppose that Menelaus would style himself " the *noble* Menelaus," I think Ritson right in giving this speech to Æneas. M. Mason.

1 Mock not, &c.] The quarto has here a strange corruption:
" Mock not *thy affect*, the untreaded earth." Johnson.
" — the *untraded* oath." A singular oath, not in common use. So, in King Richard II.:
" —— some way of common *trade*." Malone.

As hot as Perseus, spur [3] thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements [4],
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i'the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd [5];
That I have said to some * my standers-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in †,
Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire [6],
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,

* First folio, *said unto*. † Quarto, *shrup'd thee in*.

[2] Labouring for destiny, &c.] The vicegerent of Fate. So, in Coriolanus:

" —— His sword, *death's stamp*,
" Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
" He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
" Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
" The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
" With shunless *destiny*." MALONE.

[3] As hot as PERSEUS, SPUR —] As the equestrian fame of Perseus, on the present occasion, must be alluded to, this simile will serve to countenance my opinion, that in a former instance his *horse* was meant for a real one, and not, allegorically, for a ship. See p. 254, n. 4. STEEVENS.

[4] Despising many forfeits and subduements,] Thus the quarto. The folio reads:

" And seen thee scorning *forfeits and subduements*." JOHNSON.

[5] When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i'the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;] Dr. Young appears to have imitated this passage in the second Act of his Busiris:

" —— my rais'd arm
" Has *hung in air*, forgetful to descend,
" And for a moment spar'd the prostrate foe." STEEVENS.

So, in King Henry IV. Part II.:

" And *hangs* resolv'd correction *in the air*,
" That was uprear'd to execution."

The *declin'd* is the *fallen*. So, in Timon of Athens:

" Not one accompanying his *declining* foot." MALONE.

[6] — thy grandsire,] Laomedon. STEEVENS.

Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor [7].

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:—
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend [8] with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha!
By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time—

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds [9],
Must kiss their own feet.

7 'Tis the old Nestor.] So, in Julius Cæsar:

"Old Cassius still."

If the poet had the same idea in both passages, Æneas means, "Nestor is still the same talkative old man, we have long known him to be." He may, however, only mean to inform Hector that Nestor is the person who has addressed him. Malone.

I believe that Æneas, who acts as master of the ceremonies, is now merely announcing Nestor to Hector, as he had before announced Menelaus to him; for, as Mr. Ritson has observed, the last speech in p. 392, most evidently belongs to Æneas.

Steevens.

8 As they contend —] This line is not in the quarto. Johnson.

9 Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,] So, in our author's Rape of Lucrece:

"Threatening *cloud kissing Ilion* with annoy."

Again, in Pericles, Prince of Tyre, 1609:

Hect. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou[1]!—

"Whose *towers* bore *heads* so high, they *kiss'd the clouds*."
Ilion, according to Shakspeare's authority, was the name of Priam's palace, "that was one of the richest and strongest that ever was in all the world. And it was of height five hundred paces, besides the height of the *towers*, whereof there was great plenty, and so high as that it seemed to them that saw them from farre, *they raught up unto the heaven*." *The Destruction of Troy*, book ii. p. 478.

So also Lydgate, sign. F 8, verso:

"And whan he gan to his worke approche,
"He made it builde hye upon a *roche*,
"It for to assure in his foundation,
"And called it the noble *Ylion*."

Shakspeare was thinking of this circumstance when he wrote, in the first Act, these lines. Troilus is the speaker:

"Between our Ilium, and where she resides, [i. e. Troy]
"Let it be call'd the wild and wand'ring flood." Malone.

[1] I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, THOU!] Should we not read—*though?* Notwithstanding you have invited Hector to your tent, I shall draw him first into mine. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Cupid's Revenge, Act III. Sc. I.:

"—— O dissembling woman,
"Whom I must reverence *though*—." Tyrwhitt.

The repetition of *thou!* was anciently used by one who meant to insult another. So, in Twelfth Night: "—if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss."

Again, in The Tempest:

"Thou ly'st, thou jesting monkey, *thou!*"

Again, in the first scene of the fifth Act of this play: "—thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, *thou!*" Steevens,

Steevens's observations on the use of the word *thou* are perfectly just, and therefore I agree with Tyrwhitt that we ought to

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee [2];
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint [3].

HECT. Is this Achilles?

ACHIL. I am Achilles.

HECT. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

ACHIL. Behold thy fill.

HECT. Nay, I have done already.

ACHIL. Thou art too brief; I will the second time,
As I would buy thee *, view thee limb by limb.

HECT. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

ACHIL. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach, whereout

* First folio, *pry thee.*

read: "—lord Ulysses, *though!*" as it could not be the intention of Achilles to affront Ulysses, but merely to inform him, that he expected to entertain Hector before he did. M. MASON.

Mr. Steevens's remark is incontrovertibly true; but Ulysses had not said any thing to excite such contempt. MALONE.

Perhaps the scorn of Achilles arose from a supposition that Ulysses, by inviting Hector immediately after his visit to Agamemnon, designed to represent himself as the person next in rank and consequence to the general of the Grecian forces. STEEVENS.

[2] Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;] The hint for this scene of altercation between Achilles and Hector is taken from Lydgate. STEEVENS.

[3] And QUOTED joint by joint.] To *quote* is to observe. So, in Hamlet:

"I'm sorry that with better heed and judgment
"I had not *quoted* him."

Again, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona:

"*Thu.* And how *quote* you my folly?
"*Val.* I *quote* it in your jerkin." STEEVENS.

Hector's great spirit flew: Answer me, heavens!
Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: Stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?
Achil. I tell thee, yea.
Hect. Wert thou an oracle * to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm [4],
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never——
Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;—
And you Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him [5].

* First folio, *the oracle.*

[4] But, by the forge that STITHIED Mars his helm,] A *stithy* is an *anvil*, and from hence the verb *stithied* is formed. M. Mason.
The word is still used in Yorkshire. Malone.
A *stith* is an anvil, a *stithy* a smith's shop. See Hamlet, Act III. Sc. II. vol. vii. p. 344. Steevens.

[5] If you have STOMACH; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be ODD with him.] Ajax treats Achilles with contempt, and means to insinuate that he was afraid of fighting with Hector. "You may every day (says he) have enough of Hector, if you choose it; but I believe the whole state of Greece will scarcely prevail on you to engage with him."
To have a *stomach* to any thing is, to have an inclination to it. M. Mason.
To be *odd with him*, means to be *at odds* with him, to contend with him, to show how much one is more than an *even* match for the other. Boswell.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field;
We have had pelting wars [6], since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow, do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive [7] we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.—
Beat loud the tabourines [8], let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know [9].

[*Exeunt all but Troilus and Ulysses.*

Tro. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth *,

* First folio, *on heaven nor on earth.*

[6] — PELTING wars,] i. e. petty, inconsiderable ones. So, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream:

"Have every *pelting* river made so proud," &c. STEEVENS.

[7] — convive —] To *convive* is to *feast*. This word is not peculiar to Shakspeare. I find it several times used in The Hystory of Helyas Knight of the Swanne, bl. l. no date. STEEVENS.

[8] Beat loud the TABOURINES,] For this the quarto and the latter editions have—

"To taste your bounties."

The reading which I have given from the folio seems chosen at the revision, to avoid the repetition of the word *bounties*. JOHNSON.

Tabourines are small drums. The word occurs again in Antony and Cleopatra. STEEVENS.

[9] That this great soldier may his welcome know.] So, in Macbeth:

"That this great king may kindly say,
"Our duties did his welcome pay." STEEVENS.

But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle * tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That wails her absence?

Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow[1].—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height[2].

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

* Quarto, *But gentle.*

[1] I'll heat his BLOOD with Greekish wine to-night,
WHICH with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.] Grammar requires us to read—

"With Greekish wine to-night I'll heat his *blood*,
"*Which*," &c.

Otherwise, Achilles threatens to cool the wine, instead of Hector's blood. STEEVENS.

[2] — to the height.] The same phrase occurs in King Henry VIII.:

"He's traitor *to the height*." STEEVENS.

Enter THERSITES.

ACHIL. How now, thou core * of envy?
Thou crusty batch of nature [3], what's the news?

THER. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

ACHIL. From whence, fragment?

THER. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

PATR. Who keeps the tent now?

THER. The surgeon's box [4], or the patient's wound.

PATR. Well said, Adversity [5]! and what need these tricks?

THER. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

* Quarto, *curse*.

3 Thou crusty BATCH of nature,] *Batch* is changed by Theobald to *botch*, and the change is justified by a pompous note, which discovers that he did not know the word *batch*. What is more strange, Hanmer has followed him. *Batch* is any thing *baked*. JOHNSON.

Batch does not signify any thing baked, but all that is baked at one time, without heating the oven afresh. So, Ben Jonson, in his Catiline:

"Except he were of the same meal and *batch*."

Again, in Decker's If This be Not a Good Play, the Devil Is In It, 1612: "The best is, there are but two *batches* of people moulded in this world."

Again, in Summer's Last Will and Testament, 1600: "Hast thou made a good *batch?* I pray thee give me a new loaf."

Again, in Every Man in his Humour: "Is all the rest of this *batch?*"

Thersites had already been called *cobloaf*. STEEVENS.

4 The surgeon's box,] In this answer Thersites only quibbles upon the word *tent*. HANMER.

5 Well said, ADVERSITY!] *Adversity*, I believe, in this instance, signifies *contrariety*. The reply of Thersites has been studiously *adverse* to the drift of the question urged by Patroclus. So, in Love's Labour's Lost, the Princess, addressing Boyet, (who had been capriciously employing himself to *perplex* the dialogue,) says—"avaunt, *Perplexity!*" STEEVENS.

Patr. Male varlet [6], you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o'gravel i'the back, lethargies, cold palsies [7], raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i'the palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt [8]; you whoreson indistinguishable cur [9], no.

[6] Male varlet,] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*Male harlot*, plausibly enough, except that it seems too plain to require the explanation which Patroclus demands. Johnson.

This expression is met with in Decker's Honest Whore: "—'tis a *male varlet*, sure, my lord!" Farmer.

The person spoken of in Decker's play is Bellafronte, a harlot, who is introduced in boy's clothes. I have no doubt that the text is right. Malone.

There is nothing either criminal or extraordinary in a *male varlet*. The word *preposterous* is well adapted to express the idea of Thersites. The sense therefore requires that we should adopt Hanmer's amendment. M. Mason.

Man-mistress is a term of reproach thrown out by Dorax, in Dryden's Don Sebastian, King of Portugal. See, however, Professor Heyne's 17th Excursus on the First Book of the Æneid, 1787, p. 161. Steevens.

[7] — cold palsies,] This catalogue of loathsome maladies ends in the folio at *cold palsies*. This passage, as it stands, is in the quarto: the retrenchment was, in my opinion, judicious. It may be remarked, though it proves nothing, that, of the few alterations made by Milton in the second edition of his wonderful poem, one was, an enlargement of the enumeration of diseases. Johnson.

[8] — you ruinous butt; &c.] Patroclus reproaches Thersites with deformity, with having one part crouded into another. Johnson.

The same idea occurs in The Second Part of King Henry IV.:

"Croud us and crush us to this monstrous form."

Steevens.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleive * silk [1], thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies [2]; diminutives of nature [3]!

Patr. Out, gall [4]!

Ther. Finch egg [5]!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;
A token from her daughter, my fair love [6];
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:

* First folio, *sley'd silk*.

9 — INDISTINGUISHABLE cur,] i. e. thou cur of an undeterminate shape. STEEVENS.

1 — thou idle immaterial skein of SLEIVE silk.] All the terms used by Thersites of Patroclus, are emblematically expressive of flexibility, compliance, and mean officiousness. JOHNSON.

Sleive silk is explained in a note on Macbeth, Act II. Sc. II. MALONE.

2 — such WATER-FLIES;] So, Hamlet, speaking of Osrick:

"Dost know this *water-fly?*" STEEVENS.

3 — DIMINUTIVES of nature!] So, in Antony and Cleopatra:

" ——— be shown
" For poor'st *diminutives*, for dolts—." STEEVENS.

4 OUT, gall!] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*nut*-gall, which answers well enough to *finch egg*; it has already appeared, that our author thought the *nut-gall* the bitter gall. He is called *nut*, from the conglobation of his form; but both the copies read—*Out, gall!* JOHNSON.

5 Finch egg!] Of this reproach I do not know the exact meaning. I suppose he means to call him *singing bird*, as implying an useless favourite, and yet more, something more worthless, a singing bird in the egg, or generally, a slight thing easily crushed. JOHNSON.

A finch's egg is remarkably gaudy; but of such terms of reproach it is difficult to pronounce the true signification. STEEVENS.

6 A token from her daughter, &c.] This is a circumstance taken from the story book of The Three Destructions of Troy. HANMER.

Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay;
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.——
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting must all be spent.—
Away, Patroclus.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds [7]; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg *,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced † with wit [8], turn him to? To an ass, were nothing: he is both ass and ox: to an ox were

* Quarto, *his bare leg.* † Quarto, *faced.*

7 And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and OBLIQUE memorial of cuckolds;] He calls *Menelaus the transformation of Jupiter*, that is, as himself explains it, the *bull*, on account of his *horns*, which he had as a cuckold. This cuckold he calls the *primitive statue of cuckolds*; i. e. his story had made him so famous, that he stood as the great archetype of his character. WARBURTON.

Mr. Heath observes, that "the memorial is called *oblique*, because it was only indirectly such, upon the common supposition, that both bulls and cuckolds were furnished with horns."

STEEVENS.

Perhaps Shakspeare meant nothing more by this epithet than *horned*, the bull's horns being crooked or *oblique*. Dr. Warburton, I think, mistakes. It is the bull, not Menelaus, that is *the primitive statue*, &c. MALONE.

8 — forced with wit,] Stuffed with wit. A term of cookery. In this speech I do not well understand what is meant by *loving quails*. JOHNSON.

By loving *quails* the poet may mean loving the company of harlots. A *quail* is remarkably salacious. Mr. Upton says that Xenophon, in his memoirs of Socrates, has taken notice of this

nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew [9], a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day! spirits and fires [1]!

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, *and* DIOMED, *with Lights.*

AGAM. We go wrong, we go wrong.

AJAX. No, yonder 'tis;
There, where we see the lights.

HECT. I trouble you.

AJAX. No, not a whit.

ULYSS. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

ACHIL. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

AGAM. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night. Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

---

quality in the bird. A similar allusion occurs in The Hollander, a comedy, by Glapthorne, 1640:

" —— the hot desire of *quails*,
" To yours is modest appetite." STEEVENS.

In old French, *caille* was synonymous to *fille de joie*. In the Dict. Comique par le Roux, under the article *caille*, are these words:

Chaud comme une *caille*.—

Caille coeffée,—Sobriquet qu'on donne aux *femmes*. Signifie femme eveillée, amoureuse.

So, in Rabelais [as Mr. Theobald has remarked]:—" *Cailles* coiffées mignonnement chantans;" which Motteux has thus rendered (probably from the old translation): " coated *quails* and laced mutton, waggishly singing." MALONE.

9 — a FITCHEW,] i. e. a *polecat*. So, in Othello: " 'Tis such another *fitchew*, marry a perfum'd one —." STEEVENS.

1 — spirits and fires!] This Thersites speaks apon the first sight of the distant lights. JOHNSON.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet lord Menelaus[2].

Ther. Sweet draught[3]: Sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night, at once, and welcome, both to those
That go, or tarry.

Agam. Good night.

[*Exeunt Agamemnon and Menelaus.*

Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed, Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business, The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes To Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company.

[*Aside to Troilus.*

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so good night.

[*Exit Diomed; Ulysses and Troilus following.*

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt Achilles, Hector, Ajax, and Nestor.*

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound[4]; but when he performs, astronomers fore-

[2] —sweet Menelaus.] Old copy, redundantly,—sweet *lord* Menelaus. Steevens.

[3] Sweet DRAUGHT:] *Draught* is the old word for *forica*. It is used in the vulgar translation of the Bible. Malone.

So, in Holinshed, and a thousand other places. Steevens.

[4] —he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound;] If a hound *gives his mouth*, and is not upon the scent

tell it; it is prodigious [5], there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say, he keeps a Trojan drab [6], and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after. —Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Same. Before CALCHAS' Tent.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [*Within.*] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where's your daughter?

Cal. [*Within.*] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS *and* ULYSSES, *at a distance; after them* THERSITES.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him.

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark! a word with you. [*Whispers.*

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight [7].

of the game, he is by sportsmen called a *babler* or *brabler*. The proverb says—"Brabling curs never want sore ears."

ANONYMOUS.

[5] —— prodigious,] i. e. portentous, ominous. So, in King Richard III.:

"*Prodigious*, and untimely brought to light." STEEVENS.

[6] —they say, he keeps a Trojan drab,] This character of Diomed is likewise taken from Lydgate. STEEVENS.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff [8]; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then [9]; and let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulyss. List!

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cres. I'll tell you what:

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are forsworn *.—

Cres. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cres. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;

* First folio, *a forsworn*.

7 She will sing any man at first sight,] We now say—sing *at sight*. The meaning is the same. Malone.

8 —her CLIFF;] That is, her *key*. *Clef*, French. Johnson. *Cliff*, i. e. a mark in musick at the beginning of the lines of a song; and is the indication of the pitch, and bespeaks what kind of voice—as base, tenour, or treble, it is proper for.

Sir J. Hawkins.

So, in The Chances, by Beaumont and Fletcher, where Antonio, employing musical terms, says:

"——Will none but my C *cliff* serve your turn?"

Again, in The Lover's Melancholy, 1629:

"——that's a bird

"Whom art had never taught *cliffs*, moods, or notes."

Steevens.

9 Nay, but do then;] I suppose, for the sake of metre, the word—*Nay*, should be omitted. Yet such is the irregularity or mutilation of this dialogue, that it is not always easy to determine how much of it was meant for prose or verse. Steevens.

Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.
Dio. Good night.
Tro. Hold, patience!
Ulyss. How now, Trojan?
Cres. Diomed,——
Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.
Tro. Thy better must.
Cres. Hark! one word in your ear.
Tro. O plague and madness!
Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.
Tro. Behold, I pray you!
Ulyss. Now, good my lord, go off:
You flow to great destruction [1]; come, my lord.
Tro. I pr'ythee, stay.
Ulyss. You have not patience; come.
Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell, and all hell's torments,
I will not speak a word.

[1] You flow to great destruction;] Means, I think, your impetuosity is such as must necessarily expose you to *imminent danger*. MALONE.

The folio has:

"You flow to great *distraction*;——"

The quarto:

"You flow to great *destruction*;——" JOHNSON.

I would adhere to the old reading: *You flow to great destruction*, or *distraction*, means the tide of your imagination will hurry you either to *noble death* from the hand of Diomedes, or to the *height of madness* from the predominance of your own passions. STEEVENS.

Possibly we ought to read *destruction*, as Ulysses has told Troilus just before:

"—— this place is dangerous;
"The time right deadly." M. MASON.

Dio. And so, good night.
Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.
Tro. Doth that grieve thee?
O wither'd truth!
Ulyss. Why, how now, lord?
Tro. By Jove,
I will be patient.
Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!
Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter[2].
Cres. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.
Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?
You will break out.
Tro. She strokes his cheek!
Ulyss. Come, come.
Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience:—stay a little while.
Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and potatoe finger, tickles these together[3]! Fry, lechery, fry!
Dio. But will you then?
Cres. In faith, I will, la: never trust me else.
Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.
Cres. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*
Ulyss. You have sworn patience.
Tro. Fear me not, my lord *;
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel; I am all patience.

* First folio, *sweet lord.*

[2] —palter.] i. e. shuffle, behave with duplicity. So, in Antony and Cleopatra:

"And *palter* in the shifts of lowness." STEEVENS.

[3] How the devil LUXURY, with his fat rump, and POTATOE finger, tickles these together!] *Potatoes* were anciently regarded as provocatives. See Mr. Collins's note, which, on account of its length, is given at the end of the play. STEEVENS.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!
Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve[4].

[4] —keep this SLEEVE.] The custom of wearing a lady's *sleeve* for a favour, is mentioned in Hall's Chronicle, fol. 12: "—One ware on his head-piece his lady's *sleeve*, and another bare on his helme the glove of his deareling."

Again, in the second canto of The Barons' Wars, by Drayton:

"A lady's *sleeve* high-spirited Hastings wore."

Again, in the Morte Arthur, p. 3, ch. 119: "When Queen Genever wist that Sir Launcelot beare the red *sleeve* of the faire maide of Astolat, she was nigh out of her minde for anger." Holinshed, p. 884, says, King Henry VIII. "had on his head a ladies *sleeve* full of diamonds." The circumstance, however, was adopted by Shakspeare from Chaucer. T. and C. l. 5. 1040: "She made him were a pencell of her *sleeve*." A *pencell* is a small *pennon* or streamer. STEEVENS.

In an old play, (in six acts,) called Histriomastix, 1610, this incident seems to be burlesqued. Troilus and Cressida are introduced by way of interlude; and Cressida breaks out:

"O Knight, with valour in thy face,
"Here take my skreene, wear it for grace;
"Within thy helmet put the same,
"Therewith to make thine enemies lame."

A little old book, The Hundred Hystoryes of Troye, tells us, "Bryseyde whom master Chaucer called Cresseyde, was a damosell of great beaute; and yet was more quaynte, mutable, and full of vagaunt condysions." FARMER.

This *sleeve* was given by Troilus to Cressida at their parting, and she gave him a glove in return. M. MASON.

What Mr. Steevens has observed on the subject of *ladies' sleeves* is certainly true; but the sleeve given in the present instance was the sleeve of Troilus. It may be supposed to be an ornamented cuff, such perhaps as was worn by some of our young nobility at a tilt, in Shakspeare's age.

On second consideration, I believe, the sleeve of Troilus, which is here given to Diomedes, was such a one as was formerly worn at tournaments. See Spenser's View of Ireland, p. 43, edit. 1633: "Also the deepe smocke *sleive*, which the Irish women use, they say, was old Spanish, and is used yet in Barbary; and yet that should seeme rather to be an old English fashion, for in armory the fashion of the *manche* which is given in armes by many, being indeed nothing else but a sleive, is fashioned much like to that sleive." MALONE.

Tro. O beauty! where's thy faith?
Ulyss. My lord,——
Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.
Cres. You look upon that sleeve; Behold it well.—
He loved me—O false wench!—Give't me again.
Dio. Who was't?
Cres. It is no matter, now [5] I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.
Ther. Now she sharpens;—Well said, whetstone.
Dio. I shall have it [6].
Cres. What, this?
Dio. Ay, that.
Cres. O, all you gods!—O pretty pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee [7].—Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.
Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.
Tro. I did swear patience.
Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith you shall not;
I'll give you something else.
Dio. I will have this; Whose was it?
Cres. 'Tis no matter.
Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

[5] No matter, now, &c.] Old copies, redundantly,—*It is* no matter, &c. Steevens.

[6] I shall have it.] Some word or words, necessary to the metre, are here apparently omitted. Steevens.

[7] As I kiss thee, &c.] In old editions:

"As I kiss thee.

"*Dio.* Nay, do not snatch it from me.

"*Cres.* He, that takes that, must take my heart withal."

Dr. Thirlby thinks this should be all placed to Cressida. She had the sleeve, and was kissing it rapturqusly; and Diomedes snatches it back from her. Theobald.

Cres. 'Twas one's that loved me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whose was it?
Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder[8],
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.
Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.
Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.
Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past;—And yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.
Dio. Why then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.
Cres. You shall not go:—One cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.
Dio. I do not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I, by Pluto[9]: but that that likes not you, pleases me best.
Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

[8] By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,] i. e. the stars which she points to. Warburton.
So, in our author's Rape of Lucrece:
"The *silver-shining queen* he would disdain;
"Her twinkling *hand-maids* too, by him defil'd,
"Through Night's black bosom should not peep again."
Malone.
Milton, in his Elegy I. v. 77, has imitated Shakspeare:
—— cœlo scintillant astra sereno
Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ. Steevens.

[9] *Ther.* Nor I, by Pluto, &c.] Sir Thomas Hanmer gives this speech to Troilus. It does not very much resemble the language of Thersites. If indeed it belongs to the former character, it should assume a metrical form, though it is here given as it stands in the folio, and the quarto 1609, "imprinted by G. Eld, for R. Bonian and H. Walley." Steevens.

Cres. Ay, come:—O Jove!—
Do come:—I shall be plagu'd.
Dio. Farewell till then.
Cres. Good night. I pr'ythee, come.—
[*Exit Diomedes.*
Troilus, farewell[1]! one eye yet looks on thee;
But with my heart the other eye doth see[2].
Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind:
What error leads, must err; O then conclude,
Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.
[*Exit Cressida.*
Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more[3],
Unless she said, My mind is now turn'd whore.
Ulyss. All's done, my lord.
Tro. It is.
Ulyss. Why stay we then?
Tro. To make a recordation to my soul

[1] Troilus, farewell!] The characters of Cressida and Pandarus are more immediately formed from Chaucer than from Lydgate; for though the latter mentions them both characteristically, he does not sufficiently dwell on either to have furnished Shakspeare with many circumstances to be found in this tragedy. Lydgate, speaking of Cressida, says only:

"She gave her heart and love to Diomede,
"To shew what trust there is in woman kind;
"For she of her new love no sooner sped,
"But Troilus was cleane out of her mind,
"As if she never had him known or seen,
"Wherein I cannot guess what she did mean." Steevens.

[2] But with my heart, &c.] I think it should be read thus:

"But *my heart with* the other eye doth see." Johnson.

Perhaps, rather:

"But with *the other eye my heart* doth see." Tyrwhitt.

There is surely no need of change; one eye, says Cressida, looks on Troilus: but the other follows Diomed, where my heart is fixed. Malone.

[3] A proof of strength she could not publish more,] She could not publish a stronger proof. Johnson.

Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But, if I tell how these two did co-act *,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth ?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears [4];
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan [5].

Tro. She was not sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was [6].

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.

Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood [7]!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn criticks—apt, without a theme,
For depravation [8],—to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?

* Quarto, *court*.

4 That doth invert THE ATTEST of eyes and ears;] i. e. that turns the very testimony of seeing and hearing against themselves. THEOBALD.

5 I cannot conjure, Trojan.] That is, I cannot raise spirits in the form of Cressida. JOHNSON.

6 Most sure she was.] The present deficiency in the measure induces me to suppose our author wrote:

"*It is* most sure she was." STEEVENS.

7 — FOR womanhood!] i. e. for the sake of womanhood. STEEVENS.

8 — do not give advantage
To stubborn CRITICKS—apt, without a theme,
For depravation,] *Critick* has here, I think, the signification of *Cynick*. So, in Love's Labour's Lost:

"And *critick* Timon laugh at idle toys." MALONE.

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.
Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?
Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself[9],
This was not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself[1]!
Bi-fold authority[2]! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt[3]; this is, and is not, Cressid!
Within my soul there doth commence a fight[4]
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate[5]

9 If there be rule in UNITY itself,] May mean—If there be *certainty* in *unity*, if there be a *rule* that *one is one*. JOHNSON.

If it be true that one individual cannot be two distinct persons. M. MASON.

The rule alluded to is a very simple one; that *one* cannot be *two*. This woman therefore, says Troilus, this *false* one, cannot be that Cressida that formerly plighted her faith to me. MALONE.

1 —against ITSELF!] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—against *thyself*. In the preceding line also I have followed the quarto. The folio reads—This *is* not she. MALONE.

2 BI-FOLD authority!] This is the reading of the quarto. The folio gives us:

"*By foul* authority! ——"

There is *madness* in that *disquisition* in which a man reasons at once *for* and *against himself upon authority* which he knows *not to be valid*. The quarto is right. JOHNSON.

This is one of the passages in which the editor of the folio changed words that he found in the quartos, merely because he did not understand them. MALONE.

3 —— where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt;] The words *loss* and *perdition* are used in their common sense, but they mean the *loss* or *perdition* of *reason*. JOHNSON.

4 Within MY SOUL there doth commence A FIGHT—] So, in Hamlet:

"Sir, *in my heart*, there was a kind of *fighting*." MALONE.

Divides more wider [6] than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
As Ariachne's broken woof, to enter [7].

5 —a thing inseparate—] i. e. the plighted troth of lovers. Troilus considers it *inseparable*, or at least that it ought never to be broken, though he has unfortunately found that it sometimes is. MALONE.

6 — MORE wider —] Thus the old copies. The modern editions, following Mr. Pope, read—*far* wider; though we have a similar phraseology with the present in almost every one of these plays. MALONE.

So, in Coriolanus:

"He bears himself *more proudlier*."

See note on this passage. STEEVENS.

7 As IS Arachne's broken woof, to enter.] *Is*,—the syllable wanting in this verse, the modern editors have supplied. I hope the mistake was not originally the poet's own; yet one of the quartos read with the folio, *Ariachna's* broken woof, and the other *Ariathna's*. It is not impossible that Shakspeare might have written *Ariadne's* broken woof, having confounded the two names, or the stories, in his imagination; or alluding to the clue of thread, by the assistance of which Theseus escaped from the Cretan labyrinth. I do not remember that *Ariadne's loom* is mentioned by any of the Greek or Roman poets, though I find an allusion to it in Humour out of Breath, a comedy, 1607:

"—— instead of these poor weeds, in robes,
"Richer than that which *Ariadne* wrought,
"Or Cytherea's airy-moving vest."

Again, in The Spanish Tragedy:

"—— thy tresses, *Ariadne's twines*,
"Wherewith my liberty thou hast surpriz'd."

Again, in Muleasses the Turk, 1610:

"Leads the despairing wretch into a maze;
"But not an *Ariadne* in the world
"To lend a *clew* to lead us out of it,
"The very maze of horror."

Shakspeare, however, might have written—*Arachnea*; great liberties being taken in spelling proper names, and especially by ancient English writers. Thus we have both *Alcmene* and *Alcumene*, *Alcmena* and *Alcumena*. STEEVENS.

My quarto, which is printed for R. Bonian, 1609, reads—*Ariachna's* broken woof; the other, which is said to be undated, reads, as Mr. Steevens says—*Ariathna's*. The folio—*Ariachne's*. Mr. Steevens hopes the mistake was not originally the author's,

Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and
loos'd;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied [8],
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound * to Diomed [9].

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus [1] be half attach'd

* Quarto, *given*.

but I think it extremely probable that he pronounced the word as a word of four syllables. Malone.

[8] —knot, five-finger-tied,] A knot tied by giving her hand to Diomed. Johnson.

So, in The Fatal Dowry, by Massinger and Field, 1632:

"Your *fingers* tie my heart-strings with this touch,
"In true-love *knots*, which nought but death shall loose."
Malone.

[9] The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.] Vows which she has already swallowed *once over*. We still say of a faithless man, that he has *eaten his words*. Johnson.

The image is not of the most delicate kind. "Her *o'er-eaten* faith" means, I think, her troth plighted to Troilus, of which she was *surfeited*, and, like one who has *over-eaten* himself, had *thrown off*. All the preceding words, the *fragments*, *scraps*, &c. show that this was Shakspeare's meaning. So, in Twelfth-Night:

"Give me *excess* of it [musick]; that *surfeiting*
"The *appetite* may *sicken*, and so *die*."

Again, more appositely, in King Henry IV. P. II.:

"The commonwealth is *sick* of their own choice;
"Their *over-greedy* love hath *surfeited*.—
"O thou fond many! with what loud applause
"Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
"Before he was what thou would'st have him be!
"And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
"Thou, beastly *feeder*, art so *full of him*,
"That thou provok'st thyself to *cast him up*." Malone.

[1] May worthy Troilus —] Can Troilus really feel, on this occasion, half of what he utters? A question suitable to the calm Ulysses. Johnson.

With that which here his passion doth express?
Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek;—As much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on * his helm;
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it [2]: not the dreadful spout,
Which shipmen do the hurricano call [3]
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun †,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.
Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy [4].
Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.
Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

* First folio, *in*. † First folio, *fenne*.

[2] My sword should BITE it:] So, in The Merry Wives of Windsor: "— I have a sword, and it shall *bite*," &c.
In King Lear we have also "*biting* faulchion." STEEVENS.

[3] ——— the dreadful SPOUT,
Which shipmen do the HURRICANO call,] A particular account of "a spout," is given in Captain John Smith's Sea Grammar, quarto, 1627: "A *spout* is, as it were a small river falling entirely from the clouds, like one of our water-spouts, which make the sea, where it falleth, to rebound in flashes exceeding high;" i. e. in the language of Shakspeare, to "dizzy the ear of Neptune."
So also, Drayton:
"And down the shower impetuously doth fall
"Like that *which men the hurricano call*." STEEVENS.

[4] — concupy.] A cant word, formed by our author from *concupiscence*. STEEVENS.

Enter ÆNEAS.

ÆNE. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

TRO. Have with you, prince:—My courteous lord adieu:—
Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle[5] on thy head!

ULYSS. I'll bring you[6] to the gates.

TRO. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt TROILUS, ÆNEAS, and ULYSSES.*

THER. 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion: A burning devil take them[7]! [*Exit.*

[5] — and wear a CASTLE on thy head!] i. e. defend thy head with armour of more than common security.

So, in The Most Ancient and Famous History of The Renowned Prince Arthur, &c. edit. 1634, ch. clviii.: "Do thou thy best, said Sir Gawaine, therefore hie thee fast that thou wert gone, and wit thou well we shall soone come after, and breake the strongest *castle* that thou hast upon thy head."—*Wear a castle*, therefore, seems to be a figurative expression, signifying, *Keep a castle over your head;* i. e. live within the walls of your castle. In Urry's Chaucer, Sir Thopas is represented with a *castle* by way of crest to his helmet. See, however, Titus Andronicus, Act III. Sc. I.

STEEVENS.

[6] I'll bring you, &c.] Perhaps this, and the following short speech, originally stood thus:

"*Ulyss.* I'll bring you to the gates, *my lord.*

"*Tro.* Accept

"Distracted thanks. STEEVENS.

[7] — A BURNING devil take them!] Alluding to the venereal disease, formerly called the *brenning* or *burning*. M. MASON.

So, in Isaiah, iii. 24: "— and *burning* instead of beauty."

STEEVENS.

SCENE III.

Troy. Before PRIAM's Palace.

Enter HECTOR *and* ANDROMACHE.

AND. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

HECT. You train me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

AND. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day[8].

HECT. No more, I say.

[8] My DREAMS will, sure, prove ominous to the day.] The hint for this dream of Andromache might be either taken from Lydgate, or the following passage in Chaucer's Nonnes Prestes Tale, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 15,147:

" Lo hire Andromacha, Hectores wif,
" That day that Hector shulde lese his lif,
" She dremed on the same night beforne,
" How that the lif of Hector shuld be lorne,
" If thilke day he went into battaile:
" She warned him, but it might not availle;
" He went forth for to fighten natheles,
" And was yslain anon of Achilles." STEEVENS.

'My dreams of last night will prove ominous to the day;' forebode ill to it, and show that it will be a fatal day to Troy. So, in the seventh scene of this Act:

"—— the quarrel's most *ominous to us*."

Again, in King Richard III.:

" ——— O thou bloody prison,
" Fatal and *ominous* to noble peers!"

Mr. Pope, and all the subsequent editors, read—*will prove ominous* to-day. MALONE.

Do we gain any thing more than rough versification by restoring the article—*the?* The meaning of Andromache (without it) is —" My dreams will to-day be fatally verified. STEEVENS.

We gain the author's text instead of a capricious alteration, and thus perform the first duty of an editor. MALONE.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Consort with me in loud and dear petition [9],
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, 'tis true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish [1] vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts [2],
And rob in the behalf of charity.

[9] — DEAR petition,] *Dear*, on this occasion, seems to mean *important, consequential.* So, in King Lear:

"————some *dear* cause
"Will in concealment wrap me up awhile." STEEVENS.

[1] — peevish —] i. e. foolish. So, in King Henry VI. Part II.:

"———— I will not so presume,
"To send such peevish tokens to a king." STEEVENS.

[2] For we would give, &c.] This is so oddly confused in the folio, that I transcribe it as a specimen of incorrectness:

"—— do not count it holy,
"To hurt by being just; it is as lawful
"*For we would count give much to as violent thefts,*
"And rob in the behalf of charity." JOHNSON.

I believe we should read:

"For we would give much, to *use* violent thefts,"

i. e. to use violent thefts, *because* we would give much. The word *count* had crept in from the last line but one. TYRWHITT.

I have adopted the emendation proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt. Mr. Rowe cut the knot, instead of untying it, by reading:

Cas. It is the purpose[3] that makes strong the vow;
But vows, to every purpose, must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate[4]:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man[5]
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.—

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-day?

"For *us* to count *we* give *what's gain'd by* theft,"
and all the subsequent editors have copied him. The last three lines are not in the quarto, the compositor's eye having probably passed over them; in consequence of which the next speech of Cassandra is in that copy given to Andromache, and joined with the first line of this.

In the first part of Andromache's speech she alludes to a doctrine which Shakspeare has often enforced. "Do not you think you are acting virtuously by adhering to an oath, if you have *sworn to do amiss*." So, in King John:

"———— where doing tends to ill,
"The truth is then most done, not doing it." Malone.

[3] It is the purpose,] The mad prophetess speaks here with all the coolness and judgment of a skilful casuist. "The essence of a lawful vow, is a lawful purpose, and the vow of which the end is wrong must not be regarded as cogent." Johnson.

[4] Mine honour keeps the weather OF my fate:] If this be not a nautical phrase, which I cannot well explain or apply, perhaps we should read:

"Mine honour keeps the weather OFF my fate:"

i. e. I am secured by the cause I am engaged in; mine honour will avert the storms of fate, will protect my life amidst the dangers of the field.—A somewhat similar phrase occurs in The Tempest:

"In the lime grove that *weather-fends* our cell." Steevens.

To *keep the weather*, I apprehend, is the same as to *take the wind*, to have the superiority. Boswell.

[5] — DEAR man —] *Valuable* man. The modern editions read —*brave man*. The repetition of the word is in our author's manner. Johnson.

So, in Romeo and Juliet:

"This is *dear* mercy, and thou seest it not." Steevens.

Brave was substituted for *dear* by Mr. Pope. Malone.

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.
[*Exit* Cassandra.

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth,
I am to-day i'the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion [6], than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live [7].

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

[6] Which better fits a lion,] The traditions and stories of the darker ages abounded with examples of the lion's generosity. Upon the supposition that these acts of clemency were true, Troilus reasons not improperly, that to spare against reason, by mere instinct of pity, became rather a generous beast than a wise man. Johnson.

Thus, in Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny's Natural History, ch. 16: "The *lion* alone of all wild beasts is gentle to those that humble themselves before him, and will not touch any such upon their submission, but spareth what creature soever lieth prostrate before him." Steevens.

Hence Spenser's Una, attended by a lion. Fairy Queen, I. iii. 7. See also Sir Perceval's lion in Morte Arthur, b. xiv. c. vi. T. Warton.

[7] When many times the captive Grecians fall,——
You bid them rise, and live.] Shakspeare seems not to have studied the Homeric character of Hector, whose disposition was by no means inclined to clemency, as we may learn from Andromache's speech in the 24th Iliad:

Οὐ γάρ μείλικος ἔσκε πατὴρ τεὸς ἐν δαὶ λυγρῇ.

"For thy stern father never spar'd a foe." *Pope.*

"Thy father, boy, bore never into fight
"A milky mind ——." *Cowper.* Steevens.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.
Hect. How now? how now?
Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth.
Hect. Fye, savage, fye!
Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars [8].
Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.
Tro. Who should withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon [9] my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears [1];
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin *.

* Quarto omits this hemistich.

[8] Hector, then 'tis wars.] I suppose, for the sake of metre, we ought to read:

"*Why*, Hector, then 'tis wars."

Shakspeare frequently uses this adverb emphatically, as in A Midsummer-Night's Dream: "Ninus' tomb, man: *Why*, you must not speak that yet." STEEVENS.

[9] —with fiery TRUNCHEON—] We have here but a modern Mars. Antiquity acknowledges no such ensign of command as a *truncheon*. The spirit of the passage however is such as might atone for a greater impropriety.

In Elizabetha Triumphans, 1588, a poem, in blank verse, written by James Aske, on the defeat of the Spanish armada, the Queen appears, indeed,

"Most brauely mounted on a stately steede,
"With *truncheon* in her hand—." STEEVENS.

[1] —with RECOURSE of tears;] i. e. tears that continue to course one another down the face. WARBURTON.

So, in As You Like It:

"——— the big round tears
"*Cours'd* one another down his innocent nose ——."

STEEVENS.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, *with* PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee—that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.

Hect. Æneas is a-field;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. Aye, but thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect[2]; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit* ANDROMACHE.

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector[3].
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!

[2] — shame respect;] i. e. disgrace the respect I owe you, by acting in opposition to your commands. STEEVENS.

[3] O farewell, dear Hector,] The interposition and clamorous sorrow of Cassandra were copied by our author from Lydgate. STEEVENS.

Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours [4] forth!
Behold, destruction, frenzy, and amazement [5],
Like witless anticks, one another meet,
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

Tro. Away!—Away!—

Cas. Farewell.—Yet, soft:—Hector, I take my leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee!

[*Exeunt severally* Priam *and* Hector.
Alarums.

Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve [6].

[4] — SHRILLS her dolours —] So, in Spenser's Epithalamium:
"Hark, how the minstrels gin to *shrill* aloud
"Their merry musick," &c.
Again, in Heywood's Silver Age, 1613:
"Through all th' abyss I have *shrill'd* thy daughter's loss,
"With my concave trump." STEEVENS.

[5] Behold, DESTRUCTION, frenzy, &c.] So the quarto. The editor of the folio, for *destruction* substituted *distraction*. The original reading appears to me far preferable. MALONE.

[6] In the folios, and one of the quartos, this scene is continued by the following dialogue between Pandarus and Troilus, which the poet certainly meant to have been inserted at the end of the play, where the three concluding lines of it are repeated in the copies already mentioned. There can be no doubt but that the players shuffled the parts backward and forward, *ad libitum*; for the poet would hardly have given us an unnecessary repetition of the same words, nor have dismissed Pandarus twice in the same manner. The conclusion of the piece will fully justify the liberty which any future commentator may take in omitting the scene here and placing it at the end, where at present only the few lines already mentioned are to be found. STEEVENS.

I do not conceive that any editor has a right to make the trans-

As TROILUS *is going out, enter, from the other side,*
PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?
Tro. What now?
Pan. Here's a letter from yon' poor girl.
Tro. Let me read.
Pan. A whoreson ptisick, a whoreson rascally ptisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o'these days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were cursed [7], I cannot tell what to think on't.—What says she there?
Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart; [*Tearing the letter.*
The effect doth operate another way,—
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.—
My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.
[*Exeunt severally.*

position proposed, though it has been done by Mr. Capell. The three lines alluded to by Mr. Steevens, which are found in the *folio* at the end of this scene, as well as near the conclusion of the play, (with a very slight variation,) are these:

"*Pand.* Why but hear you ——
"*Tro.* Hence, broker lacquey! Ignomy and shame
"Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!"

But in the original copy in quarto there is no repetition (except of the words—*But hear you*); no absurdity or impropriety. In that copy the following dialogue between Troilus and Pandarus is found in its present place precisely as it is here given; but the three lines above quoted do not constitute any part of the scene. For the *repetition* of those three lines, the players, or the editor of the folio, alone are answerable. It never could have been intended by the poet. I have therefore followed the original copy.
MALONE.

7 — cursed,] i. e. under the influence of a malediction, such as mischievous beings have been supposed to pronounce upon those who had offended them. STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.

Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there, in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, The policy of those crafty swearing rascals[8],—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not proved worth a black-berry:—They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism[9], and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes sleeve, and t'other.

[8] O' the other side, The policy of those crafty SWEARING rascals, &c.] But in what sense are Nestor and Ulysses accused of being *swearing* rascals? What, or to whom, did they swear? I am positive that *sneering* is the true reading. They had collogued with Ajax, and trimmed him up with insincere praises, only in order to have stirred Achilles's emulation. In this, they were the true sneerers; betraying the first, to gain their ends on the latter by that artifice. THEOBALD.

Sneering was applicable to the characters of Nestor and Ulysses, and to their conduct in this play; but *swearing* was not. M. MASON.

[9] — to proclaim barbarism,] To set up the authority of ignorance, to declare that they will be governed by policy no longer. JOHNSON.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS *following*.

Tro. Fly not; for, shouldst thou take the river Styx,
I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!
[*Exeunt* TROILUS *and* DIOMEDES, *fighting*.

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood, and honour[1]?

Ther. No, no:—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee;—live. [*Exit*

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me;

[1] Art thou of blood, and honour?] This is an idea taken from the ancient books of romantick chivalry, as is the following one in the speech of Diomedes:

"And am her knight by proof." STEEVENS.

It appears from Segar on Honor, Military and Civil, folio, 1602, p. 122, that a person of superior birth might not be challenged by an inferior, or if challenged, might refuse the combat:

Alluding to this circumstance Cleopatra says:

"These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
"A meaner than thyself."

We learn from Melvil's Memoirs, p. 165, edit. 1735, that "the Laird of Grange offered to fight Bothwell, who answered, that he was neither Earl nor Lord, but a Baron; and so was not his equal. The like answer made he to Tullibardine. Then my Lord Lindsay offered to fight him, which he could not well refuse. But his heart failed him, and he grew cold on the business."

These punctilios are well ridiculed in Albumazar, Act IV. Sc. VII. REED.

But a plague break thy neck, for frighting me!
What's become of the wenching rogues? I think,
they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at
that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself.
I'll seek them. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

The Same.

Enter DIOMEDES *and a Servant.*

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus'
horse [2];
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
Follow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord. [*Exit Servant.*

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus
Hath beat down Menon [3]: bastard Margarelon [4]

[2] —take thou TROILUS' HORSE;] So, in Lydgate:
"That *Troilus* by maine and mighty force
"At unawares, he cast down from his *horse*,
"And gave it to his squire for to beare
"To *Cressida*," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] Hath beat down Menon:] So, in Caxton's Recuyl, &c.:
"And by grete yre assayllid the kynge *Menon*, cosyn of Achilles, and gaf hym so many strokes wyth his sword upon hys helme, that he slewe hym," &c. STEEVENS.

[4] —bastard Margarelon —] The introduction of a bastard son of Priam, under the name of Margarelon, is one of the circumstances taken from the story book of The Three Destructions of Troy. THEOBALD.

The circumstance was taken from Lydgate, p. 194:
"Which when the valiant knight, Margareton,
"One of king Priam's bastard children," &c. STEEVENS.

Hath Doreus prisoner;
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam [5],
Upon the pashed [6] corses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cedius: Polixenes is slain;
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruis'd: the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers [7]; haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

5 — waving his BEAM,] i. e. his lance like a weaver's beam, as Goliath's spear is described. So, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. iii. vii. 40:

"All were the *beame* in bignes like a mast." STEEVENS.

6 — pashed —] i. e. bruised, crushed. So, before, Ajax says:

"I'll *pash* him o'er the face." STEEVENS.

7 the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers;] "Beyonde the royalme of Amasonne came an auncyent kynge, wyse and dyscreete, named Epystrophus, and brought a M. knyghtes, and a mervayllouse beste that was called *sagittayre*, that behynde the myddes was an horse, and to fore, a man: this beste was heery like an horse, and had his eyen rede as a cole, and shotte well with a bowe: this beste made the Grekes sore aferde, and slewe many of them with his bowe." *The Three Destructions of Troy*, printed by Caxton.

THEOBALD.

A more circumstantial account of this Sagittary is to be found in Lydgate's Auncient Historie, &c. 1555:

"And with hym Guydo sayth that he hadde
"A wonder archer of syght meruaylous,
"Of fourme and shap in maner monstruous:
"For lyke myne auctour as I reherse can,
"Fro the nauel vpwarde he was man,
"And lower downe lyke a horse yshaped:
"And thilke parte that after man was maked,
"Of skinne was black and rough as any bere
"Couered with here fro colde him for to were.
"Passyng foule and horrible of syght,
"Whose eyen twain were sparkeling as bright
"As is a furneis with his rede leuene,
"Or the lyghtnyng that falleth from ye heauen;
"Dredeful of loke, and rede as fyre of chere,
"And, as I reade, he was a goode archer;
"And with his bowe both at euen and morowe
"Upon Grekes he wrought moche sorrowe,

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse [8],
And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls [9]

"And gasted them with many hydous loke:
"So sterne he was that many of them quoke," &c.
STEEVENS.

8 —on GALATHE his horse,] From The Three Destructions of Troy is taken this name given to Hector's horse. THEOBALD.

"Cal'd *Galathe* (the which is said to have been)
"The goodliest horse," &c. *Lydgate*, p. 142.

Again, p. 175:

"And sought, by all the means he could, to take
"*Galathe*, Hector's horse," &c.

Heywood, in his Iron Age, 1632, has likewise continued the same appellation to Hector's horse:

"My armour, and my trusty *Galatee*,"

Heywood has taken many circumstances in his play from Lydgate. John Stephens, the author of Cinthia's Revenge, 1613, (a play commended by Ben Jonson in some lines prefixed to it,) has mounted Hector on an *elephant*. STEEVENS.

9 —scaled sculls—] *Sculls* are great numbers of fishes swimming together. The modern editors not being acquainted with the term, changed it into *shoals*. My knowledge of this word is derived from Bullokar's English Expositor, London, printed by John Legatt, 1616. The word likewise occurs in Lyly's Midas, 1592: "He hath, by this, started a covey of bucks, or roused a *scull* of pheasants." The humour of this short speech consists in a misapplication of the appropriate terms of one amusement to another. Again, in Milton's Paradise Lost, b. vii. v. 399, &c.:

"———— each bay
"With fry innumerable swarms, and shoals
"Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales
"Glide under the green wave, in *sculls* that oft
"Bank the mid sea."

Again, in the 26th Song of Drayton's Polyolbion:

"My silver-scaled *sculs* about my streams do sweep."
STEEVENS.

Scaled means here *dispersed, put to flight*. See Coriolanus,

Before the belching whale [1]; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks [2], ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath [3]:
Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes;
Dexterity so obeying appetite,

Act I. Sc. I. This is proved decisively by the original reading of the quarto, *scaling*, which was either changed by the poet himself to *scaled*, (with the same sense,) or by the editor of the folio. If the latter was the case, it is probable that not being sufficiently acquainted with our author's manner, who frequently uses the active for the passive participle, he supposed that the epithet was merely descriptive of some quality in the thing described.

The passage quoted above from Drayton does not militate against this interpretation. There the added epithet *silver* shows that the word *scaled* is used in its common sense; as the context here (to say nothing of the evidence arising from the reading of the oldest copy) ascertains it to have been employed with the less usual signification already stated.

"The cod from the banks of Newfoundland (says a late writer) pursues the whiting, which flies before it even to the southern shores of Spain. The cachalot, a species of whale, is said, in the same manner, to pursue a shoal of herrings, and to swallow hundreds in a mouthful." Knox's Hystory of Fish, 8vo. 1787. The throat of the cachalot (the species of whale alluded to by Shakspeare) is so large, that, according to Goldsmith, he could with ease swallow an ox. MALONE.

Sculls and *shoals* have not only one and the same meaning, but are actually, or at least originally, one and the same word. A *scull* of herrings (and it is to those fish that the speaker alludes) so termed on the coast of Norfolk and Suffolk, is elsewhere called a *shoal*. RITSON.

[1] —the BELCHING whale;] So, in Pericles:

"———— the *belching* whale,
"And humming water, must o'erwhelm thy corse."

Homer also compares Achilles to a dolphin driving other fishes before him, Iliad xxi. v. 22:

Ὡς δ' ὑπὸ δελφῖνος μεγακήτεος ἰχθύες ἄλλοι
Φεύγοντες, &c. STEEVENS.

[2] —the STRAWY Greeks,] In the folio it is—the *straying* Greeks. JOHNSON.

[3] —the mower's SWATH:] *Swath* is the quantity of grass cut down by a single stroke of the mower's scythe. So, Tusser:

"With tossing and raking, and setting on cocks,
"Grass, lately in *swathes*, is meat for an ox." STEEVENS.

That what he will, he does; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastick execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*
Dio. Ay, there, there.
Nest. So, so, we draw together [4].

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller [5], show thy face;

[4] — WE DRAW TOGETHER.] This remark seems to be made by Nestor in consequence of the return of Ajax to the field, he having lately refused to co-operate or *draw together* with the Greeks, though at present he is roused from his sullen fit by the loss of a friend. So, in Cynthia's Revels, by Ben Jonson: "'Tis the swaggering coach-horse Anaides, that *draws with him* there." STEEVENS.

[5] — boy-QUELLER,] i. e. murderer of a boy. So, in King Henry IV. Part II. Act II. Sc. I.: "—a man-*queller* and a woman-*queller*." STEEVENS.

Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter AJAX.

AJAX. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

DIO. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?
AJAX. What would'st thou?
DIO. I would correct him.
AJAX. Were I the general, thou should'st have my office,
Ere that correction:—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

TRO. O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!
DIO. Ha! art thou there?
AJAX. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.
DIO. He is my prize, I will not look upon [6].
TRO. Come both, you cogging Greeks [7]; have at you both. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

[6] —I will not LOOK UPON.] That is, (as we should now speak,) I will not be a *looker-on*. So, in King Henry VI. Part III. Act II. Sc. III.:

"Why stand we here—
"Wailing our losses,—
"And *look upon*, as if the tragedy
"Were play'd in jest by counterfeited actors?"

These lines were written by Shakspeare. MALONE.

[7] —you COGGING Greeks;] This epithet has no particular

Enter HECTOR.

HECT. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

ACHIL. Now do I see thee: Ha!—Have at thee, Hector.

HECT. Pause, if thou wilt.

ACHIL. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
Be happy, that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*

HECT. Fare thee well:—
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

Re-enter TROILUS.

TRO. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven [8],
He shall not carry him [9]; I'll be ta'en too,

propriety in this place, but the author had heard of *Græcia mendax*. JOHNSON.

Surely the epithet had propriety, in respect of Diomedes at least, who had defrauded him of his mistress. Troilus bestows it on both, *unius ob culpam*. A fraudulent man, as I am told, is still called, in the North, *a gainful Greek*. Cicero bears witness to this character of the ancient Greeks: "Testimoniorum religionem et fidem nunquam ista natio coluit."

Again: "Græcorum ingenia ad fallendum parata sunt." STEEVENS.

[8] —by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,] So, in King John:

"——by the light that shines above our heads." STEEVENS.

[9] —carry him;] i. e. prevail over him. So, in All's Well that Ends Well:

"——The count he wooes your daughter,
"Resolves to *carry her*——." STEEVENS.

Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I end * my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in sumptuous Armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark:—
No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well [2];

* First folio, *thou end.*

[2] —I like thy armour well;] This circumstance is taken from Lydgate's poem, p. 196:

" ——Guido in his historie doth shew
" By worthy Hector's fall, who coveting
" To have the sumptuous armour of that king, &c.
" So greedy was thereof, that when he had
" The body up, and on his horse it bare,
" To have the spoil thereof such haste he made
" That he did hang his shield without all care
" Behind him at his back, the easier
" To pull the armour off at his desire,
" And by that means his breast clean open lay," &c.

This furnished Shakspeare with the hint for the following line:

" I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek." Steevens.

I quote from the original, 1555:

" ——in this while a Grekish king he mette,
" Were it of hap or of adventure,
" The which in sothe on his cote armoure
" Embrouded had full many ryche stone,
" That gave a lyght, when the sonne shone,
" Full bryght and cleare, that joye was to sene,
" For perles white and emerawdes grene
" Full many one were therein sette.—
" Of whose arraye when Hector taketh hede,
" Towardes him fast gan him drawe.
" And fyrst I fynde how he hath him slawe,
" And after that by force of his manheade
" He hent him up afore him on his stede,
" And fast gan wyth him for to ryde
" From the wardes a lytell out of syde,
" At good leyser playnly, if he maye,
" To spoyle him of his rych arraye.—
" On horse-backe out whan he him ladde,
" Recklessly the storye maketh mynde
" He caste his shelde at his backe behynde,
" To weld him selfe at more libertye,—
" So that his brest disarmed was and bare." Malone.

I'll frush it [3], and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.
[*Exeunt.*

[3] I'll FRUSH it,] The word *frush* I never found elsewhere, nor understand it. Sir T. Hanmer explains it, to *break* or *bruise*. JOHNSON.

Mr. M. Mason observes, that "Hanmer's explanation appears to be right: and the word *frush*, in this sense, to be derived from the verb *froisser*, to bruise, or break to pieces."

To *frush* a chicken, &c. is a term in carving, as ancient as Wynkyn de Worde's book on that subject, 1508; and was succeeded by another phrase, which we may suppose to have been synonymous, viz.—to "*break up* a capon;" words that occur in Love's Labour's Lost.

Holinshed (as Mr. Tollet has observed) employs the verb—*to frush*, in his Description of Ireland, p. 29: "When they are sore *frusht* with sickness, or too farre withered with age."

The word seems to be sometimes used for any action of violence by which things are separated, disordered, or destroyed. So, in Hinde's Eliosto Libidinoso, 1606: "High cedars are *frushed* with tempests, when lower shrubs are not touched with the wind."

Again, in Hans Beer-pot's Invisible Comedy, &c. 1618:

"And with mine arm to *frush* a sturdy lance."

Again, in The History of Helyas Knight of the Swan, bl. l. no date: "—smote him so courageously with his sworde, that he *frushed* all his helm, wherewith the erle fell backward," &c.

Again, in Stanyhurst's translation of the first book of Virgil's Æneid, 1582:

"All the *frushe* and leavings of Greeks, of wrathful Achilles."

Again:

"———— yf that knight Antheus haplye
"Were *frusht*, or remanent," &c.

Again, in Sir John Mandevile's account of the magical entertainments exhibited before the Grete Chan, p. 285: "And then they make knyghts to jousten in armes full lustyly, &c.—and they *fruschen* togidere full fiercely."

Again, in Fairfax's Tasso;

"Rinaldo's armour *frush'd* and hack'd they had." STEEVENS.

The meaning of the word is ascertained by the following passage in The Destruction of Troy, a book which Shakspeare certainly had before him when he wrote this play: "Saying these wordes, Hercules caught by the head poor Lychas,—and threw him against a

SCENE VII.

The Same.

Enter Achilles, *with Myrmidons.*

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath:
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your arms[4].
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:—
It is decreed—Hector the great must die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

The Same.

Enter Menelaus *and* Paris, *fighting: then* Thersites.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it: Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo!

rocke so fiercely that hee *to-frushed* and all to-burst his bones, and so slew him." Malone.

[4] — EXECUTE your arms.] To *execute their arms* is to employ them; to put them to use. A similar expression occurs in Othello, where Iago says:

" Witness that here Iago doth give up
" The *execution* of his wit, *hands*, heart,
" To wrong'd Othello's service."

And in Love's Labour's Lost, Rosaline says to Biron:

" Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
" Which you on all estates will *execute*." M. Mason.

A phrase nearly similar occurs in Froissart's Chronicle, vol. ii. cap. lxxviii.: "Then the nexte daye Syr John Holande and Syr Raynolde Roy were armed and mounted on theyr horses and soo came to a fayre place redy sanded where they sholde *doo theyr armes*." Fo. lxxxx. Steevens.

now my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo!
The bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho!
[*Exeunt* PARIS *and* MENELAUS.

Enter MARGARELON.

MAR. Turn, slave, and fight.
THER. What art thou?
MAR. A bastard son of Priam's [5].
THER. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: Farewell, bastard.
MAR. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter HECTOR.

HECT. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!
[*Puts off his Helmet, and hangs his Shield behind him.*

Enter ACHILLES *and Myrmidons.*

ACHIL. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;

[5] A BASTARD son of Priam's.] Bastard, in ancient times, was a reputable appellation. So, in King Henry VI. Part I. Act I. Sc. II.:
"*Bastard* of Orleans, thrice welcome to us."
See note on this passage. See also Pope's note on v. 93, Iliad V. and on v. 343, Iliad VIII. STEEVENS.

How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail [6] and dark'ning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike [7]; this is the man I seek. [*Hector falls.*
So, Ilion, fall thou next*! now, Troy†, sink down;
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—

* First folio omits *next*. † Quarto, *come, Troy*.

[6] Even with the VAIL —] The *vail* is, I think, the *sinking* of the sun; not *veil* or *cover*. JOHNSON.

So, in Measure for Measure, "*vail* your regard upon," signifies, —Let your notice *descend* upon, &c. STEEVENS.

[7] Strike, fellows, strike;] This particular of Achilles overpowering Hector by numbers, and without armour, is taken from the old story-book. HANMER.

Hector, in Lydgate's poem, falls by the hand of Achilles; but it is Troilus who, having been inclosed round by the Myrmidons, is killed after his armour had been hewn from his body, which was afterwards drawn through the field at the horse's tail. The Oxford editor, I believe, was misinformed; for in the old story-book of The Three Destructions of Troy, I find likewise the same account given of the death of Troilus. Heywood, in his Rape of Lucrece, 1638, seems to have been indebted to some such work as Sir T. Hanmer mentions:

"Had puissant Hector by Achilles' hand
"Dy'd in a single monomachie, Achilles
"Had been the worthy; but being slain by odds,
"The poorest Myrmidon had as much honour
"As faint Achilles, in the Trojan's death."

It is not unpleasant to observe with what vehemence Lydgate, who in the grossest manner has violated all the characters drawn by Homer, takes upon him to reprehend the Grecian poet as the original offender. Thus, in his fourth book:

"Oh thou, Homer, for shame be now red,
"And thee amase that holdest thy selfe so wyse,
"On Achylles to set suche great a pryse
"In thy bokes for his chivalrye,
"Above echone that dost hym magnyfye,
"That was so sleyghty and so full of fraude,
"Why gevest thou hym so hye a prayse and laude?"

STEEVENS.

On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain [9].
[*A Retreat sounded.*
Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night [1] o'erspreads the earth,
And, stickler like [2], the armies separates.

9 On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.]
Ἠράμεθα μέγα κῦδος· ἐπέφνομεν Ἕκτορα δῖον,
Ὃν Τρῶες κατὰ ἄστυ, θεῷ ὡς, εὐχετόωντο.
Iliad XXII. v. 393. Malone.

1 The DRAGON wing of night—] See vol. v. p. 281. Malone.

2 And, STICKLER-like,] A *stickler* was one who stood by to part the combatants when victory could be determined without bloodshed. They are often mentioned by Sidney. "Anthony (says Sir Thomas North, in his translation of Plutarch,) was himself in person *a stickler* to part the young men when they had fought enough." They were called *sticklers*, from carrying sticks or staves in their hands, with which they interposed between the duellists. We now call these *sticklers*—*sidesmen*. So, again, in a comedy, called, Fortune by Land and Sea, by Heywood and Rowley: "—'tis not fit that every apprentice should with his shop-club play between us the *stickler*." Again, in the tragedy of Faire Mariam, 1613:

"And was the *stickler* 'twixt my heart and him."

Again, in Fuimus Troes, 1633:

"As *sticklers* in their nation's enmity." Steevens.

Minsheu gives the same etymology, in his Dictionary, 1617: "A *stickler* betweene two, so called as putting a *sticke* or staffe betweene two fighting or fencing together." Malone.

Sticklers are arbitrators, judges, or, as called in some places, sidesmen. At every wrestling in Cornwall, before the *games* begin, a certain number of *sticklers* are chosen, who regulate the proceedings, and determine every dispute. The nature of the English language, as I conceive, does not allow the derivation of *stickler* from *stick*, which, as a word, it has not the remotest connection with. *Stickler* (*stic-kle-er*) is immediately from the verb *stickle*, to interfere, to take part with, to busy one's self in any matter. Ritson.

My half-supp'd sword [3], that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—
[*Sheaths his Sword.*
Come, tie his body to my horse s tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail [4]. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

The Same.

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and Others, marching. Shouts within.*

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?
Nest. Peace, drums.

Whatever might be Mr. Ritson's notions as to the nature of the English language, there can be no doubt that the word *stickler* was derived from *stick*. What follows was communicated to me by Sir Joseph Banks. "My memorandum respecting *stickler* is this: '1st Henry 6, A. D. 1422. The King commuted under the authority of Parliament with the Prior and Convent of Inychester for certain privileges enjoy'd by them within the Royal Park of Clarendon, one of which was to have a person called a *Stickler* employed daily *in cutting wood* in the King's Park for the use of the Convent.'" *Cotton's Records of Parliament*, p. 565. MALONE.

[3] My half supp'd sword, &c.] These four despicable verses, as well as the rhyming fit with which "the blockish Ajax" is afterwards seized, could scarce have fallen from the pen of our author, in his most unlucky moments of composition. STEEVENS.

Whatever may have been the remainder of this speech, as it came out of Shakspeare's hands, we may be confident that this bombast stuff made no part of it. Our author's gold was stolen, and the thief's brass left in its place. RITSON.

Perhaps this play was hastily altered by Shakspeare from an elder piece, which the reader will find mentioned in p. 223, n. 1. Some of the scenes therefore he might have fertilized, and left others as barren as he found them. STEEVENS.

[4] Along the field I will the Trojan trail.] Such almost (changing the name of Troilus for that of Hector) is the argument of Lydgate's 31st chapter, edit. 1555: "How Achilles slewe the worthy Troylus unknyghtly, and after *trayled* his body through the fyelde tyed to his horse." STEEVENS.

[*Within.*] Achilles!
Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is—Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;
Great Hector was as good a man * as he.

Agam. March patiently along:—Let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE XI.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter Æneas and Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
Never go home; here starve we out the night [5].

Enter Troilus.

Tro. Hector is slain.
All. Hector?—The gods forbid!
Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.—
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy [6]!

* First folio, *a man as good.*

[5] Never go home; &c.] This line is in the quarto given to Troilus. JOHNSON.

[6] — SMILE at Troy!] Thus the ancient copies; but it would better agree with the rest of Troilus's wish, were we to read, with a former editor:

" ——— *smite* at Troy!
" I say, at once!" STEEVENS.

There can be no doubt but we should read—*smite* at, instead of *smile*.—The following words, "I say, at once," make that unquestionable. To call upon the heavens to *frown*, and on the Gods

I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not, that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence, that gods and men,
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead:
There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives[7],
Cold[8] statues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
Stay yet;—You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight[9] upon our Phrygian plains,

to *smile*, at the self-same moment, would be too absurd even for that violent agitation of mind with which Troilus is supposed to be actuated. M. Mason.

Smite was introduced into the text by Sir Thomas Hanmer, and adopted by Dr. Warburton. I believe the old reading is the true one.

Mr. Upton thinks that Shakspeare had the Psalmist in view. "He that dwelleth in heaven shall laugh them to scorn; the Lord shall have them in derision." Psalm ii. 4. "The Lord shall laugh him to scorn; for he hath seen that his day is coming." Psalm xxxvii. 13. In the passage before us, (he adds,) "the heavens are the ministers of the Gods to execute their vengeance, and they are bid to *frown on;* but the Gods themselves *smile at Troy;* they hold Troy *in derision, for its day is coming.*" Malone.

7 Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,] I adopt the conjecture of a deceased friend, who would read—*welland*, i. e. weeping Niobes. The Saxon termination of the participle in *and*, for *ing*, is common in our old poets, and often corrupted at the press. So, in Spenser:

"His *glitterand* armour shined far away."

Where the common editions have—*glitter and*. Whalley.

There is surely no need of emendation. Steevens.

8 Cold—] The first folio—*Coole*. Steevens.

9 —pight—] i. e. pitched, fixed. The obsolete preterite and participle passive of to *pitch*. So, Spenser:

Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you!—And thou, great-siz'd coward!
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.—
Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe [1].

[*Exeunt Æneas and Trojans.*

As Troilus *is going out, enter, from the other side,*
Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker lackey [2]! ignomy and shame [3]
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[*Exit* Troilus.

"Then brought she me into this desert vast,
"And by my wretched lover's side me *pight*." Steevens.

[1] ——— with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.] This couplet affords a full and natural close of the play; and though I once thought differently, I must now declare my firm belief that Shakspeare designed it should end here, and that what follows is either a subsequent and injudicious restoration from the elder drama, mentioned in p. 223, or the nonsense of some wretched buffoon, who represented Pandarus. When the hero of the scene was not only alive, but on the stage, our author would scarce have trusted the conclusion of his piece to a subordinate character, whom he had uniformly held up to detestation. It is still less probable that he should have wound up his story with a stupid outrage to decency, and a deliberate insult on his audience.—But in several other parts of this drama I cannot persuade myself that I have been reading Shakspeare.

As evident an interpolation is pointed out at the end of Twelfth-Night. Steevens.

The lines of Pandarus are evidently an epilogue to this play, the purpose of which, like modern epilogues, was to dismiss the audience in good humour. As well, in my opinion, might the lines uttered by Prospero at the end of The Tempest be rejected as those before us. Malone.

[2] Hence, broker lackey!] Thus the quarto and folio. For

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones!—
O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a' work, and how ill requited! why should our endeavour be so loved [4], and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it?—Let me see:—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting:
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—
Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths [5].

As many as be here of pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
Some galled goose of Winchester [6] would hiss:

broker the editor of the second folio substituted *brother*, which, in the third, was changed to *brothel*.

Broker, in our author's time, signified a bawd of either sex. So, in King John:

"This bawd, this *broker*, this all-changing word," &c.

MALONE.

[3] — IGNOMY and shame —] *Ignomy* was used, in our author's time, for *ignominy*. So, in Henry IV. Part I. Act V. Sc. IV.

"Thy *ignomy* sleep with thee in the grave." MALONE.

[4] —loved,] Quarto; *desir'd*, folio. JOHNSON.

[5] —set this in your PAINTED CLOTHS.] i. e. the painted canvas with which your rooms are hung. See vol. vi. p. 434, n. 8. STEEVENS.

[6] Some galled GOOSE of WINCHESTER —] The publick stews were anciently under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester. POPE.

Mr. Pope's explanation may be supported by the following pas-

Till then I'll sweat [7], and seek about for eases;
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases.
[*Exit* [8].

sage in one of the old plays, of which my negligence has lost the title:

"Collier! how came the *goose* to be put upon you?

"I'll tell thee: The term lying at *Winchester* in Henry the Third's days, and many French women coming out of the Isle of Wight thither, &c. there were many punks in the town," &c.

A particular symptom in the *lues venerea* was called a *Winchester goose*. So, in Chapman's comedy of Monsieur D'Olive, 1606: "— the famous school of England call'd *Winchester*, famous I mean for the *goose*," &c.

Again, Ben Jonson, in his poem called An Execration on Vulcan:

"—— this a sparkle of that fire let loose,
"That was lock'd up in the *Winchestrian goose*,
"Bred on the Bank in time of popery,
"When Venus there maintain'd her mystery."

In an ancient satire, called Cocke Lorelles Bote, bl. l. printed by Wynkyn de Worde, no date, is the following list of the different residences of harlots:

"There came such a wynde fro *Winchester*,
"That blewe these women over the ryver,
"In wherye, as I wyll you tell:
"Some at saynt *Kateryns* stroke agrounde,
"And many in *Holborne* were founde,
"Some at sainte *Gyles* I trowe:
"Also in *Ave Maria Aly*, and at *Westmenster*;
"And some in *Shordyche* drewe theder,
"With grete lamentacyon;
"And by cause they have lost that fayre place,
"They wyll bylde at *Colman hedge* in space," &c.

Hence the old proverbial simile—"As common as *Coleman Hedge:*" now *Coleman Street*. STEEVENS.

As the publick stews were under the controul of the Bishop of Winchester, a strumpet was called a *Winchester goose*, and a *galled Winchester goose* may mean, either a *strumpet* that had the venereal disease, or one that felt herself hurt by what Pandarus had said. It is probable that the word was purposely used to express both these senses. It does not appear to me, from the passage cited by Steevens, that any symptom of the venereal disease was called a *Winchester goose*. M. MASON.

Cole, in his Latin Dict. 1669, renders a *Winchester-goose* by *pudendagra*. MALONE.

There are more hard bombastical phrases in the serious part of this play, than, I believe, can be picked out of any other six plays of Shakspeare. Take the following specimens: *Tortive,—persistive,—protractive,—importless,—insisture,—deracinate.—dividable.* And in the next Act: *Past-proportion,—unrespective,—propugnation,—self-assumption,—self-admission,—assubjugate,—kingdom'd*, &c. TYRWHITT.

7 — I'll sweat,] i. e. adopt the regimen then used for curing what Pistol calls "the malady of France." Thus, says the Bawd, in Measure for Measure: "— what with the *sweat*, &c. I am custom-shrunk." See note on Timon of Athens, Act IV. Sc. III. STEEVENS.

8 This play is more correctly written than most of Shakspeare's compositions, but it is not one of those in which either the extent of his views or elevation of his fancy is fully displayed. As the story abounded with materials, he has exerted little invention; but he has diversified his characters with great variety, and preserved them with great exactness. His vicious characters disgust, but cannot corrupt, for both Cresssida and Pandarus are detested and contemned. The comick characters seem to have been the favourites of the writer; they are of the superficial kind, and exhibit more of manners than nature; but they are copiously filled and powerfully impressed. Shakspeare has in his story followed, for the greater part, the old book of Caxton, which was then very popular; but the character of Thersites, of which it makes no mention, is a proof that this play was written after Chapman had published his version of Homer. JOHNSON.

The first seven books of Chapman's Homer were published in the year 1596, and again in 1598. They were dedicated as follows: "To the most honoured now living instance of the Achilleian virtues eternized by divine Homere, the Earle of Essexe, Earl Marshall, &c." The whole twenty-four books of the Iliad appeared in 1611. An anonymous interlude, called Thersytes his Humours and Conceits, had been published in 1598. Puttenham also, in his Arte of English Poesie, 1589, p. 35, makes mention of "*Thersites* the glorious Noddie," &c. STEEVENS.

The interlude of Thersites was, I believe, published long before 1598. That date was one of the numerous forgeries of Chetwood the Prompter, as well as the addition to the title of the piece—"Thersites *his Humours and Conceits;*" for no such words are found in the catalogue published in 1671, by Kirkman, who appears to have seen it. MALONE.

A copy of the interlude of Thersytes was discovered a few years ago, and an account of it is given in the British Bibliographer, vol. i. p. 172, from which it appears to have been acted as early as 1537. It does not seem likely to have furnished any hints to Shakspeare. The classical reader may be surprised that our author, having had the means of being acquainted with the great

Father of Poetry through the medium of Chapman's translation, should not have availed himself of such an original instead of Lydgate's Troye Booke; but it should be recollected that it was his object as a writer for the stage, to coincide with the feelings and prejudices of his audience, who, believing themselves to have drawn their descent from Troy, would by no means have been pleased to be told that Achilles was a braver man than Hector. They were ready to think well of the Trojans as their ancestors, but not very anxious about knowing their history with much correctness, and Shakspeare might have applied to worse sources of information than even Lydgate. Of this Hardyng's Chronicle will supply a ludicrous instance:

" Lamedone gat the kyng Priamus,
" Who made agayne his palais Ilion,
" And Troyes citie also more glorious
" Then thei were before their subvercion
" And royall without pervercion,
" In joye and myrth thei stode many a yere,
" *And Achilles with him his brother dere.*" BOSWELL.

P. 409. How the devil LUXURY, with his fat rump, aud POTATOE finger, tickles these together.] *Luxuria* was the appropriate term used by the school divines, to express the sin of incontinence, which accordingly is called *luxury* in all our old English writers. In the Summæ Theologiæ Compendium of Thomas Aquinas, P. 2. II. Quæst. CLIV. is *de Luxuriæ Partibus*, which the author distributes under the heads of *Simplex Fornicatio*, *Adulterium*, *Incestus*, *Stuprum*, *Raptus*, &c. and Chaucer, in his Parson's Tale, descanting on the seven deadly sins, treats of this under the title De Luxuria. Hence, in King Lear, our author uses the word in this particular sense:

" To't, *Luxury*, pell-mell, for I want soldiers."

And Middleton, in his Game of Chess:

" —— in a room fill'd all with Aretine's pictures,
" (More than the twelve labours of *Luxury*,)
" Thou shalt not so much as the chaste pummel see
" Of Lucrece' dagger."

But why is *luxury*, or lasciviousness, said to have a *potatoe finger?*—This root, which was, in our author's time, but newly imported from America, was considered as a rare exotick, and esteemed a very strong provocative. As the plant is so common now, it may entertain the reader to see how it is described by Gerard, in his Herbal, 1597, p. 780:

" This plant, which is called of some Skyrrits of Peru, is generally of us called *Potatus*, or *Potatoes*.—There is not any that hath written of this plant;—therefore, I refer the description

thereof unto those that shall hereafter have further knowledge of the same. Yet I have had in my garden divers roots (that I bought at the Exchange in London) where they flourished until winter, at which time they perished and rotted. They are used to be eaten roasted in the ashes. Some, when they be so roasted, infuse them and sop them in wine; and others, to give them the greater grace in eating, do boil them with prunes. Howsoever they be dressed, they comfort, nourish, and strengthen the bodie, procure bodily lust, and that with great greediness."

Drayton, in the 20th Song of his Polyolbion, introduces the same idea concerning the *skirret*:

"The *skirret*, which, some say, in sallets *stirs the blood*."

Shakspeare alludes to this quality of *potatoes* in The Merry Wives of Windsor: "Let the sky rain *potatoes*, hail kissing comfits, and snow eringoes; let *a tempest of provocation* come."

Ben Jonson mentions *potatoe pies* in Every Man out of his Humour, among other *good unctuous meats*. So, T. Heywood, in The English Traveller, 1633:

"Caviare, sturgeon, anchovies, pickled oysters; yes
"And a *potatoe pie*: besides all these,
"What thinkest rare and costly."

Again, in The Dumb Knight, 1633: "— truly I think a marrow-bone pye, candied eringoes, preserved dates, or marmalade of cantharides, were much better harbingers; cock-sparrows stew'd, dove's brains, or swans' pizzles, are very provocative; *roasted potatoes*, or boiled skirrets are your only lofty dishes."

Again, in Decker's Honest Whore, 1635: "If she be a woman, marrow-bones and *potatoe-pies* keep me," &c.

Again, in A Chaste Maid of Cheapside, by Middleton, 1620:

"You might have spar'd this banquet of eringoes,
"Artichokes, *potatoes*, and your butter'd crab;
"They were fitter kept for your own wedding dinner."

Again, in Chapman's May-day, 1611: "a banquet of oyster-pies, skirret-roots, *potatoes*, eringoes, and divers other whet-stones of venery."

Again, in Decker's If This Be Not A Good Play The Devil Is In It, 1612:

"*Potatoes* eke, if you shall lack
"To corroborate the back."

Again, in Jack Drum's Entertainment, 1601: "— by Gor, an me had known dis, me woode have eat som *potatos*, or ringoe."

Again, in Sir W. D'Avenant's Love and Honour, 1649:

"You shall find me a kind of sparrow, widow;
"A barley-corn goes as far as a *potatoe*."

Again, in The Ghost, 1640:

"Then, the fine broths I daily had sent to me,
"*Potatoe* pasties, lusty marrow-pies," &c.

Again, in Histriomastix, or the Player Whipt, 1610:

"Give your play-gull a stool, and your lady her fool,
"And her usher *potatoes* and marrow."

Nay, so notorious were the virtues of this root, that W. W. the old translator of the Menœchmi of Plautus, 1595, has introduced them into that comedy. When Menæchmus goes to the house of his mistress Erotium to bespeak a dinner, he adds, "Harke ye, some oysters, a mary-bone pie or two, some artichockes, and *potato-roots*; let our other dishes be as you please."

Again, in Greene's Disputation between a Hee Coneycatcher and a Shee Coneycatcher, 1592: "I pray you, how many badde proffites againe growes from whoores. Bridewell woulde have verie fewe tenants, the hospitall would wante patientes, and the surgians much woorke: the apothecaries would have surphaling water and *potato-roots* lye deade on their handes."

Again, in Cynthia's Revels, by Ben Jonson: "—'tis your only dish, above all your *potatoes* or oyster-pies in the world."

Again, in The Elder Brother, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"A banquet—well, *potatoes* and eringoes,
"And as I take it, cantharides—Excellent!"

Again, in The Loyal Subject, by the same authors:

"Will you lordship please to taste a fine *potato?*
"'Twill advance your wither'd state,
"Fill your honour full of noble itches," &c.

Again, in The Martial Maid, by Beaumont and Fletcher: "Will your ladyship have a *potatoe-pie?* 'tis a good stirring dish for an old lady after a long lent."

Again, in The Sea Voyage, by the same authors:

"——— Oh, for some eringoes,
"*Potatoes*, or cantharides!"

Again:

"See provoking dishes, candied eringoes
"And *potatoes*."

Again, in The Picture, by Massinger:

"——— he hath got a pye
"Of marrow-bones, *potatoes* and eringoes."

Again, in Massinger's New Way To Pay Old Debts:

"—— 'tis the quintessence
"Of five cocks of the game, ten dozen of sparrows,
"Knuckles of veal, *potatoe-roots* and marrow,
"Coral and ambergris," &c.

Again, in The Guardian, by the same author:

"———— Potargo,
"*Potatoes*, marrow, caviare—."

Again, in The City Madam, by the same:

"—— prescribes my diet, and foretells
"My dreams when I eat *potatoes*."

Taylor the Water-poet likewise, in his character of a Bawd, ascribes the same qualities to this genial root.

Again, Decker, in his Gul's Hornbook, 1609: *Potato-pies* and custards stood like the sinful suburbs of cookery," &c.

Again, in Marston's Satires, 1599:

" —— camphire and lettice chaste,
" Are now cashier'd—now Sophi 'ringoes eate,
" Candi'd *potatoes* are Athenians' meate."

Again, in Holinshed's Chronicle, Description of England, p. 167: " Of the *potato* and such *venerous* roots, &c. I speake not."

Lastly, in Sir John Harrington's Metamorphosis of Ajax, 1596: " Perhaps you have been used to your dainties of *potatoes*, of caveare, eringus, plums of Genowa, all which may well encrease your appetite to severall evacuations."

also Satiromastix published 1602

In The good Huswives Jewell, a book of cookery published in 1596, I find the following receipt *to make a tarte that is a courage to a man or woman:* " Take two *quinces*, and twoo or three *burre* rootes and a POTATON; and pare your POTATON and scrape your roots, and put them into a quarte of wine, and let them boyle till they bee tender, and put in an ounce of *dates*, and when they be boiled tender, drawe them through a strainer, wine and all, and then put in the yolkes of eight eggs, and the braynes of three or four *cocke-sparrowes*, and straine them into the other, and a little rose-water, and seeth them all with sugar, cinnamon, and ginger, and cloves, and mace; and put in a little sweet butter, and set it upon a chafing-dish of coles between two platters, to let it boyle till it be something bigge."

Gerard elsewhere observes, in his Herbal, that " *potatoes* may serve as a ground or foundation whereon the cunning confectioner or sugar-baker may worke and frame many comfortable conserves and *restorative* sweetmeats."

The same venerable botanist likewise adds, that *the stalk of clotburre*, "being eaten rawe with salt and pepper, or boiled in the broth of fat meat, is pleasant to be eaten, and *stirreth up venereal motions*. It likewise strengtheneth the *back*," &c.

Speaking of *dates*, he says, that " thereof be made divers excellent cordial comfortable and nourishing medicines, and that procure *lust of the body very mightily*." He also mentions *quinces* as having the same virtues.

We may likewise add, that Shakspeare's own authority for the efficacacy of *quinces* and *dates* is not wanting. He has certainly introduced them both as proper to be employed in the wedding dinner of Paris and Juliet:

" They call for *dates* and *quinces* in the pasty."

It appears from Dr. Campbell's Political Survey of Great Britain, that *potatoes* were brought into Ireland about the year 1610, and that they came first from Ireland into Lancashire. It was, however, forty years before they were much cultivated about Lon-

don. At this time they were distinguished from the Spanish by the name of Virginia *potatoes*,—or *battatas*, which is the Indian denomination of the Spanish sort. The Indians in Virginia called them *openank*. Sir Walter Raleigh was the first who planted them in Ireland. Authors differ as to the nature of this vegetable, as well as in respect of the country from whence it originally came. Switzer calls it Sisarum Peruvianum, i. e. the skirret of Peru. Dr. Hill says it is a *solanum*; and another very respectable naturalist conceives it to be a *native of Mexico*.

The accumulation of instances in this note is to be regarded as a proof how often dark allusions might be cleared up, if commentators were diligent in their researches. COLLINS.

ON THE STORY OF THIS PLAY.

Of Lollius, the supposed inventor of this story, it will become every one to speak with diffidence. Until something decisive relating to him shall occur, it is better to conclude with Mr. Tyrwhitt, that Chaucer borrowed the greatest part of his admirable story from Boccaccio's Philostrato; and that he either invented the rest altogether, or obtained it from some completer copy of the Philostrato than that which we now possess. What Dryden has said of Lollius is entirely destitute of proof, and appears to be nothing more than an inference from Chaucer's own expressions.

It would be a matter of extreme difficulty to ascertain, with any sort of precision, when and in what manner the story of Troilus and Cressida first made its appearance. Whether the author of the Philostrato was the first who detailed it so minutely as it is there found, remains to be decided; but it is certain that so much of it as relates to the departure of Cressida from Troy, and her subsequent amour with Diomed, did exist long before the time of Boccaccio. The work in which it is most known at present is the Troy book of Guido of Colonna, composed in 1287, and *as he states*, from Dares Phygius, and Dictys Cretensis, neither of whom mentions the name of Cressida. Mr. Tyrwhitt, as it has eventually proved, had with his usual penetration and critical acuteness, suspected that Guido's Dares was in reality an old Norman French poet named Benoit de Saint More, who wrote in the reign of our Henry the Second, and who himself made use of Dares. This work seems to be the earliest authority now remaining. The task which Mr. Tyrwhitt had declined, has on this occasion been submitted to; and the comparison has shown that Guido, whose performance had long been regarded as original, has only translated the Norman writer into Latin. It is most probable that he found Benoit's work when he came into

England, as he is recorded to have done; and that, pursuing a practice too prevalent in the middle ages, he dishonestly suppressed the mention of his real original. What has been advanced by Mr. Warton and some other writers respecting an old French romance under the name of Troilus and Cressida will not carry the story a moment higher: because this French romance is in fact nothing more than a much later performance, about the year 1400, compiled by Pierre de Beauvau from the Philostrato itself. This has been strangely confounded with several other French works on the Troy story related with great variety of circumstances, all or most of which were modelled on that of Guido of Colonna or his original: citing, as they had done, the supposititious histories of Dictys and Dares. It is worth while to embrace this opportunity of mentioning, for the first time, that there is a *prose* French version of Benoit's metrical romance; but when made, or by whom, does not appear in a MS. of it transcribed at Verona in 1320.

Lydgate professedly followed Guido of Colonna, occasionally making use of and citing other authorities. In a short time afterwards Raoul le Fevre compiled from various materials his Recueil des Histoires de Troye, which was translated into English and published by Caxton: but neither of these authors has given more of the story of Troilus and Cressida than any of the other romances on the war of Troy; Lydgate contenting himself with referring to Chaucer. Of Raoul le Fevre's work, often printed, there is a fine MS. in the British Museum, Bibl. Reg. 17, E. II., under the title of Hercules, that must have belonged to Edward the Fourth, in which Raoul's name is entirely and unaccountably suppressed. The above may serve as a slight sketch of the romances on the history of the wars of Troy; to describe them all particularly would fill a volume.

It remains to inquire concerning the materials that were used in the construction of this play. Mr. Steevens informs us that Shakspeare received the greatest part of them from the Troy book of Lydgate. It is presumed that the learned commentator would have been nearer the fact had he substituted the *Troy book* or *recueyl* translated by Caxton from Raoul le Fevre; which, together with a translation of Homer, supplied the incidents of the Trojan war. Lydgate's work was becoming obsolete, whilst the other was at this time in the prime of its vigour. From its first publication to the year 1619, it had passed through six editions, and continued to be popular even in the eighteenth century. Mr. Steevens is still less accurate in stating Le Fevre's work to be a translation from Guido of Colonna; for it is only in the latter part that he has made any use of him. Yet Guido actually had a French translator before the time of Raoul; which translation, though never printed, is remaining in MS. under the whimsical title of

" La *vie* de la *piteuse destruction* de la noble supellative cité de Troy le grant. Translatée en Francois lan MCCCLXXX;" and at the end it is called " Listoire *tres plaisant* de la destruction de Troy la grant." Such part of our play as relates to the loves of Troilus and Cressida was most probably taken from Chaucer, as no other work, accessible to Shakspeare, could have supplied him with what was necessary. DOUCE.

END OF VOL. VIII.

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